

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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No. 1.

BY THE OLD PLANK ROAD.

You ax who' graves dem, marster? You stranger 'bout
here, I boun',

Kase dey knows er my po' Mars Richard fur miles en
miles aroun'.

But I don' mine tellin' you, marster,—des come ter de
en' er de row,—

Dat is, ef you aint in no hurry, en re'lly wants ter know.

You 'members when de war come what sot we niggers
free?

Well, 'twus a long time ago, ur leastways it look so ter
me.

En mighty good times dey was, too,—des look at dat
shaklin' fence!—

Dey kin say what dey please 'bout freedom, dey ain'
been none sich sence.

(En *co'se* 'twus kindness, marster; but den de way 'twus
showed!

My ole Jack mule don' thank me ter tu'n him-a-loose
in de road.)

E'vy foot er lan' aroun' yere, my Mars Dick owned it
all,

En de Big House stood in dem trees, whah you see dat
tumble-down wall.

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Den de lan' wus all in tendunce, en de fences won' gone
ter rack,

En de wheat en de cawn ez thick ez de wool on de bell-
wether's back.

You nuver see de like er cabins, 'twus des like a little
town,

But dey bu'nt de most in em, marster, when dey bu'nt
de Big House down.

En mine des back er de yard, dah, is de onlies' standin'
now;

'Tothers all went ter pieces, I don' know zackly how.

Mars Dick was mighty sinful, en cu'is ez he could be,
But folks kin say what dey pleases, he allus wus kine ter
me.

But you des mek 'im mad once! He'd ra'r en pitch eu
sw'ar

'Twell he mek a po' nigger think he legs done gone ter
a'r.

En 'twus de Lawd's own pity he wus so sot in his ways.
Like one er dem setfas' rocks, you kin prize at all yo'
days.

But de Lawd did 'flict 'im might'ly,—he love Miss
Em'ly so,

En she died when dey ain' been marri'd but des a year
er mo'.

'Twus when Young Marster wus bawn,—dat's him I
gwine tell you 'bout;

Ef de Lawd hadn' spar'd dat chile, 'twould er killt 'im
out en out.

Hit's cu'is, marster, how some folks do 'have when 'tother
folks die;

Hit look like ter me dey's tryin' ter see how much dey
kin cry.

But Mars Dick 'haved de cu'ises',—I nuver see folks do
so;

He didn' cry a bit, en look like he didn' want ter mek
no show.

He got a heap kinder'n common,—de niggers des had
der own way;

En no matter what 'ud happ'n, he wouldn' have nuff'n
ter say.

Ev'ybody 'cep me en Cindy wus feared ter go er-nigh;

En I nuver did b'lieve 'twell den dat some folks *wants*
ter die.

Well, Cindy wus nu'sin' Young Marster,—our Jake wus
a baby den,—

One day en she up en 'lowed, "I nach'ly 'spises men!

"Dey ain' got a bit mo' gumption! des look at Mars
Dick now!

But I boun' I gwine ter cure him; en, Isuk, I tell you
how.

"I'll set wif de chile at his doo,'—ef I has ter set all day
long,

En I'll 'tend like I trin' ter ease 'im wif sorter hummin'
a song.

"But all de time I'll tease 'im, en mek 'im cry en cry;
Now, ef dat don' bring back his senses, he sholy boun'
ter die!

"Ef he des will notice his baby,—he ain' nuver ax fur
'im yit,—
Why, dat'll be sump'n ter live fur, en by'n by he'll
furgit."

Dat's a knowin' 'oman, marster, ef she is a nigger, I 'low.
Well, t'rec'ly she come back laffin', en sez, "He all right,
now!"

(I des crep' up ter de doo', en peep in,—'twon' no harm!
I scasely could b'lieve 'twus Marster, wif dat little head
on 'is arm.

En de great big tears a-fallin'!—I feel like I gwine ter
choke,
En my eyes got des ez wat'ry, like when de chimbley
smoke!)

But den, dem skeery war times! I wisht I nuver wus
bawn!

Dem cannuns sounded ez nachul ez Cindy's dinner hawn.

En what wus it all 'bout, marster? Dat's what I'd like
ter know!

Would white folks fight like dat, 'bout niggers, en nuff'n
mo'?

At de ve'y fus' soun' er fightin', Young Marster wus up
en gawn,

Like one er dem mettlesome horses, when he year de
pack en hawn.

He wus mighty nigh growed by den, en han'some 'twell
twus a sin;

You'd a-thought Mars Dick done turn ter a fresh young
man agin.

Young Marster he up en 'low, he won' gwine ter leave
me behin';

Kase aint I allus 'tended dat chile des like he wus mine?

"Now, Isuk," 'lowed Cindy, "you see dat his vittles is
fixed all right;

En yere's some fread en a needle ter men' his clo'se of a
night."

I pintly wus so'y fur Cindy, she tuk on so when we lef';

But how I gwine let Young Marster go 'way all by hisse'f?

I didn' min' de war at fus'; 'tw'n' nuff'n' 'cep' play fur
awhile,

Ef I hadn' been kep' oneasy 'bout what gwine 'ter come
er dat chile.

Kase he allus de fus' one in, en de las' one out er de
fight;

En den arter fightin' all day, he dance mos' all er de
night.

I nuver furgits dat ev'nin',—I 'members it same ez ter-
day, —

He come back ti'ud en pale en his sleeve done cut away.

Dat night I ain' sleep a wink, no motter how I 'ud lay;

En you know ef a nigger don' sleep, dey's gwine ter be
šump'n ter pay.

De moon wus des erbout full, en bright in-ermos' ez day;

But it mek things 'pear so cu'is, I wisht de light wus
away.

En ev'y thing kep' so still! De earf seem holdin' her
bre'f,

Like a man what know ef he move, a bullet gwine be
his de'f.

En de cu'ises' sounds, too, marster ! fur all you couldn'
year a thing;

En it look like ev'y minute in my years de de'f-bells
ring.

Nex' mawnin' Young Marster wus up en gawn by de
peep er light;

En I prayed whilst dey fit; en waited,—but he didn'
come back at night.

I ain' nuver see 'im no mo', 'do' I look fur his body all
day;

En I low I better come home, when de army move away.

I didn' res' day ner night, 'twell my foots got ti'ud en so';
But 'twon' no use er hurr'in',—de news done come long
befo'.

Dey ain' much mo' ter tell you; Mars Dick des pined en
died,

Dat's his en Miss Em'ly's graves you see dah, side en
side.

SOME INTERESTING SPOTS IN NORMANDY.

BY RICHARD J. BIGGS, JR., CLASS OF '98.*

It is said that a Virginian, no matter to what State he may be transplanted, never fully loses his identity as a citizen of the "Old Dominion." The same is true of the Frenchman who hails from Normandy, and, to a lesser extent, the English gentlemen whose ancestors crossed over with the Conqueror. Nearly every European resort has its Hotel de Normandie, and the same is to be found in the large cities of the United States. As a matter of fact, Normandy no longer exists as a political division. At the time of the French Revolution this province shared the fate of the others, and was divided into five departments. However, its past history, and the common ancestry of the people, will ever preserve as a unit this beautiful home of our Norman forefathers.

Rouen, its capital, built on a bend of the Seine about 85 miles below Paris, has a population of 150,000. It is a city of some antiquity, being called by the Romans Rotomagus. In recent years, however, have been carried on extensive improvements in the shape of widened streets and new houses, which changes have made Rouen a curious mixture of a mediæval and a modern city. The visitor wanders through narrow and crooked streets, inspecting the quaint old houses ready to tumble down. If he is imaginative he transports himself back several centuries, and lives for a few months the life of a fancied ancestor at the time of the Norman Conquest. Thus meditating he suddenly reaches a corner. Presto, change! The bell of a passing electric car puts to ignominious flight the spirit of his forefathers, and our traveler finds

* Mr. Biggs graduated with high honors in his class, and is now making an extensive tour through various parts of Europe.

himself, as it were, in another world. He is in a wide street with handsome stores, and the busy throng of passers-by makes it evident that the inhabitants are engaged in other and more practical pursuits than in the days when every man was by profession a soldier.

A few months ago there was completed at Rouen a remarkable bridge, which is the only example of its kind in the world. On opposite banks of the Seine stand two towers, supporting a platform across the river high enough to allow the tallest masted vessels to pass beneath. From this platform is suspended, by means of cables, a ferry-car operated by electricity. The distance of about 100 yards is made in one minute and ten seconds. As one glides along noiselessly about ten feet above the water, and gazes at the colossal structure above, he realizes that he is indeed living in a wonderful age of discovery and invention.

Rouen boasts of two of the most magnificent Gothic churches in existence, St. Ouen and the Cathedral. The oldest part of the latter was begun during the twelfth century, but the two towers over the façade, of unequal height, are not yet completed. The taller, called the "Tour de Beurre," derives its name from the fact that it was constructed with money paid for indulgences to eat butter during Lent. Among the numerous objects of interest in the church are the tombs of Rollo, his son William Long-sword, Henry II of England, and the leaden coffin of Richard Coeur de Lion. This monarch's body was removed after its interment, but the heart is buried in another part of the building.

An interesting object in Rouen is the "Tour de Jeanne d' Arc," the donjon of the castle in which the Maid of Orleans was tried for sorcery. Upon its walls is the following inscription, in old French:

"THE 9TH OF MAY, 1431, JOAN OF ARC, PLACED BEFORE THE INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE, PRONOUNCED THESE WORDS:

" 'TRULY, IF YOU DESTROY MY MEMBERS AND DRIVE MY SOUL FROM ITS BODY, I SHALL NOT SAY ANYTHING ELSE; AND EVEN IF I SHOULD, AFTER I SAY IT I SHALL REPEAT THAT YOU HAVE MADE ME DO SO BY FORCE.' "

By the market-place is seen the spot where the heroine was burned, after which her ashes were cast into the Seine.

A short distance from Rouen on a hill commanding an extensive view is the Church of Bonsecours, a noted pilgrim resort. Here has been erected, perhaps more as a commercial speculation than an act of patriotism, a monument to Joan of Arc. Her marble statue represents her as an armored warrior. At the sides are statues of Saints Margaret and Catharine, whose mysterious voices are supposed to have first inspired the Maid with the desire to succour her oppressed country.

Number 4, Rue Corneille, is the house in which was born the famous poet by this name. His dwelling-house is in a secluded spot about five miles from the city, now owned by the Government and occupied by a museum. It is a plain wooden building restored in the original and curious style of the sixteenth century, and characteristic of the poverty of Corneille's last years. Among its relics is some of the poet's furniture. In the bedroom one reads this inscription:

"PIERRE CORNEILLE, ESQUIRE, COUNCILOR AND ADVOCATE OF THE KING, WHOSE NAME IS ENGRAVED ON THE MARBLE TABLE OF THE PALACE, AT ROUEN. BORN JUNE 6, 1606; DIED OCTOBER 1, 1684."

At the mouth of the Seine is the important seaport of

Havre, with a population of 120,000. It is essentially a modern city, with wide streets and shaded avenues, and has somewhat the appearance of Savannah. President Loubet is a native of Havre. One of the public squares contains several statues, among which is that of Bernardin de St. Pierre, the author of "Paul and Virginia." Aside from its general attractive appearance, however, the city contains few attractions.

A pleasant sail across the Bay of the Seine and up the River Orne brings one to Caen, an ancient city of 45,000 inhabitants. In the time of the Romans it was known as Cadomum. Caen might be called another Rouen, on a smaller scale, except that the march of progress has as yet little altered its primitive appearance. The most modern thing one sees is a line of old-fashioned omnibusses. The two most interesting houses of worship are St. Etienne, the church of the "Abbaye-aux-Hommes," and La Trinité, the church of the "Abbaye-aux-Dames." They are so called from having been built respectively by William the Conqueror and his wife Matilda, as an expiation for their sin of having married within the forbidden degrees of consanguinity. The choir of La Trinité contains the tomb of the foundress. As this part of the church is reserved for the nuns, male visitors have to be content with a look from behind an iron grating. The Conqueror was buried in front of the altar of his church, but during the religious wars in France the bones were rudely scattered by the Huguenots.

There are in Caen statues of Louis XIV and Laplace the mathematician. In 1793 this city was the focus of the Girondist movement against the National Convention, and from here Charlotte Corday, born in the vicinity, set out to assassinate Marat.

To the west of Caen is the village of Bayeux, noted for the fact that its museum contains the famous Bayeux Tapestry. This consists of a faded strip of linen 230 feet long and 18 inches wide, embroidered in colors with scenes which represent the events leading to the Norman Conquest of England. Explanatory inscriptions in Latin are embroidered upon each scene. The principal subjects occupy the center, while each margin is filled with pictures of farming life, grotesque monsters, scenes from Aesop's Fables, and, toward the end, the bodies of the slain at Hastings. One can distinguish eight colors of worsted, but they are used almost indiscriminately. The English are uniformly portrayed with moustaches and the Normans without, and an effort is made to retain a general resemblance in the recurring figures of William and Harold.

In its workmanship the Bayeux Tapestry possesses little merit, but its value as a historical document far exceeds that as a specimen of eleventh century embroidery. Its origin has given rise to many conjectures. Tradition ascribes it to Matilda, and says that her death alone prevented from appearing thereon the final scene of her husband's coronation. In 1803 Napoleon exhibited the Tapestry at the Louvre in Paris, in order to incite the French to another conquest of England. It was afterward restored to Bayeux.

Twenty miles south of Caen, picturesquely situated on the bank of the Ante, is the quaint old town of Falaise. Upon a high rock are the ruins of the Castle of the Norman dukes, a part of which, restored, serves as a college building. The most prominent portion, Talbot's Tower, was added by the English in the fifteenth century. The concierge conducts the visitor

through the crumbling corridors, pointing out the several historic rooms and relating the tradition of each. First, here is the window from which Robert the Magnificent saw the tanner's daughter Arlotta, washing her linen in the stream below; then the room in which the latter gave birth to William the Conqueror. Finally, one is shown the dungeon in which King John is said to have confined his nephew Arthur, Duke of Brittany.

Near the entrance to the Castle has been erected, in bronze, an equestrian statue of William the Conqueror. Round the base are figures of the first six Norman dukes.

On the extreme southeastern boundary of Normandy is the hamlet of Ivry-la-Bataille, near which, in 1590, Henry IV of France won a decisive victory over the forces of the Catholic League. The field is marked by a small and plain monument, erected in an artificial grove of trees. Rather desolate surroundings contain little to suggest Macaulay's stirring ballad.

"And in they burst, and on they rushed, while like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

* * * * *

Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre."

JIM AND HIS MOTHER.

BY A.

"Well, I reckon I must go then," said Mrs. Tenny as she sat on the doorstep with her husband in a deep study, watching the fading glory of the sunset. "One of us must go, John, and being's you won't, mebbe Jimmy will be jest as glad to see me."

"Yes," replied Mr. Tenny, "both of us can't go that long distance to see him graduate, and while you are gone I will look after the things about the house and see that the horse is looking pretty, 'cause I know he'll want to take a ride soon as he gits back."

Mr. and Mrs. Tenny were now getting old. All the children were married and living in homes of their own except Jim, who was the youngest. They were poor in this world's goods but by close economy and sacrifice, known only to loving parents, they had managed to save enough to send their boy off to college; and now as his school career was drawing to a close, they joyfully looked forward to his return. He was their great hope, and would be the one bright light that would cheer the pathway of their old age, the staff on which they could lean.

So it was decided that Mrs. Tenny should take the trip and see their boy receive his honors, and they would come back home together. She was not able to dress as the fashionable women do on such occasions. Oh no; she had sent almost the last cent of money to Jimmie to get his graduating suit and other necessary things. She put on the best she had—only a dingy, faded black dress, and a very ordinary little hat which looked rather "cute" than comical on this good little woman. It was desti-

tute of the usual ribboned and flowered ornaments, with only a plain red band around it. But she would not make herself conspicuous. She just wanted to see Jim as he stepped forward to deliver his oration and receive his diploma, the fruition of all their labors for him.

Mrs. Tenny had written to her son that she was going to the commencement soon after they had received the invitation on which was Jim's name in full. The ticket was purchased, and about two days before the class day, Mrs. Tenny was helped on the train and was on her way to the college.

* * * * *

"Hello, Jim. Any of your people coming to see you get your sheepskin?" asked one of his companions as he came into the room.

"Well, I don't know that any of the family will," he replied, at the same time concealing a letter which he had been reading.

Jim was very popular with his associates, good-hearted, and though at first studious and economical, during the latter part of his school life he had become extravagant, spending his money freely and gave indications of becoming a spendthrift. Could he forget how his money was made, with what pain and toil by his devoted parents? Yes, he forgot that for every dollar received faithful fingers had been busy, that the money was the result of self-denial and drudgery on the part of those who had his life wrapped up in their own. Was Jim very happy that his mother was coming to this commencement, plain and simple as she would appear? Well, no. To understand his feelings we must consider the change which school life had brought over him. While in college he learned to associate with those of

good society, was accomplished, and the impression was made that his people were at least well off and of good society. And now to have his mother or father come in their plain old-fashion dress—such a contrast! He could not bear the thought of meeting her and walking with her through the campus amid the taunts of his companions and the tittering of the young ladies. And Annie Bryan, who was now very dear to him—what would she think of his mother? In a word, Jim Tenny was ashamed to have his mother seen at this place, and could wish that something might happen to prevent her coming. But she had written, and the letter was now concealed from his companion as he came into the room.

He would feign sickness or hatch up some excuse for not meeting her at the train and leave the rest to circumstances. She would be directed to his room and it would be known to only a few who she was. This would save him the embarrassment of meeting and kissing her at the train before so many who would be assembled there to welcome the incoming friends. Poor Mrs. Tenny, would there be none to meet her in this strange place? Could a son be so base and undutiful?

* * * * *

"Who is she? Oh, mercy!"

"A woman hurt—a poor old woman," exclaimed one of a group which had collected, and there was great excitement in the crowd. "She fell off the train while it was moving."

A physician was called immediately, while the woman was tenderly removed to Mrs. Bryan's home near by, by order of Miss Annie Bryan. After examining her, the doctor found no bones broken or fractured, just a shaking up from the fall. She needed to be quiet for a time, and would soon be well.

"You are so good to me," said Mrs. Tenny, as she dreamily opened her eyes and saw Annie sitting by her side. "I am a stranger to you, but my blessings be upon you."

"Oh, never mind, little woman," said Annie, consolingly; "you must be quiet now, and when you get better we will talk it over."

Mrs. Tenny was in love with this beautiful young lady, she was so kind and pleasant; and, "Oh," thought she, "what a nice little wife for my Jimmie! She would make him a worthy companion and a blessing also to her." She little dreamed that this was Jim Tenny's actual sweetheart. Annie also fell in love with the little woman before her, for with all her beauty and aristocratic airs she had a heart of love and a sympathetic nature. She wisely refrained from asking any questions for the present.

Mrs. Tenny was even now wondering why Jim had not come, or if he had forgotten. Surely he knew she was hurt, his own dear mother. She yearned to see him. Only to see his face and to give him one embrace and feel his soft lips press against hers—this would do more to revive her than anything else.

As we have seen, Jim remained at his room instead of meeting the train as he usually did, and was wondering now what had become of his mother, for she had failed to make an appearance. Remorse began to sting him as he thought of what an ungrateful creature he was. Perhaps after all she had given out coming, but what a base son he was for inwardly rejoicing over that fact! Suppose she had come, and failing to find a friendly face after looking all around, she had—he burned with shame at such thoughts, and, already a penitent, he put on his

hat and started out to see what was the matter, for he felt now that he would give anything only to see his mother. He would carry her around and make her happy, even though she was plain and simple in style. He was met at the steps by one of the students, who thus accosted him :

"Hello, Tenny, did you ever find out who that woman was who was hurt yesterday?"

"No. What woman?"

"That old woman who fell off the car steps at the depot while the train was pulling out. I thought everyone knew about it."

Jim was excited. "Where is she?" he asked, and on being told she had been carried to Mrs. Bryan's, Jim hesitated no longer, but hurried over to the place, with the thought haunting him: "My mother, my dearest mother hurt, and I—I—it's too bad." He would go over now and beg her forgiveness and make her happy. His better nature now asserted itself, and Jim was no longer weak. But Annie! what would she think of him? Could she even speak to him any more when she learned how mean he was? Nevertheless, he would go to his mother; she loved him, and always would. He would now do the manly thing.

The door was opened softly by Annie, and there was a cry of joy as Jim walked up to the bed.

"O mother! mother!"

"My son! O Jim, you are here at last."

Annie, taking all in at a glance, withdrew quietly, though greatly surprised, and left mother and son to themselves. Jim told her in a manly way his base conduct, and Annie, instead of scolding him as he thought, admired him all the more for his frankness, and said to

him that he had redeemed himself. It was natural, she thought to herself, that he who had during his college days gone in the best society among fashionable young people, should have some such feelings of shame when any of his people should come, especially if they should be shabbily dressed, and poor. To err is human, she thought, but to love or forgive is divine ; so she looked over the weakness of Jim, as she imagined how she would feel under similar circumstances.

Mrs. Tenny improved now wonderfully, and would be able to go out to the class exercises the next day. Jim and Annie and Mrs. Bryan seemed to vie with each other in making her feel happy and at home. Jim bought some cloth, and Mrs. Bryan quickly made Mrs. Tenny a new dress, which was very neat and pretty. Mrs. Teuny was almost ashamed to go out with them the next day in her faded old dress, and we can imagine her surprise and joy when Annie presented the new dress to her and said : "Take this, little woman ; it's a present. Put it on, and you must wear it to-morrow, and go out with us to the exercises." The dear old lady was the recipient of so much kindness and attention she did not know how to thank those who bestowed them.

She was the happiest woman in the world the next day when, sitting near the front in a crowded hall, Jim stepped forward and delivered his oration, receiving thunderous applause. The applause was prolonged, and enthusiasm knew no bounds when he stepped down from the rostrum and went over to his mother and affectionately kissed her. His speech was the greatest that had been heard in that hall for many years. His mother sat before him ; she was his inspiration ; she was in his speech and in his heart. Nor did he forget that little

lady who sat by her side as her large blue eyes beamed and gazed lovingly upon him. She looked more beautiful to Jim than ever, as lovely smiles played and chased each other across her face, and her dark chestnut-brown hair fell in graceful curls around a snowy-white neck. She was beautiful as some fountain nymph, yet a girl of strong character, with a heart gushing with love. She was not conceited, nor proud, nor vain, as so many pretty society girls are, and every one who knew her could not help loving her. No wonder Mrs. Tenny loved this girl almost as she loved her own child.

Jim and his mother returned home. Mrs. Tenny laughingly told her husband that Jim was a little ashamed of her at first in her faded and worn dress, but she couldn't blame him for that. And she never tired of telling about his love as shown to her; of his speech, and of the wonderfully good and beautiful Annie Bryan. It is needless to say that the little home was fixed up for her reception some months later, and Annie Bryan, as well as her husband, added joy and happiness to the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Tenny in their old age.

AT THE GATE OF PARADISE.

BY E. T.

"Biscuits, fried chicken, ham sandwiches, apple turnovers, gingerbread, cake!"

The voice of the boarding-house keeper was tired, but triumphant.

"I might put in a bottle of raspberry vinegar—there! I nearly forgot the pickle!"

Crisp cucumbers and spicy peaches, fished from vinegary depths of jars in the cellar, were soon added to the tempting array of good things on the kitchen table.

Mrs. Wilson gave an outlet to her feelings by a deep sigh, then wiped her flushed face with a corner of her apron.

The remaining embers of the fire that had glowed in the oven all day still crackled defiantly, and the sound seemed to make the atmosphere of the kitchen hotter and more unbearable.

The yard outside, with the glare of its white sand tempered by the shade of waving elm boughs, was very refreshing to her tired eyes, and she seated herself on the door-step.

"Are you through cooking, Mrs. Wilson? It's too bad for us to give you all this extra trouble, and on such a hot day!"

Louise Betts spoke in a lazily sympathetic fashion. *Her* collar, glossy and white, showed no signs of wilting, and her waist was fresh from the laundry. The tired woman unconsciously noted these details, and the dainty appearance of the young lady was almost exasperating to her.

"Yes, Miss Betts, I guess your lunch is done, all except packing, and I'll do that this afternoon. If I'd

known all my boarders were going on that excursion to-morrow, I'd have told Will Jenkins to bring those pears then instead of next week, so I could preserve them while you are away. I don't know, though, but what its a good thing for me to rest a day. I haven't stopped that long in five years, except when ma died."

"But why don't you stop? Don't you want to rest?"

Mrs. Wilson gave a searching glance at Miss Betts before she replied. The young lady had seated herself on the only chair of which the tiny porch boasted, meantime drawing her immaculate skirts from the proximity of corn shucks and potato parings near.

"Wanting is not having," the woman said laconically. "No'm, I can't stop, unless Providence makes it plain that I must. When the mortgage on the old homestead is raised, then—but there's only one-third of the debt paid."

"What time to-morrow does the excursion leave, Miss Betts?"

"The train leaves Millboro at 6 o'clock, and we have hired a wagon to come for us at four, to take us eight miles to the station."

"I will wake you when you like. There's Mr. Noyes, and I must take up dinner."

Louise Betts rose, saying with a yawn, "Well, I think I'll sleep all the afternoon."

Then she sauntered slowly across the grass, conscious that Mr. Noyes watched her from the parlor window.

* * * * *

The dawn of the next morning was full of promise for a radiantly fair day, and the wagon bearing the ten boarders creaked slowly away toward the dying moon in the west.

Mrs. Wilson watched the party out of sight, then

turned into the house with an instinct that she ought to be at work.

Monotonous, seemingly never ending, was the labor that filled this woman's days. One week of Mrs. Wilson's life was a sample of all the weeks in the years.

Boarders, boarders, boarders; anxiety to a painful degree if the number diminished, work to a proportionate degree if the number increased. And work was the lesser evil.

The dining-room was reeking with the fumes of the coffee, made to prepare the travelers for their journey, and Mrs. Wilson threw open a window.

The air was redolent of the morning, with odors of newly-mown fields, while a rose sent up delicious perfume from its dew-laden heart. The cocks were crowing lustily, and there! the sun was about to rise!

Mrs. Wilson started guiltily, long habit reminding her of biscuits to be baked, chickens to be fried—no there were no boarders to-day!

She would watch the sun rise, something that she had not done since she could remember.

Not that she did not see the sun rise every morning; but a cursory glance at the east, then at the clock, was not like waiting to see the world glorified.

The white cloudlets flushed rosily, the world hushed expectantly, except for a bird trilling in the appletree.

Slowly, majestically, the miracle was accomplished, and the earth was flooded with golden light.

Mrs. Wilson drew a deep breath. She felt a strange uplifting of soul, as if she had stood for a moment on the threshold to Nature's temple, and had been awed by some marvelous revelation.

How deliciously that rose scented the air! She had not had time to attend to her flowers much this summer.

This rose was a Bon Silene, and her mother had planted it. It had been her favorite.

A shining tear joined the crystalline moisture on the pink petals, and Mrs. Wilson arose. She felt a strange peace and a sense of rest that seldom came to her, even on Sunday. That was the hardest day of the week—how hungry the boarders always were when they hurried home from church!

Somehow she avoided the kitchen as she went for her sunbonnet, and came through the hall to the front yard. She did not seek a reason for this, she simply felt that *to-day* she need not work.

She walked slowly down the path, avoiding the one leading to the vegetable garden, for she passed over that every day, and she wondered vaguely how it would feel to live thus always, never again to grow hot and irritable over frying steak and broiling steak. But she would not spoil her holiday by discontent.

Half an hour was spent with the flowers; uttering tender words over a struggling sweet-william; passing caressing hands over the great lavender bush, fragrant with the pent-up sweetness of many summers; mourning over a verbena, stiff and dry by the wayside.

Each plant had a history and was woven about with tender memories of years long past.

And now she would drink some coffee, and eat a cracker, for the sun was making her faint.

Then, O well! she would not plan her day! There was something so exquisitely enchanting in the delicious possibilities of the twenty-four hours before her.

She went toward the house, then wavered as she reached the steps for she had caught the sound of wheels.

A sudden fear seemed to clutch at her heart, and she walked slowly down to the gate.

The wagon stopped.

"O Mrs. Wilson," Louise Betts wailed petulantly, "The excursion had gone!"

"The axle-tree broke and detained us," said one of the gentlemen, and a chorus of disappointed voices came from the wagon.

Mrs. Wilson was grasping the palings firmly. At last she spoke, in a dazed voice,

"So you aren't—"

"Can't we have some breakfast right away? I'm nearly starved, and so tired and sleepy," said one of the procession toiling up the path.

"And, Mrs. Wilson, wou't you make me some cream toast? My nerves are all unstrung by the jolting of that miserable wagon."

"I say, Mrs. Wilson," spoke up Harry Maynard, from the garnered wisdom of fifteen years, "You're right glad to see us back, ain't you? You might have been lonesome without us in this big house."

"Lonesome! No, Harry Maynard!"

Then she took down the pantry key and went into the kitchen.

"Gracious!" snapped Grace Maynard, the tall girl with spectacles. "It seems to me it's bad enough to lose your excursion, without being treated to an exhibition of temper from a sour boarding-house keeper."

"So say we all of us," chimed in her brother.

"And she hasn't swept the front porch," the girl added. "Look at that weed by Mr. Noyes' foot."

Edward Noyes leaned over and picked up the "weed." It was a sprig of lavender that Mrs. Wilson had dropped, and he did not answer Grace's remark, for he had seen the look of weariness on the boarding-house keeper's face as she went back to "fry steak and boil potatoes."

A PLEA FOR PEDAGOGY.

BY PROF. C. C. CRITTENDEN, M.A.

"Every new idea knocks the breath out of somebody," and someone may still be gasping over the new chair of Pedagogy in Wake Forest College. There are many misconceptions.

For many the term "pedagogy" raises visions of lectures filled with much theory and no practice; which oppress the student with ponderous terminology, but give him no hint as to how to deal with a single problem that will confront him on his first entrance into the school-room. There are good people who are terribly afraid of "methods." They had rather meet a lion in the way than confront a teacher with a method. To them a method of teaching any subject is a set of hard-and-fast rules, imported free of duty (like other second-hand goods) from France or Germany, brought hither in the carpet-bag of some Northern pedagogical crank, and forced upon the teacher with no regard either to his own individuality in teaching or to the circumstances of the pupil. The teacher of methods is supposed to rival the "four hundred" in his passion for the latest fad. Such charges may some years ago have had some foundation. The reputation of a people, locality, or profession is generally years behind the actual facts.

People still imagine that electrical engineering is the best paying profession, that the Indian can endure more exposure than the white man, that the West still offers the old-time high wages,—and the prevalent conception of pedagogy is similarly wrong. In fact, pedagogy is, essentially, advising someone how to teach, and is there-

fore as practical and as sensible as he who gives the advice—no more, no less.

Public school men universally favor such training. In probably a majority of the city schools of the North and North-west the examination in Pedagogy is the crucial test of the applicant, and in the graded schools of more than one town in this State a knowledge of pedagogical history and theory is an essential requirement. And rightly so. In one of our city schools, a teacher, having to leave her room, asked the superintendent to teach the geography class. A little later she returned and found him standing helpless in the middle of the room, while smiles of amusement were as evident on the faces of the pupils as they were absent from his. "Here, Miss L—, take charge of this class; I don't know anything about it," and he fled. It was his first experience with the newer geography. Another superintendent, brought up on the good old A B C method, once acted as a substitute for the teacher of phonics, and has ever since found himself "too busy" to attempt it again. When the "Three R's" are now so differently taught in leading schools, and we have vertical writing, nature study, elementary experimental science, sight-reading in music, drawing, calisthenics, a geography as different from the old in both content and manner of presentation as day from night,—the young man who does not know something of both how and when these things should be taught will surely come to grief, and both he and the institution from which he graduated will be discredited.

It is urged that the student's school experience is in itself a preparation for teaching; that there the work is constantly going on before his eyes. But the fact that most of us, with trees and other vegetable forms around

us from our infancy, can tell even the names of but few of them, should warn us that we shall gain from undirected observation but very little. Most of us, "having eyes, see not." Then, too, the average youth decides on teaching late in his college course. He then has a magnificent opportunity for observing how to teach spelling, reading, "figgers" and geography! Nine out of ten unsuccessful teachers have failed because of weakness in discipline. How does the college recitation room help him here?

But if the prospective teacher be directed how to observe; if correct work be done before his eyes, and he be required to do such practice work himself; if he be drilled in solving those problems, in both instruction and discipline, in which the beginner is most apt to fail; if there be pressed home to mind and heart the great problems of education and their vital connection with every worthy interest of time and of eternity, will he not of necessity do better work, do it for love and not for lucre, have a broader view and surer grasp, and the more surely prove himself from the first "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed?" The fact that such training is becoming more and more general in every State in the Union, and is *universal* in the leading foreign countries, should be sufficient answer.

AN EASTERN CAROLINA MARL-BED.

BY HARTWELL V. SCARBOROUGH.

In Chowan County, on a farm owned by Mr. J. M. Forehand, there is a place which seems to have considerable history connected with it, if the facts could be ascertained. But we can only examine the place and surroundings and then draw conclusions.

I had the pleasure of visiting Mr. Forehand during the summer of 1899, and having heard so much about "The Marl-bed," determined to go to the place and see what kind of thing a marl-bed is.

This marl-bed is situated on the Chowan River, between Holly's Wharf and Edenton. It covers a place about a mile long by from one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards wide. The marl, or decayed shell, is from two and a half to six feet deep, being exposed in some places and hidden by a thin crust of earth in others. The greater part is covered by this crust.

In this section of country marl is used largely as a fertilizer, and this bed is therefore a valuable piece of property. A place is measured off ten feet square and sold for ten dollars, just as it stands. The buyer then digs it out and hauls it to his farm. He has to be careful not to put too much on the land, because marl is so strong that much of it will "fire" a crop.

But the interesting question is: "How did these shells get where they are now, in such large quantities?"

At first you see what seems to be a tremendous mass of hard shells piled one upon another, but if you take up a handful of them, they are easily crushed into a fine, white powder. We can not tell why they came to be

twenty or twenty-five feet above the level of the river, and yet there they are, a million tons, it is said, and still that puzzling question. But some idea can be formed from the nature of this substance. Some things I noticed made me believe that this marl-bed was once the great feasting place of thousands of Indians, who, perhaps, held an annual or semi-annual feast here. Broken pieces of Indian pottery appear all among the shells, showing that they must have gotten here at the same time with the shells. This pottery shows that the Indian had some appreciation of the ornamental, for impressions made by rolling a corn-cob over the clay while it was soft, can be plainly seen on the broken pieces. I was told that arrow-heads are also found embedded in the shells. This is another evidence that the Indians were the cause of these shells' being here in such large quantities.

At the upper end of the marl-bed some interesting discoveries have been made by men who were digging there in hope of finding money, or at least treasure of some kind. After digging several feet below the surface their picks were impeded by hard brick, which they found, after further investigation, composed the walls of an old cellar. By this time their interest was thoroughly aroused, so that they dug out the whole cellar, which was covered with marl (another proof that this marl-bed is not a geological formation). A knife, a fork, a hammer, an Indian tomahawk, and parts of two human skeletons were found in the bottom of the cellar. One of the skeletons is certainly that of an Indian, as is shown by the shape of the skull, high cheek-bones, and other characteristics. This digging was done several years ago, and the things found were sent to the World's Fair.

Many people have visited the place since that time, and men who profess to know about brick, claim that those composing this cellar are imported. They are able to tell by the nature of the clay, size and quality of the brick, etc.

There are many conjectures as to how this cellar came to be where it is, and in it the knife, fork and hammer, which are of European manufacture. Besides, large cedars and walnuts were growing directly over the old cellar, and I pushed over a dead cedar stump, the roots of which had grown down into the brick.

It seems very probable to me that this was the site of of an old residence of some bold English settler who sailed up the Chowan and lived where this old cellar has been found, possibly until he and his family were massacred by the Indians. The skeletons would indicate that a fight took place, and all who know the Englishman may be sure that the Indian did not find him missing when any fighting was to be done.

The day was so hot and the seed-ticks so numerous, that we did not stay long enough for me to find an arrow-head, which I was anxious to do.

In fact, the gentlemen in the company spent a large part of the time while *resting*, in brushing from the skirts of the ladies the small animals mentioned above, by means of green pine brush. These little animals had so much "come back" in them that we found it would be necessary to "go back," which we immediately did. And I am of the opinion that no amount of historical investigation and information could induce any lady who went that day to return.

THE KU KLUX AND THE ADAPTABILITY OF ITS INCIDENTS TO LITERATURE.

BY CURRIN G. KEEBLE.

Among the various social manifestations of the Reconstruction period, that known as the Ku Klux Klan is the most interesting, though at the same time the most wrapt in mystery. It seems rather strange that while the proverbial *Southern Gentleman*, the *Southern Lady*, the *Black Mammy*, and other typical characteristics of Dixie, enjoy an established place in literature, the Ku Klux Klan, so far as we know, has never been introduced into any fiction or drama except Tourgee's "Fool's Errand" and Thomas Nelson Page's "Red Rock."

Some years ago two gentlemen published in Nashville, Tenn., a little book entitled "Ku Klux Klan," in which they professed to give a brief history of the rise, development, and disbandment of that organization. According to this book, it had its origin in Pulaski, Tenn. A number of young men who, owing to the condition of the South at the time, were without occupation, and desiring a little innocent fun, conceived the idea of organizing a club. The committee appointed for selecting a name for the new club failing to secure a suitable one, someone suggested *Ku Klux. Klan* was added to extend the alliteration. Whether this account of the beginning and naming of this unique brotherhood be true or not, it is at least interesting.

The rites of initiation into the new order—still following the authority mentioned—were most fantastic and ludicrous. Nor were they the same for every applicant,

but were varied to suit the peculiarities of the individual. To add to the mysteriousness attached to the Klan by its name, the place finally chosen for the meetings was an old house in the suburbs of the town, which had been partially demolished by a cyclone. Furthermore, the officers of the association bore titles selected from mythology, Roman history and elsewhere. The realm over which these officials held jurisdiction was called "Mysterious Empire."

Thus the Ku Klux Klan is said to have originated. The later history of the brotherhood—how it acted as a band of regulators against negroes and the lower whites; how its members entered certain towns in vast numbers, with horse and rider decked in the most gorgeous colors and the most fantastical designs; how they often frightened persons by offering the skeleton of a hand to shake; how they at times rode up to a negro's cabin, and terrified the occupant almost out of his wits by emptying the entire contents of a bucket into a bag concealed beneath the robe;—all this is familiar to every one acquainted with the events of that time, especially in Tennessee.

During the latter period of its existence, the Ku Klux Klan was under the direction, largely, of ex-Confederate soldiers, including some of the most famous and dashing officers of the Southern army. It could not be expected that men like these, men who had time and again faced a more honorable enemy upon the field of battle, would submit to their country's being overrun by carpet-baggers. Under such men the organization exerted a powerful influence over almost the entire South. Only two or three members were necessary for the initiation of an applicant, and as the forms could be gone through with at any place where secrecy could be se-

cured, the membership of the Ku Klux increased rapidly. The Klan had various passwords, grips and whistles, by means of which the members communicated with each other. A sign made while shaking hands with a man happened to be known to the writer.

From the above, we think it may be readily seen what a field the Ku Klux presents to literature. That so little regard has been taken of it may be attributed to the fact that Time, "the worker of all things," has not thrown that glamour of interest about it that renders more fascinating everything around which is wrapt the shroud of mystery.

The conditions of the South at the period of which we write, have a pathetic interest. The old *ante-bellum* Southern home, with its family pride and traditions accumulated through generations, was sadly changed. In many instances the family had been diminished by death, either upon the battlefield or in some Northern prison; anxiety and grief had brought wrinkles to the mother's brow and frost upon her head; the refined atmosphere of the home itself had been desecrated by the rude soldiery; the "monumental oak," which with aged majesty had so long looked o'er scenes of happiness and love and contentment, had yielded to the axe and the torch. Opposed to the inhabitants of these homes were the carpet-baggers from the North, the still more despised "home-made yankee," and the negro, recently presented with the privileges of citizenship.

Thus matters stood when the Ku Klux Klan appeared on the scene, as it were, from the depths of the earth; whose numbers no man could compute, and who seemed, not as other mortals subject to the laws of this material world, to possess supernatural powers, derived through

what means no man knew. As Marius in prison, by sheer force of character, intimidated the vile slave despatched to put him to death, and sent him terror-stricken, crawling from his dungeon—so the better class of people in the South asserted its innate superiority.

In a more romantic and less scientific age, the incidents connected with this remarkable association might furnish material for any number of stories as distinctively of the South as the poems of Burns are of Scotland. Still it is not improbable that the Reconstruction period will have fuller treatment; for so long as the weird and mysterious have power over the mind of man—and until he becomes a mere machine, it must ever have—so long will the name Ku Klux arouse interest and curiosity.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

E. W. TIMBERLAKE, Jr., Editor.

WE DESIRE to mention an article printed elsewhere in this number from Prof. C. C. Crittenden, entitled, "A Plea for Pedagogy." Professor Crittenden has recently taken charge of the new chair at Wake Forest, and is highly qualified to write on this interesting subject.

The New Chair of Pedagogy.

We note with pleasure that the sentiment regarding a thoroughly systematized method of training teachers is becoming more and more popular in every State in the Union. The fact that for years it has been almost universal in Europe, and is becoming much more so in this country, recommends very highly this branch of science. For it is a science in the true sense of the word. There are many living examples of teachers who thoroughly understand their respective branches, and yet are utterly unable to impart their knowledge to the pupil. It is not because the teacher does not know his subject, not because he is devoid of talent. For he may possess a splendid talent, which must be broadened and developed. How is this defect to be remedied? Let the prospective

teacher undergo a thorough drill and training in methods before he enters his profession. One of the main arguments brought against the public school system is that the average teacher is inefficient; that the pupil attends school half the year and knows scarcely more than when he commenced, and the long and short of it is that the schools are not worth the money that goes into them. Such remarks are frequently heard. How can we expect to have good pupils unless we secure good teachers? And the only way to secure good teachers is to train them in their profession. Of course every public school teacher is not expected to be a college graduate, but let those who are college graduates know how to train and assist those who are not so fortunate.

We are proud to see that our trustees have taken this view, and we predict a glorious future for the new chair.

**Twelve-Cent
Cotton.**

THE PRESENT outlook seems to indicate that the cotton crop will be cut considerably short; and at the present writing the drought continues. The present estimate shows that the crop is less than at any other time during the past thirty years. The highest estimate of raw cotton is 12,000,000 bales, and that of the maturing crop not more than 10,000,000 bales. On account of the unfavorable conditions of the seasons, the Southern Agricultural Commission has placed the estimate at only 9,500,000, while the recent storms have probably lowered it to 9,000,000.

If these statistics be true, it is evident that there is a possibility for farmers to get good prices if they will hold their cotton. The short crop, the small supply of raw cotton, and the amount required by the mills, certainly indicate that the price will go to eleven or twelve

cents before very long. And it is right that it should. For several years the price of cotton has continually drifted from four to six cents, and such being the case it has been almost impossible for the farmer to support himself. But someone may say, provisions were lower. Ask the farmer which he prefers, and he will tell you to give him twelve cents for his cotton, and he will pay you ten cents for wheat and seven for sugar.

The Educational Awakening in North Carolina.

THE RISING educational sentiment now sweeping over North Carolina has a peculiar significance. It means that our educated men have awakened to a new light, and will no longer allow the lower classes to remain in ignorance. We note with pleasure the increase in the attendance of all the colleges of the State. Chapel Hill, Trinity, Davidson, and the A. & M. show a marked improvement over any former session, and Wake Forest needs only a few to carry her roll to three hundred. But we are concerned now not so much with the colleges as with the common schools. Much has been done, but more remains to be done. The recent campaign has made education the vital issue. Boys under ten years of age must assume no part in the government until they are able to read and write. Then give them the opportunity at once. Let no citizen of our State be deprived of his vote through any lack of educational advantages. Of course it is impossible to give every man a higher education; besides, it is not always expedient. But give him sufficient opportunities to know his own mind and to use his own judgment, and if there is anything in him he will find means to secure a professional education. This onward movement portends a bright future for the Old North State.

BOOK REVIEWS.

By EDGAR W. TIMBERLAKE, Jr.

To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston, 403 pp., octavo, \$1.50 (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).

Miss Johnston's new book is a thrilling description of early life in Virginia; the scene is laid in Jamestown and the neighboring forests. The heroine, Mistress Jocelyn Leigh, is a woman of nobility, and the hero, Capt. Ralph Percy, is one of Virginia's most hardy pioneers. A very pleasing feature of the book is that while the heroine is a most charming woman, she is a typical English court lady. Ward to the king of England, she is reared in the royal palace, tenderly nurtured, and shielded from every possible hardship except that which inevitably comes from a distasteful marriage.

It is to escape such a marriage that she flees to Virginia in the guise of her servant, and for 150 pounds of tobacco becomes the wife of Captain Percy. Lord Carnal, her self-appointed *fiance* pursues her by order of the king, but Percy declares that he will shield and protect his lawful wife. On the night that both are to be taken captive to England they flee to the river, pursued by Lord Carnal, who is seized and thrown headlong into the boat by the Jamestown minister, Jeremy Sparrow.

The description of their wanderings and woes is very vivid. We see their slender bark tossed by the stormy waves, and at last thrown upon a desert island; their bitter trials with Lord Carnal, and finally Percy desperately hurling himself among a pirate crew over whom he becomes captain. After a considerable cruise, they are captured by an Englishman *enroute* to Virginia, and on Lord Carnal's villainous testimony Percy is about to be hanged as a pirate. However, at the last moment, the Lady Jocelyn rushes in and saves him by compelling the Earl to speak the truth.

But his troubles are not yet ended. Percy is still kept in prison for refusing to surrender his right to Lady Jocelyn.

He is decoyed from his cell by a forged note from his wife, and at the command of Lord Carnal taken to an Indian village some miles away. As he and his servant Diccon are about to be burned, they are rescued by the friendly chief Nantauquas, who warns them of an intended attack against Jamestown. After a tiresome journey Percy reaches home, only to find his wife gone in search of him. The Indian attack repulsed, the Captain goes in despair to Lord Carnal, and accusing him of his wife's murder orders him to prepare to die. The miserable Duke bids Percy slay him if he wishes, but weary of life he has already taken poison.

Leaving him alone the Captain goes in quest of his lost wife. He finds her in a distant wood accompanied by the faithful Sparrow, and rejoicing they return to Jamestown. Here they receive glad tidings—a letter from the king recognizing Percy's claim to Lady Jocelyn and inviting them to England. This is in brief the outline of the story.

The development of the plot is unique. At first Lady Jocelyn cares absolutely nothing for the sturdy Captain, and marries him only to escape a worse fate. In making the hero persevering enough to overcome all obstacles, yet sufficiently strong and sensitive to win the love of this woman by his chivalrous deeds, Miss Johnston has accomplished a difficult task. Likewise in her treatment of the characters the author portrays the deftness of a true artist. Captain Percy is a representative type of the American pioneer; Edward Sharpless, the Italian physician, the poisoner, depicts the wily serpent in his endless plots against his victim; while Lord Carnal, villain as he is, the king's sometime favorite, shows us the typical English nobleman in his disregard for others and his efforts for self-aggrandizement. Yet there is something sensitive in this man's nature. He allows his foe to escape his clutches at the entreaty of a woman; and especially affecting is the scene in which the wounded Duke, heartbroken by the loss of his intended bride, his conscience deadened, his hopes banished, and his favor with the king displaced by a rival, bids his enemy strike.

Upon the whole, "To Have and to Hold" is a most enjoyable book. After a careful perusal, we believe that it is a masterly production.

EXCHANGES

W. D. ADAMS, Editor.

The June number of the *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* contains a number of good stories, and, what is better still, much poetry. The poems entitled "With Pipe and Book," "The Sophomore," and "The Ballade of a Literary Man," are all good. "My Friend Jack" and "The Reason Why" are really well conceived and well written stories. "The Reason Why" is very charming, and pictures the one great event of a Freshman's life—his first "shine," and the sensation which he undergoes during this initiation into college life. The Editorial and Literary Departments are well conducted.



The *Carolinian* comes to us replete with good reading matter, both in prose and verse. By far the leading article is a very instructive sketch of Moses Waddel, the educator. To Mr. Waddel, perhaps, more than any other man, is due the fact that South Carolina and Georgia have such fine educational systems. "Who is Responsible?" and "Young Men, Go West!" are highly entertaining stories. Especially do we commend the editor of *Current Topics* for his clear-cut and concise presentation of the leading issues which are now before the nation. His grasp of the subjects is truly remarkable.



It is with pleasure that we review the commencement number of the *Stetson Collegiate*. Coming from the "land of flowers," amid the fragrant orange groves, we should expect an abundance of poetry, but not even one verse greets our eye. Essays of a very high standard of excellence are numerous. Notably among these are those entitled "Subject Element in Faust," "The Influence of Ruskin" and "Sidney Lanier and His Theories." However, in the realm of fiction there is not one contribution. For a college magazine to live and prosper and to be

a great ornament to the institution that it represents, it must contain a proportional amount of both poetry, fiction and essay. In the *Collegiate* there is an absolute absence of both fiction and poetry.



The vacation number of the *Tennessee University Magazine* is one of the handsomest of the many college magazines that come to our table. This is an innovation among our college magazines—the production of a vacation number—and the editor, Mr. Carl Holliday, deserves the greatest credit for presenting such a creditable magazine well-nigh unaided. Too much praise also can not be given to the Misses Wiley for the numerous artistic illustrations, which add much to the beauty and clearness of the Magazine. "The Governor's Step-daughter" and "The Bogus Telegram" are stories of much interest. "Sharps and Flats," a collection of short humorous stories, are very entertaining; especially do we commend the one entitled "The Possum Hunt," a commonplace 20th century occurrence written in the language of Vergil and Homer.



The June number of the *Trinity Archive* contains three articles of exceptional interest. The first of these is a very exhaustive thesis entitled "A Study of Troilus and Criseyde, as an Example of Chaucer's Method of Narrative Construction." This article is one of rare merit, displaying a study and research which is seldom equalled in the contributions to our college magazines. "The Works of James Lane Allen," is an essay of much interest, presenting as it does a fine criticism on that recent Southern author. The author of this article emphasizes, and, indeed, ascribes almost all of Mr. Allen's success to the fact that, together with a vivid imagination, he possesses a rare love of nature. In all of his works, Mr. Allen displays rare skill in making nature one of the chief elements of the story itself. This author is a Southerner, and the scenes of almost all of his stories are laid in the beautiful blue-grass region of Kentucky.

The *William and Mary College Monthly* is one of our best exchanges, and the June issue is indeed worthy of the illustrious institution which it represents. The leading article, and by far the best conceived and most highly polished contribution of this number, is entitled "The Faust Legend in Literature and Story." The author begins at the beginning, and in a masterly manner traces its development through the pale and shadowy age of mediævalism until a culmination is reached in the grand masterpiece of the greatest of German poets—Goethe. However, this is not the only contribution of notice. "Miss Fluffy Bangs" is indeed an exceedingly original and well-written story. This will appeal to all college men because of its true picture of college social life. It recounts, in a very ingenious conversational manner, the experiences of a young lady who, after visiting in a college community returns home, and there writes a very amusing account of her trip. The only piece of verse to be seen in this issue is a short poem entitled "Summer." It is very dreamy and expressive, and reminds us of those hot July days when there is not a breath stirring and the thermometer stands at 100 the live-long day.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

GEO. T. BRANDON, Editor.

A PART OF THE ALUMNI CLASS OF 1900.

- Rev. W. O. Rosser will go to the Seminary.
- Mr. E. F. Mumford is now at Gallaudet College.
- Mr. C. E. Heck is going to Columbia University.
- Rev. C. R. Taylor intends going to the Seminary.
- Mr. George Sanderlin is teaching at Rocky Mount.
- Mr. J. E. Crutchfield is teaching in South Carolina.
- Mr. F. C. Nye is principal of Merry Oaks Academy.
- Mr. V. C. Coffey is going into the insurance business.
- Mr. E. J. Britt is teaching in his native county, Robeson.
- Mr. J. Y. Irving is engaged in teaching in Stanly County.
- Mr. Harry Trantham is teaching in Kershaw County, S. C.
- Mr. James P. Royster will attend the University of Chicago.
- Mr. R. C. Barrett is principal of the graded schools of Monroe.
- Rev. T. S. Crutchfield is doing mission work in Scotland Neck.
- Mr. Geo. E. Spruill will enter Louisville Seminary at its opening.
- Mr. D. M. Stringfield is performing his duties as Register of Deeds in Pender County.
- Mr. G. F. Edwards is associate principal of Salemburg Academy, one of the oldest secondary schools in the State.
- Mr. S. E. Garner, the first member of his class to enter the bonds of wedlock, is principal of Lenoir High School.
- Rev. J. Z. Eure is pursuing a post-graduate course at Wake Forest and doing pastoral work in the surrounding community.
- Rev. O. L. Powers has been preaching at several places in the State during the summer, but has not yet accepted a pastorate.

Messrs. A. W. Cook and A. R. Dunning are pursuing a course in the study of law and will apply for license at the next meeting of the Supreme Court.

'84. J. C. C. Dunford has recently been elected president of Clinton College, Kentucky, which is described as the best equipped and highest grade college in western Kentucky. President Dunford has had a large and very successful experience as an educator and has steadily risen as his worth has become better known.

The following is a clipping from the *Charlotte Observer*:

"Prof. Geo. A. Foot, one of the leaders of his class at Wake Forest last year, has charge of the intermediate department at Oak Ridge Institute, and is sustaining the reputation of "gentleman and scholar" that preceded him. He has organized an enthusiastic class in Spanish, and the boys will soon be ready for appointments to Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines."

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

JOSEPH Q. ADAMS, Jr., Editor.

MR. O. L. POWERS spent several weeks—nothing.

MR. J. M. BREWER, JR., '99, is taking a special course in chemistry this year.

MR. J. C. MCNEILL, '98, who has just been elected to the chair of English at Mercer University, spent a few days on the Hill.

THE BUILDINGS AT the depot have been recently repainted, and everything is now looking neat. A night operator is employed to meet the demands of increased transportation.

MISSSES JESSIE BREWER and Janie Taylor have entered the Baptist Female University at Raleigh. A host of friends were made sad at their departure, but hope soon to see them return laden with wisdom.

IT WAS WITH universal regret that Wake Forest had to give up Mr. W. C. Parker and family, who have recently moved to Georgia. Mr. Parker was recognized as one of the ablest teachers in the State, and his academy here was known far and near for its exceptional excellence.

DURING THE QUIET summer months Hymen and Cupid plotted together and captured one of Wake Forest's fairest flowers. On the 25th of July, Mr. W. B. Rivenbark and Miss Carrie Holding were happily united in the bonds of matrimony. THE STUDENT extends its heartiest congratulations.

IT FALLS TO our happy lot to welcome into our midst Prof. C. C. Crittenden, of the new chair of Pedagogy. Although he hails from Virginia he is not a stranger to our State or to our college. Last year he taught in our Summer School and made friends of all he met. We feel sure that he will find a pleasant home in Wake Forest.

THE FOLLOWING GENTLEMEN have been elected by the two Societies to speak next Anniversary. From the Philomathesian Society—Mr. S. G. Flourney, Orator; Mr. G. B. Rooke, First Debater; Mr. M. F. Hatcher, Second Debater; from the Euzelian Society—Mr. H. E. Flack, Orator; Mr. J. A. Williams, First Debater, and Mr. J. C. Sikes, Jr., Second Debater.

IT IS A PLEASURE to see at the opening of the school many familiar faces of young alumni who turn towards Wake Forest as the Mohammedan towards Mecca. Among others we mention Messrs. J. C. Howard, W. C. Petty, F. C. Anderson, J. Z. Eure, L. R. Varser, C. H. Utley, C. R. Taylor, W. N. Johnson, R. T. Allen, P. S. Carlton, J. F. Royster and R. C. Camp.

DURING THE QUIET summer months Wake Forest was enlivened by one happy event. On the afternoon of the first of August, at the home of Prof. N. Y. Gulley, Dr. E. W. Sikes and Miss Ruth Wingate were made one by their pastor Rev. J. W. Lynch. It is hard for the old student to realize that Dr. Sikes is now keeping house; but such, indeed, is the case. It has even been vaguely rumored that he was seen trying to grub potatoes from his tomato vines. We must believe, however, that this is base slander. THE STUDENT extends its hearty congratulations to the happy couple.

DURING THE PAST year two members of our faculty won honors of which they are indeed worthy. Prof. C. E. Brewer received the Doctor's degree in Chemistry from Cornell University and Professor Paschal won the same honor in the department of Greek at Chicago University. THE STUDENT makes its best bow to the two new Doctors and extends to them a hearty welcome home.

THE BASE-BALL prospects for Wake Forest have never been brighter. The infield, which won the reputation last year of being the fastest in the State, is back entire. Two members of the outfield have also returned. Although we shall sadly miss the good arm of Jim Moore, still we have with us yet Hobgood, the lightning left-hand twirler. With a good catcher and good material in the new men, and professionalism banished from college athletics, we shall make a splendid bid for the State championship.

THE FACT THAT Wake Forest is a growing, aggressive institution is continually presented to the mind. The crowded chapel, the overflowing recitation rooms, the multitude of strange faces, the handsome improvements, and the busy crowd of carpenters and brick-layers, all attest this fact. Already in less than three weeks the registration surpasses that of last year, and the three hundred mark is an assured fact. The central part of the old Dormitory Building has been fitted up in palatial style, and has been transformed into recitation rooms which for beauty and convenience are unequalled in the South. The imposing new Gymnasium building is going up rapidly, and will add materially to the life of the college. Here is to Wake Forest! May she ever prosper.

IN THE WINGATE MEMORIAL HALL on the evening of the second of September a meeting of welcome was given by the Y. M. C. A. to the new men. The meeting was presided over by the president, Mr. S. G. Flournoy. Speeches of welcome were made by Prof. C. E. Brewer in behalf of the faculty, by Mr. H. V. Scarborough in behalf of the old students, and by Mr. J. B. Brewer in behalf of the hospitable people of the Hill. Professor Poteat gave a warm invitation to the new men to join in the Bible Band work. At the close Rev. J. W. Lynch gave a hearty welcome in behalf of the church, offering to them all the privileges and blessings that it gives. The meeting was in all respects a most enjoyable one.

THE WAKE FOREST SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY held its first monthly meeting in the Wingate Memorial Hall Thursday evening, September the 18th. Prof. L. R. Mills delivered a lecture on "The Philosophy of Droughts." Every community, said Professor Mills, has a definite source from which its water supply comes. That of the Mississippi Valley and the Atlantic slope is the Gulf of Mexico and the Carribean Sea. The hot vapor rising there is carried north in the shape of clouds by the ever-blowing trade-winds. Hence, in the case of a continued drought there must be an obstacle placed between us and our source of water supply. The air around us or south of us is piled up in high, dense accumulations, and hence a high barometer. Wind and storms can not penetrate this so-called anti-cyclone, and we can not hope for the end of the drought until it is destroyed or moves to other regions. The lecture was exceedingly interesting and instructive, coming, as it did, at the close of one of the longest droughts in the history of the South.

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LIFE'S SEASONS.

I.

When all the world was Mayday,
And all the skies were blue,
Young innocence made playday
Among the flowers and dew ;
Then all of life was Mayday,
And clouds were none or few.

II.

When all the world was Summer,
And morn shone overhead,
Love was the sweet newcomer
Who led youth forth to wed ;
Then all of life was Summer,
And clouds were golden red.

III.

When earth was all October,
And days were gray with mist,
On woodways, sad and sober,
Grave memory kept her tryst ;
Then life was all October,
And clouds were twilight-kissed.

IV.

Now all the world's December,
And night is all alarm,
Above the last dim ember-
Grief bends to keep him warm ;
Now all of life's December.
And clouds are driven storm.

—From Cawein's *Myth and Romance* by permission.

[A sketch of Mr. Madison Cawein will appear soon in our magazine, inaugurating a series of articles on "Southern Poets of the Day."]

GOETHE'S FAUST.

BY GEORGE ANDERSON FOOTE.

In the *Faust* of Goethe we find a work as remarkable for its attractive subject as for its high literary merit. The *Faust* myth, from earliest recollection, had been a part of Goethe's very being; had haunted him from early childhood. A dual combination accounts for its popularity, its subject—the duality of human nature, and the overmastering power of Goethe's genius which is transfused through its pages. Goethe states the problem of human life, he does not solve it; but he embraces all the questions of vital importance.

Faust, first and last, is a man of high and noble aspirations; with this difference, that in early life his good angel was predominant, in the later period his evil. In him we see the sad spectacle of a human soul tossed on the sea of uncertainty. The sciences which have absorbed his whole life, he now finds a delusion, and no aid to mankind, and, in his extremity, the first promise of a happier existence is first seized.

The course of evil is faithfully painted in the character of *Mephistophiles*. The fiend first appears as a cynical satirist, and not without a vein of humor; but as the story develops, we see successfully presented the juggler, sorcerer and murderer. Satan now stands forth in all his hideousness with no disguise.

The Prologue in Heaven has been variously criticised as irrelevant, irreverent, and blasphemous. It is none of these. Goethe undoubtedly drew his inspiration for this scene from the book of *Job*, but that he was doing more than merely following the old *Faust* legend is

highly improbable. A nature like his may be irreligious, never sacrilegious. He only faithfully pictured the legendary story of old Doctor Faustus. Even the Miracle-plays of earlier times, under direct supervision of the church, were filled with far more, apparently, blasphemous scenes than this Prologue in Heaven.

Seated in his narrow, high-arched room, Faustus has been poring over the sciences. "Philosophy, Law and Medicine have I explored," says he, "and now to feel that nothing can be known!" The futility of all his personal efforts, the impotency of science, "vain appliances of vain enquiry," burns into his heart, and he gives himself to magic. In despair he turns from Nature and unhappiness to astrology and unrest. Intently studying the signs a vision appears, "but a vision only," like a sunset whose beauty lingers for a moment, then sinks behind the pall of night. The food his soul hungers for nature does not give. Spirits converse with him, and Wagner, hearing voices, fancies his master is declaiming from a Greek drama, and comes to profit by the declamation. With a jar Faustus drops from the ethereal regions of lofty meditation.

"Thus my supremest bliss ends in delusion,
Mar'd by a sneaking pedant-slave's intrusion."

Wagner is a type of a man who seeks knowledge not for knowledge's sake, but for its results. "The dust of folios is his element, parchment the source of his inspiration." His vaunted conceit stands out in marked contrast to Faust's deep humility; Faust's knowledge is as profound as Wagner's conceit is pronounced. He knows much, he would know everything.

Faust's soliloquy, as he sits in his cell, points to the unsatisfied, unsatisfying nature of his mind. His soul

stands almost awed in the presence of his great knowledge. Sadly he realizes the sordidness of man's nature:

"To what man's spirit conceives
Of fairest, best, some foreign growth still cleaves."

He has sowed Vanity to reap Despair. In all her openness before him, Nature still lies unrevealed.

"Mysterious in the blaze of day,
Nature pursues her tranquil way."

She does not try to hide herself, but what she refuses to reveal 'twere useless for man to attempt to discover.

And after all, is this life worth living? Were it not better to drink the enchanted phial, and be transported to "far-off shores, with smiles from other skies," with the clear spring of a vext spirit troubled by no disturbance of its waters? Long communing thus with himself, Faustus places the goblet to his lips ready to drink the poison and "flow into nothingness." But suddenly a chorus of angels welling up in the distance stays the draught, and "forces the cup uplifted from the eager lips." Sounds floating out of childhood calling him back to life again, surge around him. He goes out and mingles with the happy throng dispersing through fields and gardens or gliding over the water in holiday boats. Sounds of joy from the village reach him; this indeed is the people's heaven on earth; and he almost becomes his old self again as he plaintively exclaims,

"Here may I too feel that I am a man."

The people crowd around him paying him the reverence learning always exacts from the illiterate. Wagner sees it with envy. Reverence a man bowed down with the weight of his own significance!

Faust realizes man's inability to rise above this world's

level, but we must all recognize the feelings which transport us, as it were, on wings upward to where the trilling skylark sings.

“When over piny headlands, savage steeps
Outspread the eagle sweeps,
And over moorland, over main,
Homeward, homeward, strives the crane.”

Faust feels within his breast the existence of two souls struggling for the mastery ; one clings to the things of sordid earth, the other wafts him to “incense breathing” spheres.

Mephistophiles, the Satanic personification, now appears on the scene. His reply to Faust’s question as to who he was, fully indexes his character :

“I am the spirit that evermore denies.”

Faustus finds out that Hell has its own code of laws.

From that moment begins the downfall of the noble spirit of that unsatisfied being, for he says, “Since Hell has its code of laws, then I’ll think better of Hell.” Spirits hovering ever near their lord and master Mephistophiles, lull the senses of Faust, and Mephisto escapes. Scarcely had Faustus awakened from a sleep crowned with images of fantastic shapes, when Mephistophiles again comes, as he says, to scatter from his mind the mists of peevish melancholy. Then is sealed the compact which virtually sold man. Mephistophiles artfully mistranslates those higher attributes of thoughts, and in return for his services on earth has gained the soul of Faustus for the eternal hereafter. His spiritual future is traded for the sensual present. He says he will “welcome life’s last day,” if Mephistophiles can cause him by falsehood and deceit to forget his miseries, and look upon the world with a glad eye. When this is done most will-

ingly, he perishes. Henceforth Faust yields himself heart, soul and life to rapturous excitement, for "restlessness is man's best activity." His eager, restless mind presses forward unconfined, and with an ever active imagination "outmeasures the slow steps of earthly pleasures."

Faust's introduction to his new pleasures is distasteful, the old life is too strong yet; and though he has denounced abstruse philosophy, he is not so soon prepared to enjoy its extreme opposite. But Mephistophiles assures him "we shall see some fun yet." Later, when Faust meets Margaret, a wonderful transformation has taken place. His mood has changed from the potential to the imperative. The fountain of renewed youth has been found. Margaret must be his at once, or Mephisto loses the pleasure of his company.

With the introduction of Margaret begins the sad story of the whole poem. The misfortunes of a strong, learned man, cause a passing regret; the downfall of a poor defenceless maid, draws our deepest sympathy. Margaret's story is indeed pathetic. Love exalts her above her station, and in passion only is she so exalted. No other master hand has drawn such a portrait as Margaret; no such union of passion, simplicity, naiveté and witchery. Very amusing is the contrast between the simple girl and her friend Martha, who mistakes all years for leap years, and makes love to Mephistophiles with worldly shrewdness.

The guileless innocence of Margaret, thrown into relief by Mephisto's cynical cunning, is pathetic. Her deep solicitude about her lover's faith is inexpressibly touching; it serves to bring out one element of her character, as her instinctive aversion to Mephistophiles's brings out

another element. She sees stamped on his brow that he has no sympathy, that "he never yet hath loved a human soul."

That Faust deliberately planned the ruin of the poor woman we can not believe, but swept along by the untamed passion of his new being, he appropriated what pleased his fancy.

Visions of the old Faustus come to him with appalling frequency, but his companion—the Devil—leaves him no time to act upon the suggestions of his better nature. When his evil spirit is predominant, Faust is a thoroughbred man of the world, and brooks opposition with no better grace than an autocrat.

Margaret is awed by the profundity of Faust's knowledge, but he truly says,

"That which the world calls information,
Is often but the glitter chilling
Of vanity and want of feeling."

Faust's intrigue with Margaret ends the usual way. Her mother dies of an overdose of poison, her brother is slain by the hand of her sweetheart, and she herself is imprisoned. Her lover comes from afar to save her, but too late, and Mephistophiles claims his own.

The scene in the cathedral and the last scene, are the crowning glory of Goethe's genius. Both are beautifully pathetic; the latter rather the more emotional. Margaret prays amid the crowd, the evil spirits at her side. The scenes of her childhood, her innocent girlhood, float back to her memory. The days begun with childish laughter and innocent play, ended with a lisped prayer and a good-night kiss. All that seemed ages ago to the penitent woman. The majestic tones of the organ stifle her, and the swelling notes of the trained choir seem to break her heart.

The closing scene between Margaret and Faust is little less reflective, but more emotional than, and equally pathetic as, the scene in the cathedral. Faust attempts to rescue his love from prison, and lead once more a life of happiness. He fails. The terrible pathos of this scene can not fail to move us. As the passion rises to a climax, the grim, passionless face of Mephistophiles appears, thus completing the circle of irony which runs throughout the poem.

SHAKESPEARE'S RICHARD III. IN THE LIGHT OF
HISTORY

BY ERNEST LINDSAY POTEAT.

THE RICHARD OF HISTORY.

"Richard of Gloucester, the third son of Richard, Duke of York, and Cicely Nevil, was born at Fotheringhay on October 2, 1452. Having been sent out of England for safety on the death of his father in 1460, he was recalled next year by his brother Edward IV., who created him Duke of Gloucester, and appointed him Lord High Admiral." Historians differ in personal estimation of Gloucester both in his physique and his character. Many contend that he was exceedingly ill-formed, a hunch-back, dwarfed in size, with piercing grey eyes and dark lowering brow. Whether he was a hunch-back or not we do not know; but probably the idea comes from his name of Crouchback. We can not believe all that is said about him; it is nevertheless true that Richard was slightly deformed, his left shoulder being very much lower than his other, and the same arm and hand withered. He tried to remedy this by padding; but even with that his deformity was plainly visible to all.

Henry VI. was dethroned by Warwick and Edward IV. Warwick had promised Richard of York, his kinsman, before he died to see that his children received their rights, and when the people became dissatisfied with the reign of the mild Henry Warwick, placed Edward IV. upon the throne. Soon after becoming King, Edward created Richard, his brother, Duke of Gloucester while he was still a young boy. Much of his life was spent at the court of Edward, and in his youth he was looked up

to by the peers, and Edward's Council often listened to the wisdom of this young Duke's words. Even in early youth his ambition was so marked that his future was feared for, and history has proved it was impossible for such a youth as Richard of Gloucester, with his quick, ready wits and energetic mind and body, to live in the time he did and among such people and not be corrupted.

While he was at the court of his brother Edward, he came into contact with the statesmen of the day, and his attachment to Hastings was very marked. Warwick, ever the faithful guardian of the people of England, held the reins of power, and the young Duke of Gloucester was one of his favorites. Richard was devoted to the strong and lusty warrior.

Had it not been for Richard's unholy ambition he might have been one of England's greatest and most beloved rulers, for when he was quite young the people, and especially those of the North, were devoted to him; but his policy would never let him lose sight of the crown and an opportunity to strengthen himself in the eyes of the people. When the brother of the Duke of Burgundy came to England to sue for the hand of the princess Margaret for his brother, while Earl Warwick was at the court of Louis XI. of France seeking to espouse her to the Dauphin, Edward gave a great entertainment to his guest and invited the peers; but his brother Richard stayed away, saying that "he would not dishonor the people of England and her ambassador (Warwick) by giving the entertainment his presence." He had a two-fold purpose in so doing, one to keep the good will of Warwick, who he knew would be offended by such treatment from his King, and the other to rise in favor with the people.

Richard was a good general and his troops had confidence in his generalship. He was sent at the early age of nineteen to repel the attack of the Welsh and Scots, while Warwick was in France. At this point it is very hard to get a true conception of historical facts, for most historians differ as to the cause of the breach between Edward and Warwick; but it is evident that soon after Edward consented to the marriage of his sister to the Duke of Burgundy, Warwick became estranged; and though at one time they were reconciled, it was not long before they became open enemies and Warwick gave his support, not without just cause, to the Lancastrian side.

Although Richard had a high regard for the Earl, and above all hoped to obtain the hand of his daughter in marriage, he was an active general in the army of Edward when it came to an open conflict, for the crowd possessed more charms for the young prince than the gentle and demure Anne.

Warwick and his power were overthrown at the battle of Barnet, and the hopes of the energetic Margaret and her house were again dashed to the earth. The stout Earl and his brother Montagu both were slain fighting nobly to the end, and the last of the great barons of England was a dream of the past.

For a time Richard's life was not active, as the kingdom was at peace, except now and then a campaign against the Welsh or Scots; though he no doubt watched with a jealous eye the advancement of the Queen's kin and planned for their overthrow.

At the time of Edward's death Richard was at the head of an army in the North against the Scots, and when he heard of his brother's death he marched to York at the head of six hundred knights and esquires and

celebrated the obsequies of the departed King in the Minster, and there himself swore fealty to Edward V., "his example being followed by all present."

There had been some irregularity in the Royal Treasury, at the head of which was the Marquis of Dorset, the Queen's son, and in the Council there had been dissensions between Hastings and the Woodvilles, who wanted to bring the young King from Ludlow Castle, where he had been residing in regal splendor in the company of Lords Rivers, Vaughn and Grey, his uncles on his maternal side. Hastings contended that there was no need of so many to escort the young King to London. The Queen finally consented to cut the number down to two thousand horsemen. Edward V. was on his way to London to be crowned and had stopped at Stratford, when he heard that his uncle Richard had arrived at North Hampton ten miles behind him. His uncles Rivers and Grey returned to pay their respects to Gloucester, who seemed very glad to see them, though he placed a guard over them when they had retired. The next day he went with them to Stratford and on the way arrested them on the charge of estranging his nephew from him. The youthful King was very sorrowful on being told that his uncles had been placed under arrest, and though he was really King he was not able to release them. They were then sent to Pomfret Castle.

Richard and his confidant, Buckingham, now had smooth sailing. They marched on to London. The Queen, on hearing that her kinsmen had been arrested, fled to sanctuary with her younger son, the Duke of York. On arriving in London the young King was lodged in the Tower. Richard then sent to the Queen for the Duke of York to stay with the King, though for

a long time Elizabeth would not send him. At last the Archbishop was sent for him, and after being assured by him that the young Prince would be safe she consented to let him go.

Gloucester had been made Protector of the Realm, and so held the reins of power. Rivers, Vaughn, and Grey were his prisoners and the Princes were in his hands. He soon had the Council to meet, and it is said that there were two Councils, one at his home, Crosby Place, the other at the Tower.

The opening of Parliament was fixed for the 25th of June. The Lord Chancellor, John Russell, Bishop of Lincoln, had prepared a speech, and fifty persons were notified to be present on the occasion to be knighted. On the 13th the wonderful scene painted by Moore took place in the Tower. Many peers were assembled in the Tower to arrange for the coronation. The Protector entered. After greeting those present he said to the Bishop of Ely: "My Lord, you have very good strawberries at your garden in Holborn. I require you to let me have a mess of them." The Bishop, being glad to serve, sent a servant to bring the berries. "In a short time the Protector withdrew from the Council. After being absent for about an hour he returned with a sour look and lowering brow, knitting the brows, frowning, fretting and biting his lips. After a while he asked the Council what those deserved who sought to destroy him. Hastings replied that they should be punished as traitors. Richard immediately drew up his sleeve and showed them his withered arm and hand which had always been so. Then the Council knew that he sought a quarrel. "Ye shall see what the Queen and Shore's wife have done to me," he exclaimed. Then Hastings, who was affirmed

to have doted on Shore's wife, answered: "Certainly, my Lord, if they are heinously done, they deserve to be worthy heinous punishment." "What," quoth the Protector, "thou servest me, I ween, with 'ifs' and with 'ands.' I tell thee they have done so and that I will make good on thy body, traitor." He struck his hand on the table and armed men came in the door. Some one cried "Treason!" Hastings was arrested. The Protector said: "I will not dine till I see thy head off." Hastings was led to a piece of wood, which by accident lay in the court-yard, and beheaded. The Bishop of Ely was also arrested with Stanley and put in the care of Buckingham. Richard immediately had the town garrisoned and he and Buckingham in their armor held it. Gloucester now had his home at Crosby Place.

On the 23rd of June Ralph Shaw, brother of the Mayor of London, preached a sermon at Paul's Cross, taking as his text, "The multiplying brood of the ungodly shall not thrive, nor take deep rooting from bastard slips nor lay any fast foundation." It is evident that Shaw tried to show that the children of Edward IV. were illegitimate and to stir up the people in favor of Richard, for it is quite evident that he was bribed to test them in this manner, but his attempt seems to have fallen flat. Two days later the Duke of Buckingham harangued the people for Richard, but received only a feeble response.

On the 24th of June it is reported that the Mayor and many others went to Baynard's Castle to request Richard to become King. Although Richard had been schooled to appear very reluctant, he at last gave in, and on the 26th of June sat in Westminster as King of England.

On the day on which Richard "took possession," or

soon after, Rivers, with Grey, Vaughn, and Hawse, with some form of trial, were put to death at Pomfret Castle. On the 6th of July Richard, with Anne his Queen, was crowned at Westminster.

The suspicion that the two sons of Edward IV. were murdered in the Tower by Richard certainly has a good foundation.

On ascending the throne he did all he could to become popular with the people. By sweeping reforms he sought to atone for the way he reached the throne. He abolished the "*benevolences*" instituted by Edward and encouraged to a great extent the people in trading.

He sought to revive the old quarrel with France, but his seat on the throne became not too secure, as Henry, Earl of Richmond, a descendant of the House of Lancaster, now laid claim to it, and with the aid of France sought to overthrow Richard. His first step was to gain the hand of Elizabeth, the daughter of Edward IV., and thus strengthen his claim. Anne, Richard's Queen, dying at this time, he tried to frustrate Henry's attempt by marrying his niece; but this was not allowed him by his confidants. To obtain money to equip an army to meet the invading enemy, Richard was in despair, as he had none and knew of no means by which he could obtain it. He at last borrowed it by force from the merchants of London, which made him more hateful than ever in their eyes, and they called it "*malevolences*." Henry of Richmond landed, and with a few followers he met the King on Bosworth field. Richard was slain, his friends deserting him in the field. The crown which he wore was found on a hawthorn bush beaten in in many places. It was placed on the head of Henry by Lord Stanley and he was declared King as Henry VII.

THE RICHARD OF ROMANCE.

Bulwer describes Richard as a young man of bright and ready wit with a sweet and mellow voice, and he very beautifully paints the young man's devotion to Anne, the daughter of the great Earl Warwick. Richard became very much attached to this beautiful girl while they were both quite young and boldly asked the Earl for her hand. The kind Warwick was touched by Richard's love for Anne and at the same time he feared for her future, so he put him off with some pretext. Throughout the reign of Edward, Richard continually pressed his suit, though Anne was loved by Edward, the son of Henry VI., and loved him. Anne was betrothed to Edward before the fatal battle of Barnet, and it is supposed that she married him afterwards, and when Edward was slain at Tewksbury she was left a young widow. It is Anne who is mourning the death of Henry VI., at the opening of Shakespeare's Richard III., and whom he meets, and though she showers curses upon him, he at last wins her consent to be his wife.

SHAKESPEARE'S RICHARD III.

Richard comes in soliloquizing on his deformity. He has before provoked Edward to send Clarence to the Tower and has him condemned to death. On seeing Clarence he pretended to be surprised to see him in custody, and after assuring him that he will have him released, he says:

Gloucester. "Go tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return.

Simple, plain Clarence, I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands."

The corpse of Henry VI. comes in with Anne as chief mourner. Richard begins to make love to her, and after many repulses he succeeds in gaining her consent to become his wife.

The lady Anne goes out and leaves the body of Henry VI. with Richard to be interred.

Glou. Sirs, take up the corpse.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble Lord?

Glou. No; to White Friars; there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt* all but Gloucester.]

"Was ever woman in this humor woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humor won?
I'll have her; but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that killed her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And nothing to back my suit at all,
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her, all the world is nothing;
Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward her lord, whom I some three months since
Stabbed in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Framed in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and no doubt right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford;
And will she yet debase her eyes on me?
That cropped the golden prime of this sweet prince,

And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt and am unshapen thus;
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while;
Upon my life, she finds, although I can not,
Myself to be a marvelous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain some score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body;
Since I am crept in favor with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost,
But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass."

Shakespeare follows up the story of Richard as history has given it for the most part, though in some places he violates history to make his story fit. He makes Richard the dark and intriguing man, always watchful for his own advancement and counting the lives between him and the throne and always wishing them fewer. The rapid moves made by Richard after the death of his brother Edward, his rapid and unfeeling way of ridding himself of his enemies, is beautifully told by Shakespeare, culminating in the tragic and most brutal murder of his young nephews.

Though Shakespeare paints Richard as a born fiend, which part he did act in many cases, we can not deny that he was ever watchful for the weal of England, for he was always true to his country.

In Shakespeare's Richard III. Elizabeth consents to

the marriage between Richard and her daughter, but we can not believe that she was so weak; we rather think she consented in order to gain time. On the other hand, it is said that the young princess was so flattered by the attention paid her, and by the court life, that she even wrote to Lord Norfolk and expressed herself as highly pleased at the prospect, and called Richard her future hope. She even went so far as to say that February was not yet gone and that Anne still lived, intimating that Richard had promised that Anne should die before that time. Anne did die very soon after this, and another crime was laid at Richard's door. He was prevented from marrying his niece, however.

History is again violated when Shakespeare makes Richard refuse to pay Buckingham for his services. Richard did reward him, and that handsomely, though Buckingham very soon after deserted him. He was caught and beheaded.

On Bosworth field Richard's sun forever sunk in one almost superhuman struggle for life and power against overwhelming odds.

Richard is looked upon as the most hateful King England ever had, and yet in many ways he was a great King. He was always ready to stand by his country right or wrong, and he helped the struggling Caxton on to greater things by his just recognition of his efforts to bring the world into closer communication. Then let us say, with all his faults there was some good in him.

A NEWISH'S COMPLAINT.

BY A NEWISH.

My kind readers will possibly remember that last spring I promised to write a continuation of my experience as a newish. But owing to certain reasons, which I need not recall here, I was unable to do so. Being now a dignified Soph. of course I can speak of the time when I was a newish with impunity—that is, among this year's crop of newish, for, contrary to all my hopes and expectations, I find that the Soph. is not so many after all. Hated by the Fresh, reviled by the Junior, held in contempt by the Senior for his sophomorical actions, the way of the Soph. is hard; and many times I have as heartily wished to be rid of the stigma of a Sophomore as I ever longed to shake off the brand of "newish."

Time wore on, and in spite of all my ups-and-downs, I bore my lot cheerfully, and consoled myself that I too should be a Soph. But I must not neglect to tell you something of my experience as an orator. After fourteen days had passed, I was given permission by the President to join one of the literary societies. I passed safely the initiation with the exception of a sprained ankle and a bruised nose, caused by a sudden collision of the goat's horn with my face. At the first meeting I was rather intimidated by the presence of such a dignified body, but soon I gained enough self-confidence to second a motion. Soon I became bolder, and after the end of the section was reached, thinking we had sat long enough for one sitting, I moved to adjourn. Much to my astonishment my motion was voted down. Nothing daunted, the following Saturday morning I intro-

duced a resolution forbidding anyone except newish to declaim "Spartacus, the Gladiator." For I had heard it already four times in two weeks. Astonished again that my resolution should be ruled out of order, I arose to speak a word for the good of the society, when from the other side of the room a dignified Senior stood up and said, "Mr. President, who is that gentleman?" I was so completely dumfounded that there should be anyone in the hall who did not know who I was, that I sat down and said not another word.

But the rub came when I was put on for debate. I prepared a great speech, as I thought, and felt sure that I should win the question. When my name was called, I walked boldly to the front, and had got about half through my speech, when suddenly I could not think of one word to say. After a painful pause someone in the rear of the hall hissed "stuck," and stuck I was. I sat down, my hopes all shattered at a single stroke, for before this I felt certain that I should be put on the Intercollegiate Debate. My next attempt was better, for though I stuck, one gentleman in the critic's chair was running for an office and praised my speech exceedingly. I will not attempt a description of a society election, for my college friends know what one is, and though I myself know little about politics, I will say for the benefit of outsiders that a national election is a small affair compared with a presidential election in a society at Wake Forest.

Not long after the Christmas holidays I made my debut as a ladiesman in Wake Forest. There was a reception given at my boarding-house, so of course I was invited. I met all the young ladies of the town, and one I liked so well that, in order to be extremely nice, I invited her

to go down to my home during the summer and take an outing on the North Carolina Beach; offering as an inducement that I possessed a very nice boat and she could go out sailing with me every day. I was very much pleased with the reception, and thought I had appeared extremely well among the gentry of the "Hill." But alas! that abominable *Howler*. The following Saturday it was up, and the first thing I saw was in large print, "Newish — makes his entry into Wake Forest society through the back door; proposes to a young lady at first sight; makes a fool of himself in general." These with various other imprecations were this noted paper's comment on my part at the reception. My next experience in society was several weeks later at the Anniversary. I think I behaved wonderfully well on that occasion, for the *Howler* said I made a fool of myself only twice—once when, in a joke, you know, I hit a young lady in the back with my handkerchief, and again when I told her she did not need a dose of anticephalalgine, for her beauty was sufficient to dispel all aches and pains except one, which it caused rather than cured.

I guess I have taxed the patience of my readers long enough, so I will not consume time in relating further incidents of my verdant days at college. As I look back, however, I console myself with the thought that possibly there may have been worse Freshmen than I, since I have heard that a Senior has recently discovered a proof of *binocular audition*.

ETHEL AND ORDENER.

Translated from the French of Victor Hugo by Horace E. Flack.

The young girl covered Ordener's hands with tears, which she wiped away with her long black tresses of dishevelled hair; as she kissed the irons of the condemned man, she bruised her pure lips on the cruel collars; she did not speak, but her whole heart seemed ready to escape in the first words which she should utter between her sobs.

He felt the most celestial joy that he had experienced since his birth. He gently pressed Ethel on his breast, and the united forces of earth and hell could not, at that moment, have loosened the arms with which he enveloped her. The feeling of his approaching death mingled something solemn in his delight, and he took charge of Ethel as if he had taken possession of her for eternity.

He did not ask that angel how she had been able to come to him. She was there, and could he think of anything else? Besides, he was not astonished. He did not ask himself how that girl, exiled, weak, isolated, could have opened her own prison and that of her lover, in spite of the triple iron doors and the triple ranks of soldiers; that seemed simple to him; he had in him that intimate conscience of what love could do.

What need was there for them to speak to each other with the voice when they could speak with the soul? Why not let their bodies listen in silence to the mysterious language of the soul? Both of them kept silent, for there were emotions which they could only express by silence.

However, the young girl finally raised her head, propped on the beating heart of the young man—

"Ordener," said she, "I come to save you," and she pronounced that word of hope with severe pain.

Ordener smilingly shook his head.

"To save me, Ethel! You deceive yourself; flight is impossible."

"Alas! I know it only too well. This castle is full of soldiers, and all the gates through which one must pass in order to escape are guarded by archers and turnkeys who do not sleep." She added with effort: "But I bring you another means of safety."

"Go, your hope is vain. Do not flatter yourself with chimeras, Ethel; in a few hours a blow of the ax will sever them too cruelly."

"Oh! do not finish! Ordener! you shall not die. Oh! take away that terrible thought from me, or rather, yes, show it to me in all its horror, so that it may give me strength to accomplish your safety and my sacrifice."

There was in the accent of that young girl an indefinable expression, and Ordener looked gently upon her:

"Your sacrifice! What do you mean?"

She hid her face in his hands and sobbed, while saying, with an inarticulate voice, "O God!"

That dejection was of short duration; she looked up; her eyes sparkled, and a smile was on her lips. She was as beautiful as an angel which ascends from hell to heaven.

"Listen, my Ordener, your scaffold shall not be erected. For you to live, it is only necessary for you to promise to marry Ulrique d' Ahlefeld."

"Ulrique d' Ahlefeld! That name on your lips, Ethel!"

"Do not interrupt me," she continued, with the calm-

ness of a martyr who is enduring his last torture ; " I come here sent by the comtesse d' Ahlefeld. They promise to obtain your pardon from the King if, in exchange, they obtain your hand for the daughter of the High Chancellor. I come here to ask an oath of you to marry Ulrique and to live for her. She has chosen me as messenger, because she thought my voice would have some influence on you."

" Ethel," said the condemned man with an icy voice, " adieu ! when you go from this dungeon, tell them to send the executioner."

She rose up and remained a moment standing before him, pale and trembling ; then her strength gave way, she fell on her knees on the stone, joining her hands as if in prayer.

" What have I done to him ?" murmured she in a low voice.

Ordener, silent, fixed his look on the stone.

" Lord," said she, dragging herself on her knees up to him. " you do not answer me. Do you then not wish to speak to me ?"

" There remains nothing but for me to die."

A tear stood in the young man's eyes.

" Ethel, you no longer love me."

" O God !" cried the poor young girl, seizing the knees of the prisoner in her arms, " I love you no longer ! You say that I no longer love you, Ordener ! Is it indeed possible that you can say that ?"

" You no longer love me, since you scorn me."

He repented in the same moment that he had pronounced that cruel word, for the accent of Ethel was heart-rending, when she threw her adored arms around his neck, crying with a stifled voice through her tears :

"Pardon me, my dearly loved Ordener; pardon me as I pardon you. I despise you! Great God! are you not my own, my pride, my idol? Tell me, was there anything in my words but a deep love, but a burning admiration for you? Alas! your cruel words wounded my feelings, since I came to save you, my adored Ordener, by sacrificing myself for you."

"Well," replied the young man, softened, driving away Ethel's tears with kisses, "was it a little thing to propose to me to redeem my life by abandoning my Ethel, by basely forgetting my oaths, by sacrificing my love?" He added, his eye fixed on Ethel: "My love, for which I am going to spill my blood to-day?"

A long groan preceded Ethel's reply.

"Hear me again, Ordener, and do not accuse me too hastily. I have, perhaps, more strength than ordinarily belongs to a poor woman. From the top of your prison I can see the scaffold for which you are destined being erected in the place d'Armes. Ordener, you do not know the frightful grief of seeing death slowly preparing for that one who carries with him my life! The Comtesse d'Ahlefeld, near whom I was when I heard your terrible sentence pronounced, came to me in the dungeon which I had entered with my father. She asked me if I wished to save you, and offered me this odious means. Ordener, it is necessary to destroy my poor destiny, to renounce you, to lose you forever, to give to another that Ordener, all the happiness of the forsaken Ethel, or to deliver you up to punishment; she has left me the choice between my misfortune and your death; I have not hesitated."

He kissed with reverence the hand of that angel.

"I hesitate no longer, Ethel. You would not have

come to offer me life with the hand of Ulrique d' Ahlefeld if you had known how it would make me die."

"What? What mystery?"

"Let me keep a secret from you, my dearly loved Ethel. I wish to die without letting you know whether you owe me gratitude or hatred for my death."

"You wish to die! You then wish to die! O God! and that is true, and the scaffold is being erected at this moment, and no human power can deliver my Ordener from death! Tell me, cast one look on your slave, on your companion, and promise me, dear Ordener, to hear me without anger. Are you indeed sure (answer your Ethel as you would God) that you could not lead a happy life near that woman, with that Ulrique d' Ahlefeld? Are you very sure of it, Ordener? She is perhaps, without doubt, beautiful, sweet, virtuous; she is better than the one for whom you perish. Do not turn away your head, dear friend, my Ordener. You are so noble and so young to mount a scaffold! Well, you will go to live with her in some brilliant city where you will not think of this gloomy dungeon; you will let every day glide away without asking about me; I consent to it. You will drive me from your heart, even from your memory, Ordener. But see, leave me here alone; it is for me to die. And believe me, when I should know of another in your arms, you would have no need to trouble yourself about me; I would not suffer long."

She stopped; her voice was lost in her tears. But you could read in her desolate look the unhappy desire to gain the fatal victory for which she would have to die.

Ordener said to her:

"Ethel, speak no more of that. In this moment let no other names than thine and mine pass our lips."

"Thus," replied she, "alas! you then wish to die!"

"It is necessary; I shall with joy go to the scaffold for you; I should go with horror to the altar for another woman. Speak no more of it to me; you give me pain and offend me."

She wept, and still murmured: "He is going to die, O God! and an infamous death!"

The condemned man answered, with a smile:

"Believe me, Ethel, there is less dishonor in my death than in such a life as you propose to me."

A SCIENTIST WHO CAME SOUTH.

BY F. G. HAMRICK.

"A miserable looking place indeed," mused the young scientist as he and his companion neared a somewhat desolate looking cottage. A dense mat of weeds in the cottage yard surrounded by a dilapidated fence showed that the house had been uninhabited for some time. In fact, the whole surrounding section had a solitary appearance, for only a few years before that part of eastern North Carolina had been devastated by a wing of Sherman's army. But the scenery for miles around was such as makes up the ideal landscape. The only building that could be seen from the cottage stood only a few hundred yards away. It was a stately residence of the old type, a prototype of the delightful dwellings of the old South, and had once been a handsome edifice, but, like the cottage, had become old and weather-beaten.

Alfred Willingham after considerable discussion with his companion, the proprietor of the cottage, decided to lease the building and make it his home. For surely it would be an admirable place to study, for what would there be to draw him away from his studies? And had he not left home to devote himself to study exclusively?

The first week was spent in renovating and furnishing the musty old cottage and it was a greater undertaking than the scientist had supposed, even if he had not attempted to furnish it in a luxurious manner. To the ordinary person the simplicity and neatness of his study were noticeable, but not so much so as the heterogeneous collection of scientific books that hid one wall, the variety of glass bottles filled with chemicals, and the many

mysterious instruments, that were arranged in an adjoining room.

But as regards the scientist himself, Alfred had always been a delicate and sensitive boy, who cared more for books than for society. At college he easily stood first in his class, but studied so much that he was known as the "Book-worm." Alfred, with all the ambition and zeal of the modern scientist, had come to a small town in eastern North Carolina at the suggestion of a friend who had only a smattering recollection of the place. Here he met the gentleman who leased him the cottage.

The first week after he had fitted up his cottage was spent in uninterrupted study and he could hardly realize how much he had accomplished in so short a time. Only at times did his mind wander from his studies to thoughts of home and only in these fits of wandering did the delightful solitude become monotonous. Several weeks had passed in this way and still no one had dared to visit the enthusiastic scientist. But this was not to continue. One night when the student was deeply absorbed in a treatise on chemistry, some one knocked at his door but was not heard. Several knocks passed unheard. Then came a loud "Hello!" that so startled him that he could scarcely comprehend the situation, for only a moment before he had imagined himself listening to a lecture of the great German chemist.

"Why are you here?" he demanded of the old negro who stood at the door.

"I wants youse ter go to see marster. For de Laud's sake go, for he is done almost dead," pleaded the old negro pitifully.

Alfred's first impulse was to drive him away, but the

old man seemed so troubled that he began questioning him concerning the sick man. He learned that the sick man, Colonel Brockton, lived in the large house that stood near by, and he was suffering from what he supposed to be a severe attack of asthma. He would go. He selected a drug which he thought would relieve the old gentleman and followed the negro to Colonel Brockton's house.

The young scientist was conducted into a large and well furnished bedroom. A feeble old man struggling to breathe lay on the bed that stood in one corner, and over him stood a tall girl with all her attention centred on the suffering man.

The girl had not seen Alfred Willingham till the old negro advanced, saying :

"Missie, here am dat'er man dat old Jack Scroggius sez has oodlus of medicine ; I didn't wait ter ax you, but jest went and fotch him."

"I thank you sir, for coming. I hope you can do something for my father," said Miss Brockton, somewhat embarrassed and surprised.

"May I beg your pardon," began Alfred uneasily; "I am no physician. I came at the urgent request of your servant. True, I have a drug here that may relieve your father, for he seems to have an attack of asthma." The medicine was administered and finally relieved the old colonel. The scientist did not return till it was too late to attempt any more work. He awoke earlier than usual the next morning, for he had not slept well. That day he changed his afternoon walk so as to stop at Colonel Brockton's—a place he had hitherto purposely avoided passing in his afternoon walks. Miss Brockton and her father were on the porch when he arrived. They were

so glad to see him and were so thankful for his timely aid on the preceding night.

Day after day Alfred, from his cottage, watched Miss Brockton as she fed her host of chickens in the back yard, as she brought large pails of milk to the house, and as she rode her pony over the farm. How he wanted to be with her! But could he go to see her? she knew nothing about him, and then, could he forsake his science for the pleasure of being with a mere country girl? He had not even noticed her at first, and surely he could again become absorbed in his work and forget her. But he passed uneasy nights, dreaming of the tall girl with large blue eyes, whom he could see in the dim distance, but could not approach. He tried in vain to dismiss the plain country girl from his mind. His work was neglected more and more, in fact he was often unable to concentrate his mind on his studies.

Only a few days of such restlessness had gone by when he became bold and again visited Colonel Brockton's. This time he was invited to return. He did return. He continued to go back. For he found Miss Brockton a very congenial companion, even if she did treat him coldly. He found a new pleasure, horse-back riding, for indeed it was a pleasure to ride with Miss Brockton over the farm.

After several months she, in spite of herself, had come to like him and he had loved her from the beginning.

"Bertha, won't you show me your chickens?" inquired the scientist late one afternoon.

"You silly man," she replied, laughing. "Who ever heard of a scientist being interested in chickens. But you shall see them."

It was to be sure a joy to be among the chickens and

to see the milch cows, for it was here that he had so often seen Bertha when he was in the cottage. It was here that he had dreamed of seeing her and could not go to her, and now he could scarcely realize that he was with her in that same back-yard. How he had longed for the day!

Then they proceeded to the great old walled spring lying at the foot of the slope on which the large barn was situated. A plat of grass under a huge walnut tree made them a seat. She had never seemed so beautiful, as she sat partly protected from the light of the moon, which had risen upon them as they sat oblivious of time, by the dense foliage of the grand old walnut. He could wait no longer. Before leaving, it was decided that Colonel Brockton's should be the future home of the young scientist.

A SWISS ROMANCE.

BY R. G. LEWIS.

Many years ago there lived two families of mountaineers far up on the side of a mountain in a very unsettled part of Switzerland. Their nearest neighbors lived ten miles distant, and the little hamlet to which they went two or three times a year for necessities was twenty miles away.

The view that they had from their humble cottages was unexcelled, and had many times inspired men to write verses that perpetuated their memory long after the writers had become dust. As far as the eye could see stretched a mighty range of mountains. Some of the peaks reared their perpetually snow-covered heads to the clouds, while some were so flat that they formed grass-covered plateaus. The faint roar of a cataract that could be seen in the distance came to the ears. Outlined against the sky as it stood on the dizzy height of some wild crag a watchful chamois could occasionally be seen. Far below were the green valleys dotted here and there with flocks of sheep, for the occupation of these two families was sheep raising and chamois hunting.

There was only one child in each family. Wilhelmina, a beautiful rosy cheeked girl aged sixteen, and Hans, a stout lad aged nineteen. They had been playmates ever since Hans' mother, when he was only three years old, took him to see Wilhelmina, who had lately come into the world. His big blue eyes had opened wide as he gazed at her in amazement, and turning to his mother he had said, "Was she made for me?" His mother had replied, "Yes." After that he considered

Wilhelmina his own property. He would sit beside her cradle for hours and gaze at her, and cried at night because he could not carry her home with him. As the years passed the attachment between them grew to deep genuine love, and when one day Wilhelmina fell into a deep swift stream, Hans unhesitatingly plunged in and rescued her at imminent risk to himself.

Reared by simple Christian parents in a region where everything in nature was impressive and sublime, Hans naturally grew to be deeply thoughtful. He would often gaze at the great mountains around him and long to penetrate the mysterious world beyond.

One day while roaming over the mountains he had found a traveller who had fallen over a precipice and was lying senseless on the rocks below. Hans had procured assistance and carried the stranger to his home where he nursed him to health. During his convalescence the stranger taught Hans to read and write and told him many stories about the world from which he came. When he left he gave several books to Hans. Among them was a history of the world. Hans read this book so often that he memorized whole pages of it. It opened up a new life to him and told him of a world of which he had only a dim idea. An irresistible desire took possession of him to mingle with that world and fight some of its battles.

When he had overcome the tearful entreaties of his parents and Wilhelmina he set out for the gold fields of California in far-away America. The parting with Wilhelmina had almost shaken his resolution. As he had kissed her for the last time, with tears streaming from her eyes she had promised to await his return.

Meanwhile the years passed and nothing was heard at home from the wanderer.

Wilhelmina had grown to be a quiet beautiful woman. Several suitors had come from the distant hamlet to woo her, but she never forgot the promise to the absent playmate, and the suitors were gently but firmly refused. She had missed Hans sadly all these years, and one day as she sat beside the stream from which he had rescued her so long ago, she wondered if he were dead in a foreign land and would never return. So deeply was she absorbed in thought that she did not hear steps behind her, and only became conscious of some one near when a pair of strong arms were clasped around her and a well-remembered voice sounded in her ears, and turning, she saw Hans, bronzed and bearded, but Hans still.

It is needless to describe the reunion and marriage that followed, but it may be added that youthful Hans, Jr., is never tired of sitting on his father's knee and hearing him recount his adventures in far-away America.

THE STORY OF AN EARLY SETTLER ON THE
CAPE FEAR.

G. W. P.

My farm is on the western side of the Cape Fear River some miles below Wilmington. I bought it only a few years ago. It had been a part of a large rice plantation, but contained one field of about ten acres lying high enough for corn. It was on this account that I selected it. I wanted a cornfield. How I do like to see the corn grow; to see it tasselling and shooting and silking, and to hear the blades rustle in the wind! How sweet it smells, too, when it is in the roasting-ear, and the heavy ears begin to hang from the stalks! It is certainly much prettier than a rice field, where one must work in mud and slush and which for looks is not much better than a patch of bull-rushes. In fact, my wife's father, who lives up the country, actually mistook my brag rice field for a bull-rush swamp.

Now this corn field of mine had a small swamp in the middle of it which I set about to drain. In cutting a ditch for this purpose I made a wonderful discovery, of which I am going to write in this paper. As I was spading along I came to what must have been the cellar of a house which had burnt down, for near the surface the earth was filled with small bits of charcoal. Here I found an air-tight box or chest with a small door let very cunningly into its side. It contained one curious piece of silver money and some old papers. Some of the people around here have told that I found enough money to pay for my farm; that is not true; I found only the one piece which I still have and hope

some day to get a good price for as it is old and curious. I paid for my farm by doing good, honest work, and attending to my own business, which is more than is done by some people I know of. But I did find one very long and strange paper which I have copied out to let everybody know what plucky people settled this good Old North State. Nearly everybody knows by this time that North Carolina people are plucky; the Yankees know it, and the South Carolina people know it for all their hot-headedness. Only last week my son James, just nineteen, gave one of those South Carolina fellows such a wollop as he will remember a day or two. We are plucky now and this paper will show that we began that way. It cost me much trouble to copy it out. It was a long time before I could make heads or tails of it. The writing was pretty enough to look at, but when one began to read it he found it a tangle. Nearly all the s's were written long, just as in my boyhood days we wrote the first s in Miss. (I wrote it pretty often.) Then all the nouns, even the common nouns, were written with a capital letter, which is against the rule in Bullion's Grammar which I studied in my school days under old Ned Stuart. John Stinson, our school teacher, says that Reed and Kellogg's and Harvey's rules are the same as Bullion's. Then there were a good many misspelled words, even he and she were spelled with two e's. So in copying out I have made corrections as I saw fit in spelling, grammar and writing, but I have given the sense exactly as it is. Now here is the paper :

STATEMENT OF ROBERT SYMMES, LATE OF SALEM
VILLAGE IN NEW ENGLAND, NOW OF THE
PROVINCE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

It is now January, in the year of our Lord, 1740. I am now an old man. Many of my grandchildren are already too large to sit upon my knee. With what pride did I behold them engaged in the festivities of the holidays that have just passed! But into my pride there came a strain of sadness when I came to reflect that I must in the natural course of things soon leave them, I hope for that better world whither has gone already that best of women who for forty-five years shared with me the cares that have made our hearthstone sacred, my own Arabella. Then there will be no one left to tell the story how Arabella saved me from being pressed to death for witchcraft, and how we escaped from Salem Village to this land of freedom and happiness. Now, in order that our descendants may not lose the story which they insist on hearing every Christmas, I will here set it down in writing.

We were born in Salem Village on Naumkeag, which is the Indian name for Eel Island, and lived there until the dreadful times when so many innocent lives were taken in the witchcraft terror in 1692. At this time I was twenty-two and she two years younger. We had been sweethearts all our lives and were to have been married that very year. Only a few months before, the first of those incidents occurred which came so near costing me my life, and of that you must hear.

Our nearest neighbor was goodman Nurse. He was by no means a comely man, being lean and lank, with a long face covered by red whiskers which he kept clipped instead of shaved. But he was the richest man in Salem

Village; he was also deacon in Mr. Parris's church, and had a reputation for piety, as piety went in New England in those days. Much of his money had been brought him by his wife, who was justly regarded as one of the best women in Salem. She was the first to reach the sick-bed; and many a long night she has watched with an anxious mother by the bedside of an ailing child. She had no children of her own, but seemed to find a mother's joy in the care of those of other people.

One morning I had called to see Arabella, and hearing that she had gone to goodwoman Nurse's, I myself was soon there. Now when I reached their house what should I see through the open door but goodman Nurse trying to kiss Arabella! who was dodging him about the room trying to reach the door. The sight made my blood boil with fury. I can not tell how I did it, but I know that in a moment I had stretched goodman Nurse half dead on the floor and had Arabella in my own arms. Just then, as luck would have it, goodwoman Nurse came running in from the garden, and Mr. Parris, the minister, came up to the door. Nurse soon revived, and cried out of me as a murderer who had attacked him under his own roof. I was about to reply, when goodwoman Nurse begged for peace. She had once nursed me through a long spell of fever, and to oblige her I left, taking Arabella. I know not what tale Nurse told Mr. Parris. I only know that thereafter Nurse dreaded the sight of me, and Mr. Parris treated me as a ruffian. On my side I had a great dislike for both of them. I had never thought well of Mr. Parris, who entered the ministry only after having failed to make a living at merchandising, and who had proved too fond of wealth for my liking. As for Nurse, I had a kind of instinctive feeling that he

was doing something more than playing with Arabella. *Quis fallere possit amantem?** I was right, as you will soon hear.

A short while before this, Mr. Cotton Mather had come down from Boston and preached in Mr. Parris's pulpit from the text in I Cor. x, 10: "*They were destroyed of the destroyer.*" In this sermon he held that 'tis the destroyer, or devil, that sendeth plagues into the world. Pestilential and contagious diseases, 'tis the devil who oftentimes does invade us with them. The devil has human servants, wizards and witches, who have signed their names in the devil's book, and agreed to do his sacraments. To them he gives the power to become invisible and to inflict good people with diseases which no physic can cure. He further said that he had heard that a horrible plot of witchcraft had been formed to torment Christian people and blow up and pull down all the churches of the country. That even then an host of demons might be hovering over the place, and the houses of good people might soon be filled with the doleful shrieks of children and servants tormented by invisible hands with tortures altogether preternatural.

I can hardly tell you into what a state of terror this discourse put the most of our people. They were almost afraid to breathe, and seemed by their shrugged shoulders to be trying to stop the sound of their hearts. Even on leaving church the sharp New England atmosphere failed to revive them, but hushed and silent man and wife took their way towards their homes. Goodman Nurse, who was just before us, acted very strangely with goodwoman Nurse and let her walk at some distance ahead.

*Our teacher says that this is Latin and means, "*No one can deceive a person who is in love.*" Good for the Latin!

But that day was only a beginning. Day after day the terror grew. The little children gamboled no longer on the village green, and were never seen outside of their mothers' yards. At the sight of any old woman they would make for the door even as I have seen a bunch of little chickens scared by a hawk make for shelter. Mothers with young babies kept the front door closed, and if haply an old woman came near their babes were as much frightened as if some one had set them near a coiled rattlesnake. Even strong men as evening came on would grow sickly pale, and in the strange quiet that came down on the town like a mist might be seen hurrying home. Not even when they had passed under the horseshoes nailed above their doors and were securely barred and bolted did fear pass from them. For some witch might come in at some unobserved crevice and strangle man or wife or child as they slept, and, most horrible of all, a man might unawares be harboring a witch in his own family! Belike nothing but human lives could have ever stayed such terror, and that is what it came to at last. Any one may read a true account of it in Robert Calef's book.

Now among the first to be accused was goodwoman Nurse. One morning about three o'clock my father, who was lying awake suffering from rheumatism, hears many cries and shrieks and noises of beating over at Nurse's house. Now though a man has a right to punish his wife, goodwoman Nurse had never done anything worthy of it, so my father is surprised. And we all are more surprised when we hear early in the morning that Nurse has accused his wife of witchcraft to the magistrates. I got to the trial in time to hear him tell his story. He, Nurse, had often missed his wife from his bed and on the night before had feigned sleep. Shortly

before midnight his wife got up, greased herself well with suet, slipped out of her skin which she left in the chimney-corner, and rode away on a broom-stick. She returned in about three hours, when he fell to beating her and refused to let her back into her skin until she should tell him where she had been. At last she confessed that she had been tormenting goodman Sewall's child, which had been sick for a week, and as it happened had died that very night. The mother testified that the child died as if the breath had been sucked out of its body. The jury needed no spectral evidence, but as usual it was given. These witnesses were about ten persons, mostly children, who claimed to be afflicted of the witches and to be able to tell who it was who bewitched them. When they came in and were seen of goodwoman Nurse they fell into a fit until her eyes were bandaged and she had touched them, when they recovered and cried out on her as a great witch who had grievously afflicted them. Of course she was committed. Her good deeds all went for nothing and even told against her. I do believe that even an angel of mercy if brought before the magistrates of Salem would have been convicted as a witch. Yet when she was hanged, declaring to the last her innocence, there were many wet eyes among our people.

As for Nurse, nearly all the young mothers in Salem felt grateful to him. In their eyes his accusing his own wife was a signal mark of his piety. What nobler deed could he have done? But when he would meet me his eyes would fall, for I looked upon him as a murderer, and I saw that my presence always disturbed him. Soon after he changed his manner of life. He began to dress in costlier garments, had his face shaved, and could be

seen tripping along the street, chin in air, as peart as a school boy. The women began to whisper that he wanted a wife, and, poor soul, ought to have one, since he had never had a real woman but only a witch to wife. To cap all, he bought a coach.

Now who should the villain desire but Arabella. One day he comes driving along with his shining new coach and finds her at the gate starting for goodwoman Eaton's. He invites her in promising to set her down where she likes, and Arabella, though reluctant, yet tempted by the new coach, gets in. Then the driver speeds away towards Boston as fast as ever he can drive, and Nurse begins to tell of his riches, and how, if he had a pretty young wife, she should have her coach and rings and watches and silken clothes. Arabella begins to get frightened and tells him out and out that we are to be married within the year. This puts him into a passion, but he continues to press her though he offers not to kiss her, until at the end of two hours he sets her down at her father's gate.

I learned all this from her that evening. Before telling me she had made me promise not to do Nurse any bodily harm, but when I had heard the tale I could hardly restrain my rising wrath. If ever I felt murder in my heart it was then. I determined at least to go and tell Nurse that if ever I heard of his so much-as speaking to her again I should beat him in an inch of his life. With this intent I was on my way to his house, and was just at the first lamp post, when I was seized by the town constable and five deputies. I knew at once that I was wanted for witchcraft and I determined not to be taken. I was a powerful man in those days. My frame was naturally stalwart and my muscles had been

strengthened by my life as seaman. So I proved almost a match for all six, for I threw the constable over my head with such force as to knock the breath out of his body and should have escaped had not one of them given me several blows in the forehead with a heavy cudgel. At last, bruised and dazed, I was carried away. As in a nightmare, I saw the grinning face of Nurse, wrinkled, it seemed to me, with a kind of hellish glee, and heard him say, "We shall be rid of him now, the wizard."

On reaching the gaol I was thrown into heavy irons, and what with my aches and bruises and thoughts found no rest that night. Even then Arabella was waiting for me to return, for I had promised to be back within the hour; my father was at home prostrate with rheumatism, while that villain Nurse was hounding me to death. He was dangerous and had several scores to pay off. I knew that he felt that I was dangerous, too, to him; he knew that I read him for a liar and murderer, and that he had killed his wife in order to get a younger one. And he thought, by having me hanged, to get Arabella. The thought was almost too much for me. It was my love for and faith in her that kept me from becoming stark mad that dreadful night.

The next day I was brought before the magistrates, who sat in the church. Mr. Noyes made a prayer and the trial began. I flatly denied my guilt. Then the witnesses, who only needed a suggestion in those terror-stricken days to become the tools of Nurse, were called. The officers who arrested me told some awful tales of my superhuman strength, saying that I had thrown the constable over the lamp post and that it was only through a mercy he was saved. Nurse, who scarcely tried to conceal his satisfaction, confirmed their words. Others

testified to having seen me write on the ground in strange characters which was true enough, for I was often marking Arabella's name in Greek letters which I had learned at Harvard. Another testified that I had bewitched his cows and caused several of them to die with strange affections. One day I had seen this fellow trying to drive a calf from a patch of green, but the calf liked not to leave, and would get no further than the edge of the green when around she would wheel, here would go her heels into the air, and the next minute she would be a hundred yards away browsing. I stood by enjoying it, at which the man got so out of humor that I thought to help him with his calf, when what should the calf do but go heading for home. It seems that after that he lost some cows, and all cows that died in Salem were thought to have been bewitched. I explained all these things to the jury and magistrates as best I could, in order that they might know they were shedding innocent blood, but I knew I had nothing to expect.

Next were produced the spectral witnesses. The first to come in was an Indian boy who worked in an ale house. When he reached the church he pretended to fall into a fit and rolled on the ground like a hog, and bellowed like a calf. My hands were free and when he came in reach I gave him such a cuff as made him forget his fit and bound out of the church. Then after my eyes were bandaged—and this was not done without a struggle—some of the afflicted girls were brought in. They at once cried out of me as the chief of wizards who had greatly afflicted them, and said that they saw the Black Man standing behind me whispering in my ear. I rebuked them to this purpose: "You silly hus-

sies, why do you go around telling lies that cause innocent people to lose their lives. You think it fun to play with the lives of good people. Out on you, out on you, I say!" This terribly frightened them for I heard them running. Of course I was convicted. The sentence of death was pronounced. Nurse could not conceal his joy, but said that "the wizard who turned the head of maidens would soon get his due."

On the way back to the prison here comes Arabella, and tells me that they shall never hang me; that she will save me. She kept following until we reached the prison door when she was shut out and I was thrown into a separate room from the other prisoners and left in irons. There I lay three days subject to all kinds of torments of mind and body. My irons were sorely chafing my limbs, my head was still suffering from the blows of the cudgel, and I was given not enough even of bread and water. But worse than the pain of body was that of soul. The damp of the prison, the doleful cries that came from the chamber where the women were confined, and the imminence of death, where I had expected marriage, weighed upon me. Not a friend was allowed to come to ask how I did, nor wish me a peaceful death. I was in dark despair.

But I had not counted on Arabella. On the third night I was aroused from my stupor by the noise of a struggle at the main door of the prison, near which was my cell. Soon thereafter I heard the sound of the key in the door and then, oh joy, the voice of Arabella. I responded and soon my door was broken in with heavy blows and in leapt Arabella and clung to my neck saying, "I knew I should save you." She had with her my two negroes, Pomp and Ned; stout bucks they were;

and two of the crew of my father's ship. One of these took me irons and all on his shoulders and we were on the point of leaving, when who should walk into our hands but Nurse. We left him and the guard securely bound and gagged and locked inside the prison and made good our escape. Nurse was saved from death only by that most merciful of women, Arabella.

Arabella had done it all. She it was who had our ship stocked with provisions and ready to sail when we reached her. She it was who had planned and with the help of my faithful slaves and the crew of our ship, had effected my escape from that land of terror and blood.

We steered straight for this goodly Cape Fear region of North Carolina. Blessed land, where freedom reigns and no man is bound by the ties of bigoted churchmen; where we are free to look upon the world and thank God for its beauty, and believe that He has made it for us to enjoy, and us to love and gladden one another. Blessed land of freedom and love! Here may my bones find their last resting place and here may my descendants live forever.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

STAFF EDITORS :

Dr. G. W. PASCHAL, Alumni Editor.

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|-------------------------------------|------------------|-------------------------|------------------|
| RUZELIAN SOCIETY. | | PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY. | |
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| W. D. ADAMS. | Associate Editor | G. T. BRANDON. | Associate Editor |
| W. AUBREY WEAVER, Business Manager. | | | |

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

E. W. TIMBERLAKE, Jr., Editor.

The New
Gymnasium.

We note with pleasure the rapid progress made on the gymnasium building, now nearly half completed. The lack of a good gymnasium has for a long time past been a drawback to Wake Forest. "All work and no play will certainly make Jack a dull boy." A student who has no taste for ball-playing, tennis, or out-door exercises, labors under great disadvantages ; there are some whose parents object to "Southern trips," and with no incentive, they do not care to play for the team ; others who spend all of their time in trying to make high grades, in all of which instances the student invariably neglects to take the proper exercise. In order to have mental health one must have physical health. The erection of a well-equipped gymnasium will obviate all of these difficulties, for with compulsory attendance, under the supervision of an efficient director, the student must develop both mentally and physically.

We are not unmindful of the expense recently incurred by the work on the new recitation rooms, nor of the

amount required for the gymnasium building ; however, we are glad to see the Trustees have taken the view they have, and in consideration of the foregoing facts, in behalf of the student body, we desire to offer our sincerest thanks.

Journalism at Wake Forest. We desire to call the attention of the students to the recent resolutions offering medals for the best piece of fiction and essay. We regret to say that for the past year or two journalism at Wake Forest has been at a low ebb. The literary character of a college is judged by its magazine, and the magazine must be made by its students. If THE STUDENT is small the editor has all the blame to bear, while the pens of the students themselves lie idly on their tables. Including the January issue of last year only eleven *bona fide* students, excluding the editors, had contributed to our magazine, and yet we hear such encouraging remarks as, "Well, we had better dispense with THE STUDENT unless there is some improvement on this issue." There are men at Wake Forest who can write and who ought to write, but who, either from a lack of interest or *heavy* college duties, fail in this duty. "He who can and won't, ought to be made to," but the editors are not endowed with supreme power over man's inclinations, so our prerogative is to await patiently the arrival of a contribution, by the peculiar grace of a Wake Forest student ! We do not wish to say this in a tone of complaint, but are giving the true state of affairs. Boys, the editors can not make a magazine without the co-operation of the students. Pride, exclusive of the medals now offered, should be a sufficient incentive for every man who can write to do so.

If your first contribution is turned down, try again, and have enough appreciation of the editor's position not to become offended because he returns your article. We repeat that we do not wish to say this in a complaining tone, but our object is solely to arouse an interest and a pride in our college journal, that our best efforts may be put forward toward making it the equal of any in the country.

The debate between Wake Forest and Trinity this year promises to be one of the most interesting of the series. Twice out of the three debates Wake Forest has come from the field victorious, and it remains to be said whether the cup shall remain in our library another year. There is a marked interest among the students this year, as is shown by the large number who have entered the preliminary. Of course only three will be put on, but after these three have been chosen, let us all give them our earnest and heartiest support, and go to Raleigh in a body. A special train will be run at reduced rates on Thursday afternoon, so there will be no excuse for any one to remain. There is nothing so encouraging to a speaker as the sight of a large number of his friends in the audience. Then everybody to Raleigh Thanksgiving!

The State Literary and Historical Association. The organization of a Literary and Historical Association for North Carolina marks a new era in our State. For many years such an organization has been greatly needed. It is with regret we notice that the literary standard of the South, and especially of North Carolina, has been and is to-day, far below that of the

North. We understand that one Northern publishing company alone sells more books in a small store in the suburbs of Boston than in North Carolina, Tennessee, South Carolina and Mississippi combined. Such a state of affairs ought not to exist. It is time for the South to arise from its lethargy and assert itself in vieing with the North in literary interest.

The purposes of the Association are :

"First. To promote the reading habit among the people of North Carolina.

"Second. To stimulate the production of literature in our State.

"Third. To collect and preserve historical material."

"In carrying out these purposes the Association hopes to aid in the improvement of our public schools, in the establishment of public libraries, in the formation of literary clubs, in the collection and republication of North Carolina literature worthy to be preserved and now rapidly passing away, in the publication of an annual record or bibliography of North Carolina literary productions, in the collection of historical material and the foundation of an historical museum."

This new movement should be of great interest not only to North Carolina, but to the whole South. We note with pleasure that our State has taken the initiative, and we doubt not ere long the Land of Dixie can boast of as high literary art as our Northern neighbors.

LITERARY COMMENT.

WINSTON D. ADAMS, Editor.

The National Library of France, which contains over 2,500,000 bound volumes and half that number of pamphlets, is probably the largest in the world.

Tolstoi, the great Russian reformer, is to publish a new book this winter with the title, "The Slavery of Our Times." According to the *London Literature*, it contains the conclusions which he reached from a study of modern industrialism.

A collection of Ruskin's letters has been presented to the manuscript department of the British Museum by Mr. Cavenish Bentinck. The gift includes all autograph letters written by Mr. Ruskin to Mr. Rawdon Brown, of Venice, with many of Mr. Brown's replies.—*Literary Digest*.

Historical novels that have made a success are constantly increasing. The latest of these is that of Miss Mary Devereux, entitled "From Kingdom to Colony." Although it has not reached the "Janice Meredith" high-water mark yet, still new editions are constantly being printed, and the number of readers is increasing at a rapid rate.

From the latest returns, the six most popular novels on the market, in order of their demand, are:

- (1) *Reign of Law*, James Lane Allen.
- (2) *To Have and to Hold*, Mary Johnson.
- (3) *The Redemption of David Carson*, C. F. Goss.
- (4) *Unleavened Bread*, Robert Grant.
- (5) *Voice of the People*, Glasgow.
- (6) *The Cardinal's Snuff-Box*, Henry Harland.

"That place that doth contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With old sages and philosophers ;
And sometimes, for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors and weigh their counsel."

Mrs. Mary Halleck Foote has begun a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly*, which promises much in the way of action and characterization. We have read only the first installment, but it opens well, and seems to be something of a departure for Mrs. Foote. The title, "The Prodigal," is a good one, and the story, judging from the first chapter, will be no unworthy successor, even in popular favor, to Miss Johnson's "To Have and to Hold."—*The Critic*.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "Eleanor," which appeared as a serial in *Harper's Magazine*, was published in book form the latter part of last month, shortly before its completion in the magazine. No serial of recent years, with the possible exception of "To Have and to Hold," has attracted such general attention. The advanced sales of the book, in this country alone, have been estimated to amount to over 100,000 copies, and this novel bids fair to surpass all others in popularity that have been published this year.

From the latest reports we learn that Mr. Winston Churchill's new novel, on the subject of the Civil War, will not be published serially. When its completion was announced some weeks ago, quite a number of the leading magazines made flattering offers for its serial publication, but all were refused; the author preferring to publish the story in book form alone. Mr. Churchill's reasons for acting thus are not known, but it has been estimated that he sacrificed no less than 10,000 dollars by this decision. It is needless for us to say that the host of admirers of the author of *Richard Carvel* are impatiently awaiting the appearance of his new novel this winter.

One of the most significant events of the year, was the celebration, on the 25th of last month, of the 500th anniversary of the death of Chaucer by the authorities of the British Museum. There was held in the King's Library an exhibition of manuscripts, various editions, portraits, engravings and other things of interest connected with the poet. As a prelude to this Chaucer celebration, a series of very interesting and instructive articles appeared in the July, August and September numbers of the *Magazine of Art*, dealing especially with "The Portraits of Geoffrey Chaucer."

The dramatization of Richard Carvel and of David Harum within the past few months have been events of great interest in the literary world. John Drew as Richard Carvel, and W. H. Crane as David Harum, "the invincible boss-trader of Homeville, N. Y.," scored great successes in their respective parts. There seemed at first to have been much doubt among eminent critics as to the possibility of a successful dramatization of these novels, but all doubts have been swept away, and we see no reason why many of our best popular novels should not be presented on the stage. In addition to the above, we will soon have before the foot-lights that inimitable story of Booth Tarkington—Monsieur Beaucaire—which is in course of dramatization.

One of the most interesting of the many discoveries that have been made as a result of the present International Chinese War, was the unearthing of an ancient prototype of Poe's "Raven," only a few weeks ago. A certain prominent literary magazine commenting, speaks thus: "The shade of Poe, who, in his day took satisfaction in imputing plagiarism to several American writers, including Longfellow, might possibly feel uneasy did it know that an English journal professes to find the source of his most famous poem in an ancient Chinese writer named Kai Yi, who lived about 100 B. C." As a matter of curiosity, we will give the Chinese version in whole in order that our readers may see the similarity:

"One day, when the sun was declining, a funiao flew into my

room, and, perching in the corner where I was wont to sit, appeared to be quite at home.

"This strange, uncanny thing coming to associate with me, I wondered what might be the reason.

"Opening a book to seek the solution of the mystery, the oracle responded: 'When a wild bird enters a dwelling, it portends the human occupant must go forth.'

"I ventured then to interrogate the bird itself:

"If I am to go forth, pray tell me whither. If to better fortune, announce it to me; if to deeper calamity, make known the worst and shorten my suspense.

"The bird raised its head and flapped its wings; its mouth could not articulate a word, but it heaved a sigh, and I ventured to interpret its meaning:

"'All things,' it seemed to say, 'are revolving in a whirlpool of change. They go and return, but their transformation no words can express. Good often springs from evil, and evil lurks in the midst of good. Joy and sorrow meet at the same gate; woe and weal together dwell.'"



Undoubtedly the cheapest and best of the numerous domestic magazines now published in this country is the *Ladies Home Journal*. Its circulation during the past two decades has increased from twenty thousand to over nine hundred and twenty-three thousand copies; indeed a convincing testimonial of true merit. Some of the excellent features of the November number are "The Loveliest Woman in All America," a charming pen picture of Emily Marshall whose transcendent beauty was so much admired three quarters of a century ago; "The Future of the White House," "The Man Who Wrote Narcissus," "Waiting for the Mail,"—a page drawing by A. B. Frost, and "How Aunt Sally Brought Down the House." In the same issue Clifford Howard continues "The Story of a Young Man," Charles Major his "Blue River Bear Stories," Elizabeth Stuart Phelps her serial, "The successors of Mary the First," and Josiah Allen's wife funnily narrates the incidents of her fourth visit. "Edward Bok forcibly contends that the Americans show execrable taste in furnishing their houses, and 'American Mother' convicts the Americans of having bad manners. Plans are given for 'A Quaint Old Fashioned House for \$6,600,' and interior views of 'The Most Artistic House in New York City,' right worthily occupies two pages, as does 'Through Picturesque America,' which pictures the scenic beauty of California."

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

GEO. T. BRANDON, Editor.

Wake Forest College points with pride to the records made by her sons as teachers, and a sketch of some of these we give below:

- '85. E. F. Eddins, Principal of Palmerville Academy.
- '75. L. W. Bagley, in charge of Scotland Neck Female Seminary.
- '85. A. T. Roberts, Professor of Greek in the Louisville Seminary.
- '89. Dr. J. R. Hunter, Professor of Chemistry at Richmond College.
- '83. T. J. Simmons, President of Shorter Female College in Georgia.
- '80. C. S. Farriss, Professor of Greek at Seton University of Florida.
- '87. F. H. Manning, engaged in teaching the deaf and blind in Georgia.
- '89. J. H. Simmons, associated with his brother at Shorter College, Georgia.
- '71. F. P. Hobgood, President of Oxford Female Seminary, continues his efficient work.
- '89. R. E. L. Yates, Assistant Professor of Mathematics at A. and M. College, Raleigh.
- '82. W. J. Ferrell, in charge of the Pee Dee Institute at Wadesboro, is making marked success.
- '85. J. A. Beam, President of Bethel Hill Institute, one of the largest preparatory schools in the State.
- '83. E. S. Alderman, President of Bethel College, Ky., is a successful educator,—indeed a very brilliant man.
- '90. J. O. Atkinson, acting President of Elon College, is making a name for himself in his progressive work.

'85. W. C. Allen, in charge of the Graded Schools at Waynesville, has been very successful in building them up.

'86. Dr. R. H. Whitehead, in charge of Medical Department of Chapel Hill, N. C. Its success is due largely to his ability.

'75. John E. Ray, in charge of the Institution of the Blind in Raleigh, stands among the first in the South in his line of work.

'80. W. A. Rogers, Principal of Greenville Male Academy, N. C. Was a very successful President of the Teachers' Association in 1899.

'80. J. F. Alderman, in charge of Graded Schools at Henderson, N. C. He achieved marvelous success in a similar position in Dawson, Ga.

'61. Gen. T. F. Toon, elected Superintendent of Public Instruction by a majority of about 60,000. This is sufficient to show his standing in the State as a gentleman and as an educator.

Resolutions of Regret.

WHEREAS, we, the students of Wake Forest College, have lost by death our most highly esteemed friend, and universally beloved fellow student, Mr. J. Z. Eure, a young man of broad culture, possessing the noblest traits of Christian character, and devoted always to the interests of his fellow students, be it

Resolved 1, That we, the students of Wake Forest College, tend to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy in this time of great sorrow; and we pray that God, who alone holds life and death in His hands, and who alone can heal wounds such as this, will shed the sunshine of his comfort into their hearts.

Resolved 2, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of Mr. Eure, spread upon the records of the two Societies, and published in the WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

J. I. EARP,

J. Q. ADAMS, JR.,

For Committee.

October 8, 1900.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

JOSEPH Q. ADAMS, Jr., Editor.

THE SOPHOMORES have ordered caps, and verily they seem to possess the land.

MR. AND MRS. R. E. ROYALL and Mrs. W. B. Royall are visiting in New York.

MISS BRUCE BREWER is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. H. Gore, in Wilmington, N. C.

THE PEOPLE of the Hill are glad to welcome among them Mr. Carey Newkirk Dodd.

MRS. W. D. TRANTHAM, of Camden, S. C., is visiting her mother, Mrs. M. E. Simmons.

MISSES LILA AND MARY AUSTIN, of Tarboro, N. C., have been visiting Miss Lizzie Allen.

REV. W. E. HATCHER, of Richmond, Va., will begin a protracted meeting here October 29.

DR. E. W. SIKES was absent several days this month attending an Association in Union county.

A SPECIAL TRAIN will be run from Wake Forest to Raleigh on Thanksgiving, to carry the students to the debate.

SEVERAL MEMBERS of the faculty and people of the Hill attended the Central Association, which met at New Hope, about twelve miles from here.

THE SENIOR CLASS has elected the following officers: J. Q. Adams, Jr., President; T. R. Taylor, Vice-President; A. R. Autrey, Secretary; R. E. Sentelle, Treasurer.

MR. W. R. POWELL, '96, and his sister, Miss Jessie Powell, of Savannah, Ga., spent a few days visiting relatives on the Hill.

MISSSES JESSIE BREWER and Janie Taylor, who are now at the Baptist University in Raleigh, delighted their many friends here by a short visit.

THE FOLLOWING young alumni have made a pilgrimage to their *Alma Mater* during the past month: Messrs. F. W. Kellinger, C. Gore, P. S. Carlton and C. M. Heck.

REV. J. G. PULLIAM, of Lenoir, preached for Rev. J. W. Lynch Sunday evening, October 14. Mr. Pulliam is now travelling in the interests of the Lenoir High School.

TWO HUNDRED and eighty-nine students have registered up to date, ten more than have ever registered before during the whole year. Seventy-three counties and seven States are represented.

THE EUZELIAN SOCIETY has elected the following Anniversary marshals: L. T. Vaughn, A. M. Forehand and T. W. Brewer. The Philomathesian Society will elect marshals at a later date.

A LARGE TANK has been ordered to supply water to the Gymnasium and Laboratory. This tank, which has a capacity of 6,000 gallons, will be erected on a brick tower behind the Library building.

DR. TAYLOR has moved his office from the Lea Laboratory into the Dormitory Building. The handsome apartments there are much more comfortable and accessible than the old, and already the historic dread of "going to the President's office" is wearing away.

MR. J. E. JOHNSON, of Elkin, N. C., editor of the *Elkin Times*, spent several days on the Hill visiting relatives. Mr. Johnson graduated in the class of '97.

WE LEARN that the committee hope to have the new Gymnasium Building completed and the first floor, containing baths, etc., fitted up by the first of December.

ON THE EVENING of October 12 Mr. E. W. POUL, the Democratic nominee for Congress from the fourth district, spoke from the piazza of Medlin's Hotel to a large audience of students and citizens.

THE JUNIOR CLASS has elected the following officers: W. A. Dunn, President; W. S. White, Vice-President; H. E. Craven, Secretary, and J. C. Sikes, Treasurer. Blue has been adopted as the class color, and pins have been selected and ordered. Moreover, the class has decided to wear silk hats and carry gold-headed canes.

THE SUMMER LAW CLASS went up before the Supreme Court on the 24th of September to apply for license. As a result the following young "attorneys at law" are abroad in the land: Messrs. A. R. Dunning, A. W. Cook, George Cheek, A. P. Godwin, T. C. Hoyle, H. A. Kornegay, J. P. Morris, T. L. Smith and J. W. Spense.

THE FOLLOWING GENTLEMEN have been selected as Senior speakers by their respective societies: From the Philomathesian, Messrs. E. W. Timberlake, Jr., W. A. Weaver, L. Cottingham, G. T. Brandon, J. I. Earp, N. L. Gaskins. From the Euzelian, R. E. Sentelle, W. B. Renfrow, S. B. Wilson, J. F. Cale, W. W. Sorrels, and F. O. Huffman. These are all good speakers and will, no doubt, fill well the honor which has been conferred upon them.

THE WAKE FOREST MISSIONARY SOCIETY held its regular monthly meeting in the Wingate Memorial Hall, Sunday evening, October 7th. Rev. Frank Royall, recently returned from China, delivered a most interesting address on the characteristics and customs of the Chinese. Mr. Royal is a graduate of Wake Forest, and has been in China since 1894.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS, after a stormy contest with the Juniors and Sophomores, succeeded in entering the Euzelian Hall and electing officers. We understand that a battle royal lasted for some time, to which football and the late Spanish war were child's play. Fortunately there were no serious accidents. The officers elected are as follows: J. O. Sprinkle, President; S. F. Williams, Vice-President; H. I. Bourbage, Secretary; and R. M. Dowd, Treasurer.

THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY held its second monthly meeting in the lecture room of the Lea Laboratory, Monday evening, October 1st. A paper was presented by Dr. C. E. Brewer on "Electricity in Chemistry." In a most interesting way Professor Brewer traced the development of this special phase of chemistry from the time when Davy first passed an electric current through water, to the present day when it is so widely used both chemically and commercially. The society is indebted to Professor Brewer for a most enjoyable and instructive evening.

ARRANGEMENTS HAVE been completed for the annual contest between Wake Forest and Trinity for the State Intercollegiate Debate Cup. The debate will be held in the city of Raleigh on Thanksgiving evening. The subject, which was chosen by Trinity, is "Resolved, that

the South Carolina dispensary law is not wise." Wake Forest will maintain the negative side of this question. And, by the way, it is an interesting fact that in all these debates Wake Forest has maintained the negative. The trophy, a handsome silver cup given by the Chamber of Commerce of the city of Raleigh, is now held by Wake Forest. For two years out of the three she has won this high honor. Here is to the success of old Wake Forest! May her worthy sons worthily defend the cup!

IT BECOMES OUR sad duty to record the death of our beloved fellow student, Mr. J. Z. Eure. It has been truthfully said that he was the most popular student in college. He was a young man of broad culture, having taken the A.B. degree at the last commencement. As a speaker his powers were far above the average. He was elected by his Society as Anniversary first-debater, and was chosen by the faculty as one of the Commencement orators. Yet it is for the nobleness of his Christian manhood that he is best known. He devoted his time and his energy, during his short stay here, in battling for God and for right. His zeal in establishing and in developing the Young Men's Christian Association was tireless. He was the leading spirit in the Bible Band work. Every one admired and loved Jim Eure, and where is the man that did not feel that in him they had a friend.

A memorial meeting in honor of Mr. Eure was held in the Large Chapel on Tuesday evening, October 9. Mr. J. I. Earp, in a short speech, told of his activity in organizing and developing the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Henderson spoke of his cheerful zeal

and labors of love in the Bible Band work. Mr. S. G. Flournoy paid a tribute to his memory in behalf of the Y. M. C. A. Dr. Taylor, Professor Poteat and Dr. Royal then spoke of him in the highest terms both as a Christian and as a student. Finally Rev. J. W. Lynch, his pastor, in a short talk, paid a high tribute to him as a Christian worker. But perhaps the greatest tribute of all to the memory of Mr. Eure was the large audience of students and of residents of the Hill, that were present. At the close of the meeting the Y. M. C. A. adopted resolutions of regret and of sympathy for the bereaved family.

COLLEGE SPIRIT has been running high this fall. Abundant evidence of this fact was given when recently the Sophomore class attempted to meet and organize. By the kindness of the Muse Editor we are permitted to print the following poem from the advance sheets of *The Howler*.

I.

The ink on Memory's pages pales,
E'en Senior recollection fails,
At thought of such a thing he rails,
Nor allows a Sophomore meeting.

II.

But not long since in prayers 'twas told,
That the Sophomores a meeting would hold,
Each Sophomore sat up straight and bold,
Nor spake of his inward quaking.

III.

The Senior shook his snowy hair.
And fiercely did the Junior glare,
Each one of the Faculty moved his chair,
With a little nervous creaking.

IV.

The hour appointed came at last,
Sophomores gathered thick and fast,
Around the chapel door they massed,
Proclaiming loud their glory.

V.

The leader then, with haughty tread,
Advanced—they followed where he led,
Ah! quick the woeful tidings spread
"The door is barred against us!"

VI.

"Despair not!" was the leader's cry;
A baleful light glowed in each eye,
All marched ahead quite sullenly,
Nor were dismayed nor baffled.

VII.

But shame on shame! the upper hall
Was shut, nor opened to their call,
But not yet had their pride a fall,
They still would be victorious.

VIII.

Then, like a swarm of angry bees
They hurried some resort to seize,
But turned against them were the keys
Of the quiet dormitory.

IX.

Door after door they tried in vain,
Seniors and Juniors it seemed to rain,
They mocked the vanquished in their pain,
Comforting them thusly:

X.

"Soph.! Soph.! crawl away and die!"
The worsted host did not reply,
They only tried some spot to spy,
Where they might end their misery.

XI.

But Sophomore grit and Sophomore spunk,
Into oblivion shall not be sunk,
Until the Newish fail to flunk,
Till then must live their glory.

XII.

That self-same day, at eventide,
To the Phi.'s hall those Sophs did glide,
Nor looked they round on either side,
Till locked within quite safely.

XIII.

Behind that strong, protecting door,
The bold and beaming Sophomore,
Waxed eloquent, like Sophs of yore,
About their noble prowess.

XIV.

And when the sun was sinking low,
They vowed allegiance thro' all woe
To each other; and turned to go,
With faces glad and smiling.

XV.

Ye shades of classes Sophomore,
Bring balm their wounded pride to cure!
For now they seek to leave the door,
And find it bolted secretly!

XVI.

Then loud and piteous they cried,
But all assistance was denied,
Seniors and Juniors were outside,
In mockery deriding.

XVII.

Hark! whence that faint sound of a bell?
From the Sophs arose a yell,
Then with a crash the great door fell,
And so they went not supperless!

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THE PASSION PLAY OF 1900.

BY T. J. SIMMONS.*

For the benefit of those whose reading may not have embraced an account of Oberammergau and its wonderful Passiou Play, a few words will be given regarding the geography of the village and the origin of the performance. Oberammergau is in a little valley high up in the mountains (the Alps) of the Bavarian Tyrol, near the source of the river Ammer, which flows through the village, hence the name: Ober (upper) Ammergau. The place is about seventy miles south or southwest of Munich, from which it may now be reached by railway, an electric road of twenty miles having been built this year to connect the village with the outside world, from which it was formerly completely isolated.

While it is still but a little village, Oberammergau has been in existence several centuries, and long before the invention of the printing press, its priests, like those in hundreds of other places, doubtless gave rude miracle plays in the church-yard as a means of impressing the simple folk with the story of the Bible. The outgrowth of these is the finished Passion Play whose survival here is due to the following circumstance:

In the year 1637 a great pestilence spread through

* Professor Simmons has recently made an extended tour through Europe and witnessed the Passion Play.

Europe, but, on account of its isolated position in the mountains Oberammergau for some time escaped it. When finally a workman, coming home from another village to see his wife and babes, broke through the quarantine, the plague made its appearance and seemed likely to wipe out the entire population. In their distress, a general meeting was called in the church-yard, and a solemn vow to God was made that if they were spared from this pestilence, the Passion Play should be performed there every tenth year by them and their children's children forever. The vow has been faithfully kept, each Sunday during the summer of the decennial year being set for the performance, and thousands have felt it the privilege of a lifetime to visit Oberammergau during the year when the Passion Play may be seen.

The village numbers in all only 1,300 people, yet out of their small population there are 685 that take part in the Play. No outsider is connected with the Play in any capacity. All the costumes are made in the village, and the scenery is painted by the local artists.

The Play is no longer given in the church-yard. An Auditorium seats 4,000 people. This year the sum of \$50,000 was spent by the village in improving the Auditorium and building a roof over it as far as the space arranged for orchestra. The front part of the building, as high as the roof, is entirely open to the weather, and not only the chorus on the long stage facing the audience and the crowd in the streets of Jerusalem further on, but even those of the audience who occupy the front seats, are sometimes drenched by the mountain showers, which come almost without warning.

Looking out from the Auditorium through an open arch 150 feet wide and nearly half as high, imagine an

uncovered stage the width of the building, and beyond, in the center, a covered stage like a Greek temple, fitted with a modern drop curtain of artistic design. On either side of this are the streets of Jerusalem, with the houses showing the exact architecture of the time. On the extreme right is the house of Caiaphas; on the extreme left, the judgment hall of Pilate.

At eight o'clock in the morning, the audience having assembled in response to a signal given by a cannon, the orchestra plays a short prelude. Attired in classic robes presenting a beautiful scheme of color, the chorus, consisting of thirty-five singers, led by the prologue-reciter, Mayer, who was for thirty years the Christus, files slowly from the right and left wings, and arranges itself in a graceful curve extending the length of the stage. The prologue-reciter tells in a few simple words the meaning of the play—to impress the story of man's redemption through divine love. The chorus, after a short song, divides, moving backwards to the right and left sufficiently to give an unobstructed view of the stage proper in the center, just as the curtain rises on a beautiful tableau representing the expulsion from Paradise. Adam and Eve, decorously attired in sheepskins, are in the attitude of fleeing from the angel who holds in his hand the sword of fire, while the serpent, still coiled around the tree, seems to be enjoying the evil that he has wrought. The curtain falls, the members of the chorus take their places in front, and, while a complete change of scene is being made behind the curtains, they sing the following words to connect the Eden with the second tableau:

Die Menschheit ist verbannt
 aus Edens Au'n, Von Sünd' umnachtet und
 Von Todesgrau'n. Zum Lebensbaum ist ihr
 der Zugang, ach! versperrt. Es drohet
 in des Cherubs Hand das Flammenschwert.
 Doch von ferne, von Kalvaria's Hoehen
 Leuchtet durch die Nacht ein Morgengluh'n.
 Von dem Baum des Kreuzes milde wehen
 Friedenslüfte durch die Weltin hin.
 Gott! Erbarmer! Sünder zu begnaden,
 Die verachtet freveind Dein Gebot,
 Gibst Du. sie vom Fluche zu entladen,
 Deinen Eingebornen in den Tod.

Mankind are banished from fair Eden's glades,
 Darkened around with sin and death's grim shades,
 Unto the Tree of Life the way, alas! is barred,
 Where the dread cherubim, with flaming sword, keep guard,
 Yet afar, from Calvary's height,
 Shines a ray of morning through the night,
 From the Cross, the Tree of Love, there blow
 Winds of peace through all the world below.
 God! All-merciful! Thou Pardon-giver—
 Though men held Thy law as idle breath—
 From the curse the guilty to deliver,
 Gavest up Thine only Son to death.

The tableau revealed as the curtain rises again is the Adoration of the Cross. This is followed by a long chorus of praises: "Hail to Thee, David's Son!"

While the Passion Play, which is in eighteen acts, embraces only that part of the Bible story between the triumphal entry into Jerusalem and Christ's final ascension, each act includes a reference (in the form of a beautifully and artistically arranged tableau) to some Old Testament incident. The selection from the Old Testament is supposed to make clear the meaning of the scene to be depicted in the Christ's life. The chorus explains the connection between the tableau and the acted parts.

In some acts, as the first, there are two tableaux instead of one. In the whole Play, there are perhaps twenty-five.

The "Hail to David's Son!" after the second act, is a fitting introduction, as the Christ, surrounded by an innumerable multitude waving palms and singing hosannas, comes along the street which faces Pilate's house and leads up to the Temple. The curtain before the latter rises and reveals the traders and money-changers with their tables of wares and money. Jesus overturns the tables, indignantly driving out with a scourge the traders from his Father's house, telling them that they have made it a den of thieves. Time is lacking to mention even the names of all the scenes; for while the play lasts from eight o'clock until five, we have but a few minutes in which to describe it, and besides every one is familiar with the whole story from the Bible. Beginning with the nineteenth chapter of Luke you will find in the Bible narrative an accurate description of what we saw at Oberammergau last June. From the triumphal entry until the end of the eighteenth act, one feels that the people before him are not actors such as one sees on the stage in the theatres of the great cities, but that every word they say is true, uttered by them for the first time—in other words, it is hard to realize that one is not actually in Jerusalem witnessing the thrilling scenes of 1900 years ago. Nowhere, even on the part of the youngest child among the populace does there seem to be a single studied gesture or unnatural intonation. Their hosannas come from the heart. Christ speaks with the authority of the Son of God, yet with the gentleness of a man acquainted with sorrows. Caiaphas and the members of the Sanhedrim speak with

the vindictiveness born of their earnest belief that the preservation of their holy religion depends upon the immediate destruction of the wicked impostor who has set the whole city in an uproar. The sincere grief of Mary and the people of Bethany at Jesus' last leave-taking as he started to Jerusalem to give himself up to the crucifixion left scarcely a dry eye in the building. The last supper in the upper room of Mark's house shows exactly the ideal which Leonardo de Vinci had for the greatest painting of this subject in the world. What could be more beautiful or more solemn than this lesson in humanity as he washes the disciples' feet, followed by the announcement that he is to be offered up as the atonement for the sins of the world.

In the judgment of Father Daisenberger, who wrote the play, the world has never had exactly the right conception of the character of Judas; Judas was far better than scores of the men that we see daily around us, though weak, selfish, conceited, and therefore easily influenced by any appeal to his vanity and self-interest. In betraying his Master he had no idea of causing his death, and his distress at learning that he had been fooled into giving Jesus over to the Sanhedrim for that purpose surpasses description. There can be no more wholesome lesson than to think of the agony, coming too late, of the realization of an unpardonable sin. The Bible tells us that from very remorse Judas' body burst open, but one still can not fully realize what remorse means until one has seen Judas himself in the form of Johann Zwink, in his wild ravings before he finally hangs himself.

It is not necessary to describe the scene in the Garden of Gethsemane; the seizure of Jesus; his trial; the

scourging ; the crown of thorns ; the final sentence given so reluctantly by Pilate, who rather fears the vehement demands of Caiaphas and the Sanhedrim ; nor is there time even to speak of the wonderfully pathetic scene when Mary first finds out the result of the trial by meeting the crowd on the way to Golgotha and seeing her son bearing the cross on which he is to be crucified—a great, heavy cross, under which there is no wonder that he staggers and falls. It is fifteen to twenty feet high, and large and heavy in proportion. Even the relentless Caiaphas, as well as the Roman soldiers, sees that it is impossible for him to proceed further with it, and the strong Simon of Cyrene willingly obeys the order to carry the cross on his shoulders.

When Golgotha is reached, the great spikes are driven through the hands and feet. The superscription in two languages is nailed above the head, and then the cross is raised by the strong men and placed in position between the crosses of the two thieves. Could it have been possible for a photograph to have been made of the great drama enacted on Calvary nineteen centuries ago, and could this be compared with the recent representation of it on the stage of Oberammergau, it might be difficult to determine which of these was the original. We see on the cross, not Anton Lang, the present actor, but Jesus of Nazareth dying as the atonement for the sins of the world. The Bible describes a part of the scene on Calvary ; we see it all just as it must have been. The twenty minutes that Christ hangs upon the cruel cross seems an age. It is needless to describe the earthquake, the noises, and darkness which immediately follow the last words, as proof that verily this was the Son of God ; for this is described accurately in the Gospels. Nobody

could have been prepared, however, to see the spear actually thrust into his side and the blood rushing out as from his heart.

The taking down of the body from the cross by Joseph of Arimathea and other friends has been very well portrayed by Reubens in his world-renowned painting in the Cathedral of Antwerp. The body is placed in Joseph's new tomb hewn out of the living rock. We see the fulfillment of the promise that he shall rise again on the third day; for in the midst of an earthquake the tomb is opened and Christ in shining raiment vanishes through the garden.

The eighteenth act is short. The speaker of the prologue recites the following verses.

Er ist erstanden! Jubel ihr Himmlischen!
 Er ist erstanden! Jubel ihr Sterblichen!
 Der Lowe aus dem Stamme Judas
 Er hat der Schlange den Kopf zertreten.

Fest steht der Glaube! Freudige Hoffnung
 Weckt in unserer Brust das Vorbild und Unterpfand,
 Auch unserer künftigen Auferstehung—
 Rufet im Jubelton, Halleluja!

Wir sahen einziehen ihn in Jerusalem,
 In Demuth, ach, zur tiefsten Erniedrigung
 Nun lasst uns schauen, ehe wir scheiden
 Des triumphirenden Siegesfeier.

Jetzt zieht er ein zur hoechsten Verherrlichung
 Voll Majestät ins neue Jerusalem,
 Wo er wird Alle um sich sammeln
 Die er erkaufte hat mit seinem Blut.

Von diesem Anblick freudig ermutigt,
 Kehrt heim, o Freunde, inngister Liebe voll
 Für den der bis zum Tod euch liebte
 Und noch in Himmel euch ewig liebt.

Dort wo es toent, das ewige Siegeslied,
Lob sei dem Lamm welches getodet ward !
Um unsern Heiland dort vereint
Werden wir Alle uns wiedersehen.

He is risen ! Heavenly ones rejoice !
He is risen ! Mortals, raise your voice,
For Judah's lion, who was dead,
Lives, and has crushed the serpent's head.

Firm stands our faith, and hope the joyfulest
Is by this pledge awakened in our breast—
Of our eternal life to be—
Cry "Hallelujah," gloriously.

We saw him enter once Jerusalem,
In lowliness—no crown or diadem—
Before we part, now let us see
The triumph of his victory.

Into his highest glory now he goes,
The New Jerusalem in beauty glows,
There will be gathered around him all
His blood hath rescued from the fall.

Strengthened with joy and courage by this sight,
Go home, friends, full of love for him, whose might
Of love has rescued you from death,
And still in Heaven cherisheth.

There when it sounds the everlasting strain
Of victory—"Praise the Lamb, who once was slain,"
Gathered round him who vanquished pain,
We all one day shall meet again !

The final scene reveals the Christ standing in the midst of the disciples and holy women, and as with outstretched hand he blesses them, he slowly ascends as a spirit into Heaven, from which there seems to shine down upon Him a wonderful radiance, and in it an attending company of angels. Wonderful, beyond description or belief !

The play is over ! Was this last scene a picture drawn

up before us, or were these the actors in the play ! This question was asked eagerly by all the spectators. Some could be satisfied only by getting an answer from the disciples who were with Him. As a matter of fact, the angels who accompanied Him as he arose slowly in the sky, were the production of a great artist's brush. The ascending Christ, however, was Anton Lang himself.

After witnessing the play three times, we left Oberammergau with the feeling that all the great acting and all the wonderful scenic effects we had seen in the great centres of art were insignificant in comparison with the marvelous dramatic success achieved by these childlike Bavarian peasants. We felt, too, from our association with these people, that the message of "Peace on earth, and good will toward men" had lodged in their hearts, and that the story which transformed the world has moulded their spirits into a form of unusual beauty.

THE IDEAL.

HENRY JEROME STOCKARD.

There is a song, all but divine,
That never rang through Sappho's brain ;
Its words are simple, few,—and thine !—
O poet, build the deathless strain !

There is a scene to Titan's dreams
Would ne'er in its lost light arise ;
Thy childhood's mountains, fields, and streams,
O painter, limn their splendid dyes !

There is a figure fairer far
Than Phidias ever wrought or feigned ;
At hand the stone and chisel are,—
O sculptor, free the vision veined !

There is a chord whose elfin tones
Beethoven's soul could never seize ;
Thine instrument before thee moans,—
O master, touch the yearning keys !

And dost thou lack their wondrous art
To sing or paint or grave or play ?
Then thou canst rear a noble heart,
And so build better far than they !

THOMAS CARLYLE.*

BY BAYLUS CADE.

On the 4th of December, 1795, in the village of Ecclefechan, Parish of Hoddon, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, a man-child was born to James Carlyle and his peasant wife. There were no indications in the surroundings or otherwise, that any other than an ordinary child had been born into this world. He came into the most unpromising environment that could well be assigned to mortal child. The only relieving element in the natural scene upon which his young eyes first looked out, was the stern and almost forbidding grandeur of the desolate mountains and wild rocky shores of his native shire. When most men start out to hunt for Immortals, they do not bethink them of looking amongst the wild mountains and stormy moorlands of the icy north. They turn their steps rather in the direction of that level, commonplace and tiresomes inane, where genial sunshine upon towering marts and gilded palaces—in the direction of those limitless flats of convention, where hopeless ninnies talk of the best society, and where fools gabble about cultures they do not know and can not learn. Verily, men do not often seek for geniuses amongst torrent-rent valleys and frowning mountains. And yet, it was in one such unsearched and forbidding place that the supremest man that has spoken in English was born, one hundred and four years ago.

If the natural scene into which the child, Carlyle, came was forbidding, and not at all congenial, what must we say of the intellectual and religious life which

* The above is a paper read at the Raleigh Literary Club.

glared in there through the opening portals of his great soul? Intellectual culture, if it pretended to be at all polite, must be cold, classical, pagan. At that time, and in that country, learning was only another name for an altogether undesirable familiarity with a pagan dialectic in philosophy and a most grotesque pedantry in literature. Religion was narrow to the very limits of what Geometers call the definition of a straight line. When Carlyle first came here to struggle with the problems of life and death and immortality, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every one thousand of his countrymen held, with fanatical grasp, to a religious creed which doomed more than three-fifths of all the countless millions of men who have lived and died on earth to be shut up in hell, and be burned in literal fire and brimstone forever and forevermore.

Do not understand me to say that such a religious creed as that which greeted Carlyle at his coming here—as that with which he later struggled as unto death—can be valueless or altogether vicious. I say no such thing. I believe no such thing. I only say that the religious thought of his countrymen in his early youth and young manhood must have been very depressing to the aspirations of a great soul, whatever special virtues such thought may have had. Certain it is, that Carlyle did not ascend the mount of vision, and wrap himself in his Seer's mantle, until he had finally broken its bonds, and had forever freed himself from its hateful thralldom. As there came a time in his young, struggling life when his honesty of soul led him to question the doctrines of his "*Father's Kirk*;" so there came a time in his university residence when he fearlessly said, "*I do not believe the doctrines of my Father's Kirk.*" What pain

it cost him at first to say this, and what infinite comfort, and what unending peace came to him when once he had said it out of the deeps of his laboring soul, you may read in the *Reminiscences* at your leisure.

The boy, Carlyle, had such schooling in his native village and later at Arman, as any other child of an honest and industrious Scotch peasant might have had, until he passed, in his sixteenth year, to Edinburgh University, from which seat of learning, it was his father's intention, and his own, that he should enter the Scottish Church ; which intention, be it remembered, was never carried out ; for the reason, as before said, that he found out after awhile that he did not—could not—“believe the doctrines of his Father's Kirk.”

Of his career at the University, it is not needful to speak, further than to say that he was a diligent student, and gained great proficiency in mathematics, and in the German language and its literature.

Upon leaving the University, Carlyle taught for a short while at Dysart in Fifeshire ; and then, laying down the grammar and the rod, he turned his attention to the study of current problems of a wide range, and to literature.

To say what it would be desirable to say about Carlyle's books, the present occasion does not give me the time, and Divine Providence has not given you the patience to hear it, if I were to say it anyhow. But I may be allowed to glance for a mere moment at a few of the most notable ones.

Sartor Resartus, or the Philosophy of Clothes, contains many of the profoundest things that have been uttered by man, and these wonderful things are mixed up with, sown amongst, sandwiched in, betwixt, scat-

tered through, tumbled over, stuck under, the grimmest humor, the brightest wit, the grotesquest figures, the most brilliant flashes, the most biting sarcasm, the laughablest drollery, the deepest common sense, to be found in the writings of men. To read into the sayings and sense of the *Mended Tailor*—better still, to read those same sayings and sense into you, is something more than a liberal education, an education, however, that the Sirs and Madames of the self-appointed Four Hundred must forever do without; for the one sufficient reason, that there is no known method whereby a full quart of any honest liquid can be poured or squeezed into a pint pot.

If I had an ambition to earn a fool's reputation, I might undertake to tell you what *Sartor* contains. But, as I do not aspire to that distinction,—all too common now and evermore—I leave you to read; or else to pass on into kindred inane, and let someone else read who can.

Carlyle, himself, called the *French Revolution* the "Gospel of Hell-Fire"; and his own history of that short era of death and destruction is lurid as the fires of that Tophet which he declared it to be. We have been told by any number of the smooth, plausible fellows who set the pace for our modern historians, that, in writing of this great French upheaval and destruction, Carlyle did not write history in "*the true sense*" at all. One wonders sometimes what those people may mean when they write or speak of the "*true sense of history*" thus glibly. But not much examination, and a good deal less pondering upon the history books which those wise fellows themselves write will soon convince one that, by the "*true sense of history*," they simply mean the putting together upon one string of a number, greater or less, of

human and inhuman happenings—being careful all the while to hide snugly away out of sight, the noble and ignoble Royalties, and other such fellows, whom a just God holds, and must forever hold, responsible for the fire and blood and death of those same human and inhuman happenings. If to write history thus be to write it in the “true sense,” then anyone who loves Carlyle, may without imputation of any wrong or disloyalty soever, freely admit that Carlyle *did not* write history, in his *French Revolution*, or elsewhere, in any “true sense” at all.

But, if to look into that human cauldron of France, simmering at the first, and anon, boiling over with volcanic fury, and distinctly to see the royal figures who, through ten long centuries of wrong against the poor and helpless, were gathering the fagots which did make that cauldron to simmer, and to boil out with resistless force and power—if to look into all that, and see those figures, and drag them out of their limbo, and set them down upon paper pages, where their true selves and the evils they did through all those weary centuries might be seen of all men in the lurid light of the fires they themselves had kindled,—if to do all this, I say, as it was never done before in the history of man, is to write history, than Carlyle did write history in his *French Revolution* to some actual purpose; whether he wrote it in “any true sense” or not—and that *is* something, certainly.

It is the merest clerkly function to put the spectacular doings of mankind upon a paper string, as a child threads her beads upon a bit of twine, and call the result history. But it is another thing to look into that awful France of an hundred years ago and see what infinitudes of wrong were buried there, and bring them out into the light and cause them to be seen in all their hideousness

of fact and feature. From the very hour when Carlyle's book was first read by men, did the men and policies of the past, and of the then present in French life, come out into the open and stand there to be seen. Before that time Frenchmen and French policies could be in nowise found nor seen at all; since that time, Frenchmen and French policies can nowise avoid being seen. And this fact is of itself *something* actual, I tell you!

That which is true of the *French Revolution*, in this particular, is true of each and every of Carlyle's historical and biographical books. He digged Cromwell and his compeers of English Puritanism out of the rubbish-heap of English history, and made them come out into the light and be seen, henceforth, for the great and true men they really were. In his *Frederick II* he not only brings the great king and masterful soldier to the front, that men may examine and measure him to find the lines along which human dynamics may make themselves actually effective here on earth; but he brings out also from the dim places of their long abodes the transcendent facts in German life and movements and character which have made Prussia to be the dominant power in all governmental things German.

I might mention in this connection and to the same purport the life of Schiller, of Sterling; I might mention Past and Present, the Translations, the Pamphlets, and the unapproached, the approachable Essays. But I remember that whole infinitudes may, in nowise, be crowded into the space of half an hour, and I forbear; only saying to you now, as I said before, Read! Read! if you can.

The literary fellows—that is to say, those who read the tables of contents of books, and, after such ex-

haustive imbibition of knowledge, write learned criticisms upon the books and their authors; criticisms which have the power to kill and to make alive in the esteem of the great muddle-headed public—the literary fellows of this class, I say, have not yet determined when and how to classify our great Scotchman in a literary sense. They do not know how to ticket and label him as a literary force among the children of men. They find no literary cabinet which he can be made to exactly fit; they can find no rules of authorship to which they can make him conform. They find no style of literary composition, in the past or in the present, which they can use in taking the measure of him. He does not write English like any other man, woman or child ever wrote it before he came here, or since he made his exit out of this world; and they do not know what to do with him. They say his style is so rugged, so uncouth, so destitute of continuity, so utterly devoid of finish, so entirely without liquidity, so wholly contemptuous of plans and patterns and precedents—that there is no law-literary which can be made to bind him, or describe him, or circumscribe him. Well, be it so.

If those same literary fellows had as much sense as any animal who has to take care of himself ought to have, before he is turned loose in a world like this, they should have known, long ago, that it is the fact that he can not be made to conform to the rules and regulations of literary weaklings which marks him as an original, unique and altogether God-made and God-sustained literary man who was sent here with a message; and did struggle, day by day, as he himself would have said, to make that message, from the highest Heavens, articulate and actual, for the uses of God's folks in this lower world.

It may be said—it has been said a thousand times—that he had *no* style. It may be admitted; it must be admitted. But this is no reproach to him. It is greatly to his praise, rather. No man that had the faculty to see into earth's problems; into its hollow mockeries; into its shames and shams; into its oppressions and wrongs; into its strong cryings and tears; into its divine gifts of faculty perverted; into the opening gates of its beckoning destiny—no man, I tell you, who had faculty to see into those things, and had a purpose as earnest and grim as death itself to help the earth out of its agonies into its natural and awaiting joys, ever did, or ever can, have any particular style of writing or speaking his mind to the children of Adam. Is it any time for one who sees the conflagration, to be arranging tropes, and periods, and logical sequences of thought when he knows the world is on fire of hell; and that he has a God's commission to help extinguish the flames, and save the earth to all sweetness and gladness? Verily, I trow not; whatever literary inferiority may say to the contrary.

But, say the literary dudes and dandies, "Carlyle is obscure." Yes, he is. So is Mount Everest obscure; so are Atlantics and Pacifics obscure; so is the Bible obscure. But Mount Everest, and Atlantics and Pacifics, and the Bible are not obscure in themselves. They are only obscure in their relation to me, and it may be, to you; they are obscure because our faculty is not large enough to embrace them. There stands Mount Everest, and there heave and swell, with infinite power, Atlantics and Pacifics; there lies the Bible, with God's heart on every page of it—obscurities, all of them, to my small, poor faculty. But when my faculty shall grow larger,

I shall see Mount Everest in every nook and corner of him ; I shall catch the notes of uncreated song which explains the tides and swells of Atlantics and Pacifics ; I shall know my Bible-then, and shall love its Author, too !

And so, with utmost reverence I say it, take any, the obscurest passage in Carlyle, and think over it ; brood upon it ; live with it : and you will find, anon, that it becomes luminous, distinct, actual—a thing to abide with you and help you positively, by unfolding, or negatively by warning you.

It has been objected to him, that Carlyle has no philosophy—no coherent, consistent and learnable scheme of things. This is also true ; and it is matter of profound thankfulness that English-speaking peoples have produced one man, anyhow, who reverently knew that the entire frame of things is larger than any fraction of it. About the most impudent and fatuous thing that has occurred on this planet, happened when a man took a plummet line and a measuring string and, with note-book and pencil in hand, set himself to the task of measuring and ticketing off into compartments both God himself and His Universe ; as if he, the measurer, were some altogether infinite personality from some foreign universe upon a voyage of discovery in a strictly limited and finite system. Nothing more laughably wonderful ; nothing more wonderfully laughable, has occurred here, than this same attempt to measure an infinite thing with a finite string. Believe me, dear friends, when I say that Carlyle did certainly know that the fractional Soul could never in this world comprehend the whole Soul—that the under-Soul could never in this world reach out and embrace and contain the “over-Soul.” And until

this wonderful feat of intellectual and spiritual legerdemain shall have been accomplished by mere mortal, wise men will think him to be nothing more than a fool of a little larger growth, who pretends to have a philosophy which is either satisfactory or final.

Carlyle saw very distinctly, indeed, that there is an abiding relation betwixt *Cause* and *Effect*; and, in dealing with the earth's problems, he did confine himself rigidly to the fractional philosophy prescribed by that ancient and wedded Pair. Can *you* sensibly do more?

Certain persons both in Europe and America have used an industry not at all commendable in propagating the impression that Carlyle was the Apostle of "Brute force"—that he gloated over mere physical strength, wherever found and in whatsoever cause engaged. No one of the dozen or more slanders of which, living and dead, he has been made the victim, does him more gross injustice than is done him by this one.

It is possible, indeed, that this charge was prompted at the first, not by any settled intention of malice, but from a misapprehension of his position and attitude. For this charge has been made, for the most part, by people who were and are reformers and well-wishers of the whole family of man.

That Carlyle was much in love with *force* does, indeed, appear upon almost every page of his writings. But not upon any page of them does it appear that the force which he admired and pleaded for, was the force of the mere brutal sort, either as it relates to its origin, or to the moral quality of it. He certainly did admire and plead for force in all human things; but the force which he exalted and exulted in was the force of faculty—supremest faculty—faculty which men can employ and

rely upon for accomplishment in all times, in all places, and in all circumstances. In his esteem, he *was* King, President, Governor, or ought to be, who was the strongest man; and he was the strongest man who possessed most of the faculty that could be used effectively in bringing desirable things to pass. His ideal Englishman was Cromwell; his ideal Frenchman was Mirabeau; his ideal German was Frederick II. And these were his ideals among men, because they did actually do more things that were to abide and fructify human life perpetually, than any other men of their countries and times were able to do. It is easy to say that other men in France could have done what Mirabeau did—that others in Germany could have done what Frederick did—that others in England could have done what Cromwell did, had they only been willing to undertake such doing. But such an answer ignores the plain fact that Carlyle looked upon the want of will in men to do the desirable in this world as a want of faculty to do it—with him, want of will, *was* plain want of faculty, and *nothing* else.

But, after all argumentation pro and con upon this subject, does it not remain true, now and forevermore, that the world will be ruled at the last by those men in it who have the faculty to rule it? Yea, is it not true that the world *ought*, as of original and eternal right, to be ruled by those men in it who have the faculty of doing it? Is there any higher philosophy of the world's government than this: that the men of power, of faculty in it, *should be* the rulers of it? Be assured that neither Carlyle, nor anyone else, can make a mistake in worshiping power—faculty—if only he is sure that the power which he worships is good power—good fac-

ulty; faculty that will make means for the enlargement of universal man—that will make means for the steady rise in this world of the meek and lowly ones therein.

I think anyone will search in vain for anything in any of Carlyle's books that can be fairly construed as favoring ignobility in any of its multitudinous forms; and certainly he may be innocently and even commendably allowed to worship Force, if only he will be always careful to worship Good Force—and nothing else but good force.

Carlyle has been stigmatized as a skeptic because there was no religious creed in which he believed, or under which he would or could have written his name.

Once more, the accusation so far as existing creeds go must be admitted to be true. There was, in his time, no formulation of religious belief which he accepted or could accept—and, permit me to say just here, that there has been no formulation of religious belief since his day, nor in any other time whensoever, in which either he or any other earnest soul ought wholly to believe. Religion is the supremest and profoundest fact that has made itself to appear in the human life of the world. And precisely because it is the supremest and profoundest fact that has appeared here at all, it can not be put into formularies under any conditions soever. God is mine—is yours—not because we can know Him and can measure Him and can understand Him—He is ours and He will remain ours only so long as we shall not know Him, and shall not measure Him, and shall not understand him. A child does not love his mother, let us hope, because someone has constructed a creed about her which he tickets off and labels the attributes of her character; which classifies her motives and marks out her motherly intentions or purposes. He loves her,

because of what he directly and instinctively feels of her motherly personality, because her motherhood overcomes him, and he must love her. Lovers do not love one another because someone has written a book containing their anatomy and physiology, and has made an analysis of their mental and moral status and faculties. No ! lovers do not love one another for this or for any of this. They do love one another because they do certainly feel and know that somehow they are kindred, and were intended for one another from the beginning ; and that they can nowise get along comfortably or happily through this tangled maze of human life without one another.

And so, Carlyle was not a religious man, because of what men had done to put God and His Christ into the formularies of religious books. He was, however, religious as few men ever are religious ; because he felt God to be necessary to him in every hour, and in every struggle of his life in this world, or in any other. He was of all men of whom I have known or read, the farthest removed from skepticism. The catholicity of his faith embraced not only God, as the Father of us all ; but men of all nations and times and climes and creeds.

If still any of you are inclined to give credit to the silly charge that Carlyle was a skeptic, because he did not believe current creeds, I beg you to read the lecture in *Heroes and Hero Worship* upon the subject of the Hero as Man of Letters in order that you may know at first hands, just what he really did think of skeptics and skepticism.

Take him altogether, and compare him as you will with other men of his own time—with other men of any time—and I believe it will be found, that I am not extravagant, when I say that he was the very greatest man that has spoken to the world in English.

PEALEG ROSINHORSE.

BY J. AND W. CALE.

There are men who always dispute what they do not understand; Mr. Pealeg Rosinhorse is such a man. Having heard a carpenter remark that there were so many shingles on the roof of his house, because it contained so many square feet, he doubted the accuracy of the statement, and when the carpenter went away he determined to decide the matter by going up on the roof and counting them.

Mr. Rosinhorse picked his opportunity, and when fully satisfied that no one saw him he squeezed through the scuttle, sat down on the roof, and began carefully and deliberately to work his way towards the gutter. But before he got half-way down he heard a sound located some where between him and the shingles, and he soon became aware that there was an interference some way in his further locomotion. He tried to turn over and crawl back, but the obstruction held him fast. Then he tried to move a little, in hopes that the trouble would prove only temporary, but a sharp tearing sound convinced him that either a nail or a sliver had pierced his trousers, and that if he would prevent ruinous results he must use caution. His family was in the house, but he could not make any one of them hear; and besides, he did not want to attract the attention of the neighbors. He could do nothing but sit there and think. It would have been an excellent opportunity to have counted the shingles, but he neglected to use it. His mind appeared to run in other channels.

About dark, he saw two boys approaching the gate.

It was still light enough for him to see that one of the two was his only son, and although he did not relish the idea of having the other boy know of his misfortune, yet he had grown tired of holding to the roof and concluded that he could bribe the strange boy into silence. With this arrangement carefully mapped out, he took his knife from his pocket and threw it so that it would strike near the boys and attract their attention. It struck nearer than he anticipated. In fact, it struck so close that it struck the strange boy on the head and nearly brained him. As soon as he recovered his equilibrium, he turned on Rosinhorse's son, who he was confident had attempted to kill him, and introduced a considerable amount of astonishment into his face. Then he threw him down and kicked him in the side, dragged him over into the gutter and punched him in the stomach, then dragged him back to the walk and knocked his head against the gate posts. And all the while the elder Rosinhorse sat on the roof and screamed for a policeman but could not get away.

Mrs. Rosinhorse, on hearing the noise, seemed to take in the situation at once, and with remarkable presence of mind ran out with the broom and contributed a few novel features to the affair at the gate. Then one of the boarders dashed out with a double-barreled shot gun, and hearing the cry from the roof, looked up and espying a figure, which was undoubtedly a burglar, drove a handful of shot into his legs. With a howl of agony, Rosinhorse made a plunge to escape the missiles, freed himself from the nail, lost his hold on the roof and went sailing down the shingles with an awful velocity, both legs spread out, his hair on end, his hands making desperate but fruitless efforts to save himself. He was so

frightened that he lost his power of speech, and when he passed over the edge of the roof, with twenty feet of tin gutter hitched to him, the boarder gave him the contents of the other barrel, and then ran into the house to load up again. The unfortunate Rosinhorse struck into a cherry tree and thence bounded to the ground, where he was recognized, picked up by the assembled neighbors and carried into the house.

PART II.

Since this unfortunate accident Mr. Pealeg Rosinhorse has been obliged to keep pretty close to the house. Last Wednesday he went out in the yard for the first time; and on Friday Mrs. Rosinhorse secured an easy chair for him, which proved a great comfort. It was one of those chairs that could be moved by the occupant to occupy almost any position, by means of ratchets. Mr. Rosinhorse was very much pleased with this new contrivance, and the first forenoon did nothing but sit in it and work it in every conceivable way. He said such a chair as that did more good in this world than a hundred sermons. He had it in his room, the front bed-room up stairs, and there he would sit and look out of the window and enjoy himself as much as anyone could whose legs had been recently peppered with shot.

Monday afternoon he got in the chair as usual. Mrs. Rosinhorse was out in the back yard hanging up clothes and her son was across the street drawing a lath along a picket fence. Sitting down, Mr. Rosinhorse grasped the sides of the chair with both hands to settle it back, when the whole thing gave way and he came violently to the floor. For an instant the unfortunate fellow was benumbed by the suddenness of the stroke. In a few

seconds, however, he was aroused by an acute pain in each arm and great drops of sweat oozed from his forehead, when he found that his fingers had been caught in the little ratchets and were as firmly held as if they had been in a vise. There he lay on his back with the end of a round sticking in his side, and both hands perfectly powerless. The least movement of his body aggravated the pain which was chasing up his arms. He screamed for help, but Mrs. Rosinhorse was in the back yard telling Mrs. Frosty Pizzlemore, next door, that she did not know what Pealeg would do without that chair, and so she did not hear him. He pounded the floor with both feet, but the younger Rosinhorse was still drawing harmony from the fence across the way, and all other sounds were sunk into insignificance. Besides, the old gentleman's legs had not sufficiently recovered from the late accident to permit their being used effectively as battering rams.

How he did despise that boy, and how fervently he did wish the owner of that fence would light upon the scamp and crush him to powder. Then he screamed again and hollowed and shouted "Mariah!" but there was no response. What if he should die alone in that awful shape? The perspiration started afresh, and the pain in his arms assumed an awful magnitude. Again he shrieked "Mariah!" but the noise across the way only increased in volume, and the unconscious wife had gone in to see Mrs. Pizzlemore, and was trying on that lady's new waist. Then he prayed, and howled, and coughed, and swore, then apologized for it, and prayed again, and screamed at the top of his voice the awfulest things he would do for that boy if heaven would only spare him and show him an axe.

Then he opened his mouth for one final shriek, when the door opened and Mrs. Rosinhorse appeared with a smile on her face, and Mrs. Pizzlemore's waist on her back. She saw at a glance that something awful had happened to Pealeg, and with wonderful presence of mind she screamed for help, and then fainted and plunged headlong into his stomach. Fortunately the blow deprived him of speech, else he might have said something that he would have regretted, and before he could regain his composure Mrs. Pizzlemore ran in and removed the grief-stricken wife. But it required a blacksmith to cut Pealeg loose.

He is again in bed with his mutilated fingers resting on pillows, and there he lies all day concocting new forms of death for the inventor of that chair, and hoping that nothing will happen to his son until he can get well enough to administer discipline to suit himself.

PARTRIDGE AND DOVE: BANJO SONG.

BY J. C. M.

De dove he bill an' coo a sight,
And make all kines er love,
An' he win er gentle bride wid ease—
De sof'-voiced cooin' dove :

But w'en he wins dat gentle bride,
He puts her on er limb,
Wid er few coa'se sticks fer a settin' room
Fer de young on's, her an' him.

De pa'tridge is a business man—
'Pon dat you bet yo' life ;
He do his talkin' to de p'int,
An' git a hustlin' wife :

An' he takes 'er to er cosey nest,
Way deep down in de grass,
What's cool by day an' wa'm by night
An' hid fum dem dat pass.

*Den gimme de pa'tridge eb'ry time,
An' way wid de cooin' dove ;
For a business man an' er wa'm snug nest
Beats de col' rain mixed wid love.*

JOHN ADAMS.

BY DABNEY R. YARBOROUGH.

"In the first charter of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, granted by Charles I and dated March 4th, 1629, the name of Thomas Adams appears as one of the grantees." He never crossed the Atlantic, but the name was borne to this side of the water by Henry Adams, possibly, though not certainly, his younger brother. In 1636 this Henry was granted land—Mount Wollaston, where he established, or rather started, the town of Braintree.

"The John Adams with whom we have to deal was of the fourth generation in descent from Henry and was born at Braintree, October 19th, 1755." He began a diary about the fifteenth of November, 1735, just after his twentieth birthday, and continued it until 1777, and this is about the only source of information for his early life.

His father was a comparatively poor man, but by much sacrifice he managed to send John to Harvard, where he was graduated in 1755. In college he did not show any signs whatever of ever being a great man, as he was fourteenth in a class of twenty-four. After college he knew he had to do something to support himself, so he obtained the position of master in a grammar school in Worcester in 1755, while trying to decide between law, divinity and medicine. His family and friends wanted him to enter the ministry, and it seems that once he was strongly inclined that way, as is shown by some of his writing, viz: "One-third of our time is consumed in sleep, and three-sevenths of the remainder is spent in procuring mere animal sustenance; and if we live to the age of three-score and ten, and then sit

down to make an estimate in our minds of the happiness we have enjoyed and the misery we have suffered, we shall find, I am apt to think, that the overbalance of happiness is quite inconsiderable.

"We shall find that we have been, through the greater part of our lives, pursuing shadows, and empty but glittering phantoms, rather than substances. We shall find that we have applied our whole vigor, all our faculties, in the pursuit of honor, or wealth, or learning, or some other such delusive trifle, instead of the real and everlasting excellences of piety and virtue."

John Adams had more than his share of "self-conceit" and "natural pride," and still he had no ambition in early life, for his dream of the future extended to a circuit of only forty miles around Boston. He was a great grumbler; he grumbled at himself and everybody else, still he was conscientious, upright, pure-minded and industrious, religious by habit and instinct, and rigid in every point of morals. After studying over the situation carefully he decided he would be a lawyer, and on August 23d, 1876, he entered the office of Mr. Putnam.

In October, 1758, he was ready to commence business and came to Boston for the purpose of entering the bar. Jeremiah Gridley was the lawyer he consulted and the one that introduced him to the bar, and after Adams had shaken hands with the lawyers and had received his congratulations, he took them all across the street where they indulged in a bowl of punch, at his expense. On the 25th of October, 1764, he married Miss Abigail Smith, the daughter of William Smith, a clergyman in the neighboring town of Weymouth.

He had been advised not to marry young, as it would be an "obstruction to improvement." This did not prove

true, however, for in marrying Miss Smith, a cultured and refined woman, he found an "entrè" to all of the leading family circles around Boston, and was benefitted in having an ideal home, for it was an ideal couple, much devoted to each other.

In 1761 Otis delivered his famous and daring argument against the Writs of Assistance, the first log of the pile which afterwards made the great blaze of the revolution. This is mentioned, for it made Adams a greater patriot than he had ever been, and was destined to be a great factor in his future success, for he mentions it repeatedly in later years. Adams' reputation as a lawyer grew rapidly, and after twelve years of practice he had more business than he could attend to. His rapid success grew from the fact that he was a hard student, truthful, and his character was above reproach.

I have tried to find something which I could say was the turning point of his life, and it seems to me that when, in March, 1770, he pleaded for the accused soldiers and officers who were in the "Boston Massacre," pleaded for England against his country, after his friends had told him if he did so he would lose all his practice, but which in reality made him more popular than ever, that this was when he crossed the boundary line between doubtfulness and success.

Adams was elected as one of the five representatives to the "First Congress" in Philadelphia. He says in his diary, "I wander alone and ponder, I muse, I mope, I ruminate, I am often in reveries and brown studies. The objects before me are too grand and multifarious for my comprehension. We have not men fit for the times. We are deficient in genius, in education, in travel, in fortune, in everything. I feel unutterable anxiety. God

grant us wisdom and fortitude. Should the opposition be suppressed, should this country submit, what infamy, and ruin! God forbid! Death in any form is less terrible!" He also attended the second session of Congress, May 5th, 1775, and during 1775 and 1776 he worked hard and labored earnestly for the Declaration of Independence. On February 13th, 1778, he set sail from Boston for France, on the "First Foreign Mission." On his arrival with Franklin and Lee, France went wild over him until somebody asked him one day if he was the "famous John Adams," and his reply was "No! I am only his cousin."

Adams was sent on the second Foreign Mission also, and on 19th of April, 1782, he was appointed Minister to France, and installed at The Hague. He had not been allowed to see the "Treaty of Peace," but on the 6th of July, 1781, he arrived at Paris, and it was shown to him. There were four articles, but I can find only three of them, viz.:

First. A negotiation for peace between the States and Great Britain without any intervention of France, or of those mediators who were to act in arranging the demands of the European belligerents.

Second. No treaty, however, was to be signed until the quarrels of these European belligerents should have also been successfully composed.

Third. A truce was to be arranged for one or two years, during which period everything should remain *in statu quo* for the purpose of giving ample time for negotiation.

A commendatory report of Adams' services in Great Britain was drawn up by Jay, and laid before Congress September 24th, 1787. It was at first rejected but a few days later the rejection was repealed.

Adams was elected Vice-President, under Washington, by thirty-five votes out of sixty-nine, a bare majority. On the 20th of April he was introduced to the Senate, and delivered a brief inaugural address. In the speech, he spoke of his office as a "respectable situation." He was also Vice-President under Washington's second administration.

In 1796 he was elected President by a bare majority, having received seventy-one votes against sixty-eight cast for Jefferson. Adams retained a part of Washington's Cabinet, Mr. Pickering in the State Department, Mr. Wolcott in the Treasury Department, and Mr. McHenry in the War Department. During the whole of Adams' administration the United States was on the verge of war with France and England, but France especially.

In a letter to James Lloyd, in 1815, he says, "I wish not to fatigue you with too long a letter at once, but, sir, I will defend my mission to France as long as I have an eye to direct my hand, or a finger to hold my pen. They were the most disinterested, and meritorious actions of my life. I reflect upon them with so much satisfaction, that I desire no other inscription over my gravestone than 'Here lies John Adams, who took upon himself the responsibility of the peace with France, in the year 1800.'"

Adams sat signing appointments to office and attending to business till near the close of the last hour of his term. Then before the people were astir on the morning which ushered in the day of Jefferson's inauguration, he drove out of Washington.

He would not wait to see the triumph of his successor. Afterwards, however, he became very friendly with Jefferson.

He died at sunset on the fourth day of July, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of "American Independence." The familiar story goes, that his last words were, "Thomas Jefferson still survives!" But Jefferson had passed away a few hours earlier on that day.

IN A COPPER MINE.

J. I. E.

For a long time I had desired to go down in a mine, and see for myself the method of obtaining the mineral and lifting it several hundred feet to the surface. My wish was gratified when last summer I visited the copper mine of the Arminins Company, located in Louisa County, Va.

The shaft of this mine is very steep, lacking little of being perpendicular, and runs into the ground about 820 feet. It is broad enough for two tracks, on which are drawn two "skips" by a hoisting engine. The skips are used to draw ore out of the mine, and the capacity of each is two tons. The ore, which the miners call "muck," is drawn twenty feet above the floor, and by an automatic machine is dumped into a screen which separates the larger from the smaller lumps, and then it is assorted according to its value.

After being provided with a miner's suit of overalls and a lamp, which is attached to the cap, I jumped into the skip with the foreman and we were let down. The foreman cautioned me to be careful while in the skip, not to lean out, as there was danger of being struck on either side by portions of the wall or platform. I did not, however, need any caution. Going in and out of the mine in the skip is attended with dangers, and for this reason the miners are exceedingly careful to give the hoistman correct signals, and to give a wrong signal in many cases means death to those in the skip.

The shaft near the top is heavily timbered to prevent caving, but the timber becomes more scant as the shaft

sinks, until at the depth of 400 feet there is no need of bracing as the wall is solid rock.

Down, down, we went through this rock, composed largely of copper, iron and sulphur, until we reached the bottom of the shaft, 820 feet below the surface. While descending, the journey of Æneas with his guide, the Sibyl, to the lower regions, came to my mind, and I could imagine myself descending into the dark regions of Pluto and Proserpine, though the Furies, and Discord with her hair of vipers, Hydras and the many other horrible beings which terrified the Trojan hero, were nowhere to be seen, but instead, the miners, whose overalls and faces were black beyond recognition.

We climbed out of the skip and walked about 150 feet through a tunnel, at the end of which miners were loading the small cars which conveyed the muck to the shaft. At this place some men were operating two drilling machines for the purpose of blasting. Several drills are in constant use, as blasts in the mines are frequent. We now went back to the shaft and climbed the ladder 80 feet and entered another larger tunnel. With the exception of the little artificial light given out by our lamps the tunnel was very dark. From this place we climbed a wall by means of a chain into another tunnel above. Here we found a bridge on which the car track extended across the opening through which we ascended. Miners just above this tunnel were working their way upward and enlarging the space, intending to make a passage to the next tunnel which was fifty feet above. On going into a hole on the side of this tunnel, we found ourselves on a ledge from which we could see neither top nor bottom. This open space, the guide informed me, extended from the level above to the next below.

Before ascending to the top of the shaft, my guide told me to wait a few minutes and we would hear a blast. I was delighted at this, wondering how it would sound in those dark caverns. Very soon, by the light of a gasoline lamp, I saw miners gathering around the shaft to get away from the explosion. When everything was ready a man yelled "fire!" and hearing no answer, he pushed the lever in the battery and then the explosion! The shock was as violent as if several cannons had been fired near us at the same time, or half a dozen loud claps of thunder had pealed at once. We felt sharply vibrations of the earth, and the air currents were so powerful from the concussion that every light except the gasoline lamp went out.

We now relighted our lamps, and since we had seen the principal parts of the mine, boarded the skip and slowly ascended. As we passed level after level my guide told me that we could walk and climb through the mine over ledges, holding to chains for support, up rises, through holes into other openings, a whole day without exploring all of it. When the skip finally brought us to the top of the shaft I was almost shivering with cold, though the weather was extremely warm. The temperature in the mine remains constant through the changing seasons.

"POT."

BY R.

In the earlier years of my life I used to amuse myself, especially on rainy days, by going to a certain old negro man's cabin to eat roasted potatoes and hear him tell stories of the times "'fo de war."

One of the old man's favorite subjects was the adventures of a little negro boy named Pot. He was so called from the shape of his little round stomach.

Pot was particularly fond of all kinds of animals, and was known to have ridden on horses, without saddle or bridle, which no one else would fancy using in any way.

One day Pot was lying fast asleep under an apple tree when he was suddenly awaked by the sound of a runaway horse. One of the young men on the old plantation was out driving, and his horse became frightened by some sudden noise by the side of the road. He happened to be driving on a road which crossed a deep river over a long narrow bridge just at the foot of a steep hill. When Pot raised his head he saw the horse running with all his might down the hill with the buggy fairly flying in the air. Pot's instinct of danger was so keen that he saw what was almost sure to happen and ran toward the horse, caught the bridle and sprang with lightning speed upon his back, and held the reins of the bridle with such a grasp that the horse was completely under his control. There was a sharp turn that led away from the main road which crossed the narrow bridge. Pot in his accustomed way patted the horse on the neck, and without the least difficulty turned him into the road which carried his young master away from sudden death and saved the horse and buggy from certain ruin.

I remember well how the tears would run down my cheeks when the old darkey used to tell me how little Pot met his early death.

It was on a cold night after a big snow-storm had been raging all day that his parents missed him. He had been sent on an errand to a neighbor's house, and was crossing a foot-log which was laid across a deep gully, filled with ice and snow, when his foot slipped and down he went into the gully, so exhausted from walking in the snow, that he did not have strength enough to climb out. It was here that the searching party which had been sent out found him early in the morning of the following day, frozen to death. He was taken to the large and comfortable house of his master, where every effort was made to restore the poor little darkey to life. However, it was too late, and little Pot was laid away in as handsome a casket as any member of the household was ever buried in.

Ucle Pete, the old negro, would always sob when he had finished telling me about Pot, and say, "Look hyar, chile, doan you never ast me tur tell yer 'bout Pot no mo'."

"MY INDIAN GIRL."

BY R. E. SENTELLE.

One bright morning in the month of May I took the train for Dillsboro, a small town situated on the Murphy branch of the Southern Railway, about forty miles west of Asheville, North Carolina. Vergil D., an intimate friend of mine, had sent me an urgent request to come and accompany him to the closing exercises of the Indian school in the northwestern corner of Jackson County.

I arrived at Dillsboro about 8 o'clock. Vergil had made all the necessary preparations and we were soon comfortably seated in a buggy and on our way to Yellow Hill, which was twenty miles from our starting point. The drive was long but pleasant. The air was soft, pure and exhilarating. I had been in school all spring and was sorely in need of just such recreation as this drive provided. As we swept along over hills, around mountain sides, along noisy brooks, and through dense forests of oak and chestnut trees; and as I watched the birds fluttering and dancing among the treetops, and squirrels chasing one another from tree to tree; and as I beheld the clusters of honeysuckle and laurel blossoms which were hung on the bushes by our unseen hand; and as I inhaled the delicious odors with which the morning air was laden, I forgot the monotonous routine of daily recitations, and desired to become a child of Nature, and ramble through her sacred haunts and learn the great and deep truths which she teaches. I was so intoxicated by these variegated scenes of beauty, and so interested in conversation with my old friend, that our journey came to a close much sooner than I had expected. Arriving

at the top of a high hill, we beheld the place to which we were going.

What a beautiful scene lay before us! The village is located on the summit of a hill. On the south lies a small valley in which the school buildings are located. Along the eastern side a clear, crystal-like mountain stream wends its way. To the west stands a huge mountain so high that the sky seemingly rests upon its summit. And on the north lies a rugged mountain "cove" where the Indians dwell. Taking a bird's-eye view of the surrounding country, I thought how much this place must resemble the place where General Custer met his fate, and a chilly sensation permeated my whole being, and seemingly spoke to me of impending danger.

We were soon in the village, and having refreshed ourselves with dinner we began to acquaint ourselves with places and people. The exercises, we were informed, were to begin at 7 o'clock that night. We visited the athletic grounds, and there for the first time I witnessed a game of "Indian ball." Then we went to the school buildings, and met a great number of Indian boys and girls who were decorating the halls within. I was forcibly impressed by their intelligent faces. I had always regarded Indians as a tribe of people whose wild nature forbade their ever becoming civilized. But as I surveyed their general appearance, and heard their conversation, and beheld the gracefulness and agility with which they performed their work, I was forced to retract somewhat from my former ideas of the Indian race.

Late in the afternoon Vergil and I strolled up the river toward the Indian settlement. When we had gone only a short distance from the village I suggested that we should return and make preparations for the evening

exercises. "Let us continue our walk awhile longer," he replied, "as I want to meet those Indians coming yonder." That was the very reason why I wished to return. I had for some time been watching a band of Indians coming across the summit of a hill in front of us, and I was not anxious to meet them. But I consented to go on. As they neared us, cold chills began to chase one another back and forth across my body. They looked fiercer and more savage-like than those I had met in the village, and I could not avoid feeling uneasy. We took our stand by the narrow path, and before all that stream of red humanity swept by I concluded, contrary to my previous beliefs, that the Indian race was *not* nearly blotted out of existence. There were about four hundred in the line, but before they all passed I thought they would number four thousand. They were on foot travelling by twos. The last two in the line were Indian girls, one of whom I thought was the most beautiful creature I had ever seen. As her eyes met mine I forgot my uneasiness and a thrill ran through my breast. I felt at once as though I had met my ideal woman. Her costume was simple and after the Indian style, which space forbids me to describe. Her oval face was exquisitely modeled. Her eyes were keen and dark and flashing with intelligence, and her raven hair fell in wavy folds almost to the ground. Her countenance was open and serene. Her form was perfectly symmetrical, and her movement was quick and agile. As she neared us I saw in her person the very personification of beauty. I was tempted to fall upon my knees and worship her with love offerings. But I realized the situation, and shook myself loose from her enchanting gaze.

Seven o'clock arrived. Vergil and I walked into the

main hall, and for the first time I looked upon an Indian audience. To my unspeakable joy I soon found myself sitting by the bewitchingly beautiful girl with whom I had fallen so deeply in love. Without any formal introduction—for what more introduction was necessary than that look which we had exchanged—we were soon engaged in conversation. I began by saying something complimentary, but my heart was too full for expression. I could not go on. The circumstances forbade my telling her of the love that was consuming me. So with difficulty I restrained my emotions and talked on secular affairs. During the intervals between the plays I contented myself by making complimentary remarks about the students—and I must confess that they really deserved praise, for each one acted his or her part with perfect ease and gracefulness, and commanded good English. She replied to my congratulations with a frank and well-modulated voice. I was soon impressed with the fact that she was in possession of strength in gentleness and dignity in grace. Every sentence she uttered betrayed a superior mind. These admirable qualities added to her glowing beauty dazzled me until my sight grew dim and my brain reeled; and from that hour I had but one thought, one resolve left, and that was to win her, no matter who she was. But before the exercises were concluded, I had learned with delight that she was the daughter of a wealthy Indian Chief, and that she had recently graduated at Yellow Hill school.

Vergil and I went back to the hotel. We spent some time in conversation, and I wanted to make my Indian girl—I say *my* because I could not conceive of her belonging to anyone else—the sole topic for discussion. Vergil soon began to yawn and I supposed he was not

interested in my case, and so I decided to take a stroll and meditate upon what I had witnessed during the evening.

Never was there a brighter night! I heedlessly wandered down through the campus to the riverside, and stepping into the water I was aroused from my reverie. When I raised my eyes I beheld the one who had so distracted my mind. My joy knew no bounds. She was a perfect picture of beauty, and I felt that a brighter moon had never shone on a more beautiful girl. My first impulse was to clasp her in my arms and tell her of my unbounded love. But we stood for some time gazing at each other without speaking a word, and yet, though our voices were silent, our eyes spoke. We understood each other thoroughly now, and finally I stepped to her side, and asked her in faltering accents if she loved me, "I do" was the simple reply. I clasped her in my arms and covered her flowing hair and blushing face with showers of passionate kisses, and began to tell her how passionately I had loved her since first sight of her, but she interrupted me by saying, "I understand it all. We will talk it over tomorrow. Good night." In an instant, as if by magic, she disappeared through the campus, and I was left alone by the riverside. I stood there for some time, watching the waves of the stream as they danced in the moonlight and played with its rays, and thinking over the ecstasies of that unexpected meeting. At last I strolled leisurely back toward the hotel. As I walked into the dark shade of a large maple that stood in the campus, I heard approaching footsteps. Wheeling around I met a terrible blow and fell to the ground unconscious. When I regained consciousness I was lying on the floor of an Indian hut, about ten miles north of

the village. Looking dreamingly around I saw an old broad-shouldered, long-haired, ugly-looking Indian standing over me. I shuddered at the sight. But he began to speak to me in broken English, and assured me that I was in safety. Questions then began to arise in my mind as to where I was, what had befallen me and so on. My brain was so racked with pain that I could not think correctly. I had only a vague remembrance of what had happened on the previous night. I entreated the old Indian to give me an explanation of the matter, but, although he was kind and gentle, he would not give me a definite reply until I was able to return home. He accompanied me to Yellow Hill, and on the way he explained it all.

I had fallen in love with the only daughter of the Chief of his tribe. She was the affianced lover of the son of an Indian Chief in Cherokee County. She had become overwhelmed with love for me at first sight, and had not concealed it from her lover who was present. He had witnessed the scene at the riverside, and had, as he thought, dealt me the finishing blow. He then convinced the girl that I was dead, and persuaded her to accompany him home. There was no burst of grief on my part; no state of lassitude, debility, or dejection of the countenance following, but I must admit that I felt somewhat curious. But since then I have loved only one Indian; the old man who cared for me so tenderly.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

STAFF EDITORS :

Prof. J. B. CARLYLE, Alumni Editor.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

E. W. TIMBERLAKE, Jr., Editor.

In justice to the editors, we desire to state that the late appearance of the November issue of the STUDENT was due to the amount of political matter heaped upon the publishers last month. The manuscript was sent in ample time for the magazine to have come out at the first of the month. We hope that this will not happen again.

In 1895, by an act of the trustees, inter-collegiate foot-ball was prohibited at Wake Forest. At this point began the decline of college spirit, until now, we regret to say, Wake Forest hardly knows the meaning of the words.

We have heard it said that a boy goes to college to study, and not to indulge in "frivolous sports;" that Wake Forest has no need of the so-called college spirit. He who thinks thus, has a very mistaken idea of both a boy's nature and of the life of a college. No institution can be truly a college without college spirit. We venture to say that there is not an alumnus of Wake Forest living, who does not feel a thrill of pleasure in reading

an account of a base-ball game in which his Alma Mater has come off victorious ; and yet this last link in the chain of inter-collegiate contests recently came near suffering the fate of its predecessor, foot-ball. But granting that we must have college spirit, they say we can have it without foot-ball. We do not say that a certain kind of college spirit can not exist without foot-ball, but just here we desire to state a fact. Previous to 1895, when the Wake Forest team was recognized as one of the strongest in the South, college spirit was at its highest pitch. When the team returned not only the students, but the faculty and citizens of the Hill always joined in the general rejoicing. When, since then has anyone been greeted with bonfires, ringing of bells and wagons striped with "old gold and black?" Only twice, on the return of the debaters from Raleigh. There can be only one solution : before the suppression of foot-ball, college spirit ran high ; now, no one denies that it is at an exceedingly low ebb. Then draw the conclusion as to whether foot-ball is essential.

"*Foot-ball cultivates a manly, independent spirit.*" Why? Every man on the team has a position. He knows it. He knows that if he should be wanting at any point, there is no one to take his place ; he trains his mind to act like a flash, to seize an opportunity presented, and to meet his adversary without flinching. The individual player is thus imbued with a feeling of responsibility, which not only does not close with his college career, but its effect is invariably seen in after life.

During the fall term foot-ball is not only the chief source of afternoon amusement, but is almost the sole method of exercising. Very few play tennis. 'Tis true that the gymnasium is now nearing completion, and the

students thoroughly appreciate it. But they earnestly hope that the trustees will not stop with this good deed.

Foot-ball is undoubtedly the best means known for the development of one's physical condition. And now, as never before, does the world require physical as well as mental giants.

The only valid objection raised to foot-ball is that it is dangerous. But there is danger in every mode of life. The game appears rougher than it is, but granting that it is rougher than some other games, the players are trained for the purpose and know how to protect themselves. Statistics from the several captains in the State, show that during the whole of last season not one player was hurt to the extent of his being unable to attend class the following day.

A last reason why we think foot-ball should not be objected to, is that we have pure athletics in all the colleges of the State with the exception of the University. The objection can not now be maintained, for by an agreement entered into last year, all hired players and professionals were ruled out of college athletics.

Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, we do not mean to be presumptuous in writing this, but believing, as we do, that foot-ball is essential to our college spirit, that it develops one both mentally and physically, that it is not detrimental to the college, and inasmuch as we believe it is the desire of the student body, we most respectfully request that inter-collegiate foot-ball be granted to Wake Forest.

General Lee's
Portrait.

A shower of criticism has been rained upon a recent editorial in the *New York Sun*, which declares that General Lee's portrait should not be placed in the Hall of Fame, on the ground

that he was a deserter from the United States Army. The principal protests have come, of course, from the Southern press. Mr. Cumming, of Wilmington, N. C., argues that Cromwell is considered one of the greatest men England has ever produced; likewise, that George Washington is considered the greatest American, both rebels against the English Government, and because the attempt of the South, "nobly sustained, finally failed, is no reason why Lee's fame should not remain secure."

The most vigorous protest against the position of *The Sun* comes from the Richmond *Times*. The *Times* thinks "There is no honor conferred upon General Lee by placing his name there. The honor is the other way. By all broad-minded, independent, and unprejudiced men in the world, even those of them who dwell in the Northern States, Robert E. Lee is considered the greatest American that ever lived, except that some of them rank George Washington above him."

We think the position taken by *The Sun* is rather unfortunate. It again brings into prominence that old feeling of sectionalism, which should, and is to a great extent, dying out. While *The Sun* doubtless considers the South wrong in the struggle for secession, it virtually denies to her the right of opinion. The war is over; the cause lost. Then why, years later, call up recollections of that dread period, and place a stigma upon the name of a man whom every American considers a hero? And, as Cato said of his statue, the South would doubtless prefer the absence rather than the presence of Lee's portrait to be noted.

The American people must be one. The North cannot exist without the South, neither can the South exist without the North. We are one and the same people: then let us lay aside all prejudice and sectional feeling, and, united, labor for our mutual welfare.

The Cuban Constitutional Convention. Various comments have been made by the press in regard to the Constitutional Convention which met in Havana on November 5th. Resolutions of thanks to General Leonard Wood, and of confidence in President McKinley's good faith, were passed, expressing at the same time a desire for complete independence. In the opening of the Convention General Wood very appropriately said: "It will be your duty, first, to frame and adopt a Constitution of Cuba, and when that has been done to formulate what in your opinion ought to be the relations between Cuba and the United States. The Constitution must be adequate to secure a stable, orderly, and free government. All friends of Cuba will follow your deliberations with the deepest interest, earnestly desiring that you will reach just conclusions, and that by the dignity, individual self-restraint, and wise conservatism which shall characterize your proceedings, the capacity of the Cuban people for representative government may be signally illustrated."

We think General Wood's remarks very apt for the occasion, and express the sentiment of the American people generally. However, in some places sentiments favoring annexation are still heard. The *Philadelphia Inquirer* thinks that "the Cubans will have to accept something less than absolute and unqualified independence." We do not believe either a protectorate or annexation practicable, for the object of the late war was to free the Cubans from the bondage of Spain, and grant to them a free and independent government. Let us not now, after playing the Good Samaritan, assume the role of bandit, by placing another yoke, although light, upon a people who have been struggling for independence for more than a century.

LITERARY COMMENT.

The best selling books of the month are as follows:

"Eben Holden," by Irving Bacheller.

"The Reign of Law," by James Love Allen.

"The Master Christian," by Marie Corelli.

"The Cardinal's Snuff-box," by Henry Haviland.

"The Adventures of Francois," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.



"The Complete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer" contains an introduction, which gives a complete relation of all the known events of Chaucer's life, and also an elaborate exposition of the influence of his literary work. It has also a critical study of his style and language.



The title of Mrs. James T. Field's new book is "Orpheus, a Masque," which is written partly in blank verse and partly in rhyme. The publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., will send out at the same time a new edition of Mr. Field's "Yesterdays with Authors." This issue will contain some interesting and valuable letters reproduced in fac-simile, together with thirty full-page portraits from the private collection of the author.



Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill will appear first in America at the Waldorf-Astoria, on the 12th of December. Mr. Churchill's *debut* as lecturer in England was made about a month ago. He has visited all the principal cities where the most eminent persons introduced him to his audiences. It has been suggested that his namesake, Mr. Winston Churchill, the author of "Richard Carvel," perform this function in America.

The most recent tribute paid to the genius of Miss Corelli, is a rather unique selection from the *Book Lover*, a Melbourne paper:

AFFINITIES.

(Dedicated to a Gifted Authoress.)

When anguish wrings this wrinkled blow,
When fell mischance assaileth me,
"A ministering angel thou"—
Dear Marie C.

When things go wrong, I don't decide
To take to drink, as many do;
Nor do I muse on suicide—
I muse on you.

For it is my conviction fixed—
"Pardonnez-moi, je vous en prie"—
That sacred bonds there are betwixt
Marie and me.

Amid the cloudy region dense
Of nonsense, where her talents lie,
She has her gleams of common sense—
Well, so have I.

And when those flitting gleams are gone,
She never hesitates—not she;
But twaddles amiably on—
The same with me.

She loathes the sneering critic crew;
It simply sets her soul aflame
To have her faults exposed to view—
I feel the same.

On Love, Religion, Truth and Right,
She preaches holy things and high;
She doesn't understand them quite—
No more do I.

We scarce can call her writing good;
What's goodness but an empty name?
She boom'd herself; and if I could,
I'd do the same.

A fig for genius, truth, or style!
A nobler fish is her's to fry;
She merely yearns to make a pile—
Ah! so do I.

She writes about a book per week;
High is their tone, their price is high.
I swear we know the price of "cheek"—
Marie and I.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Boy. By Marie Corelli. 348 pp., \$1.50. (*J. B. Lippincott Company.*)

Miss Corelli's new book is a departure from the regular order of latter-day fiction. The title furnishes no clue whatever to the contents of the book, and one enters upon its perusal with curiosity.

The story is the sketch of life from babyhood to manhood. We are first introduced to "*Boy*," seated in his "feeding-chair," enjoying a plate of bread and milk, as the author aptly remarks, as much as circumstances would permit him to enjoy anything. For the circumstances of *Boy's* life are not very conducive to happiness. 'Tis true, he is the son of a gentleman, "The Honorable D'Arcy-Muir," who insists upon his ancestral gentility by an almost continuous state of delirium tremens. But *Boy's* greatest misfortune lay in a slovenly mother—described very pointedly by the author as "provokingly passive, irritatingly flabby, and indolently inert." In this particular, if no other, Miss Corelli portrays a true touch of nature, for it is universally true that with an indolent husband, a lady can rear a genteel family, but no man can rear a family with a slovenly wife. *Boy* indeed began his career among curious surroundings. Soon he becomes acquainted with Miss Letitia Leslie, an elegant lady, whom he fondly calls "*Kiss-Letty*," and who remains throughout her life a firm friend to him. This kind-hearted lady desires exceedingly to adopt him, but Mrs. D'Arcy-Muir can in nowise "part with her son."

All is changed, years have passed, and we are taken into the realm of boyhood. This part of the story is especially pathetic. We see *Boy* removed from the tender touch of "*Kiss-Letty's*" influence, to a seacoast village, now in care of a foolish mother, and a drunken father. His only occupation is lounging around the shore among corrupting companions. He has now grown into a tall, slender lad, with no fixed purpose, as slovenly as his slovenly mother. His chief associate is "*Rattling-Jack*," an

old seaman, whose influence over the child is anything but good. Yet again his guardian angel, "Kiss-Letty," appears on the scene; takes him to her home, amid the highlands of Scotland, and partially restores his lost character. Again she is refused the privilege of adopting him.

Again all is changed. Miss Letty has returned from an extended trip to America, and though wrapped up in her protegee, Violet Morrison, still remembers the child Boy. He calls to see her, and the reader, as well as the kind lady, is shocked at the metamorphosis in his nature. For some time Boy now disappears from the scene, and the next we hear of him, he is expelled from school in drunken frolic. With a feeling of disgrace upon him, disgusted with home life, his hopes seemingly shattered, he now joins a regiment bound for South Africa.

We fully agree with the New York *Saturday Review*, that in "Boy" Miss Corelli is at her best. The plot is well developed, and the treatment of the characters is especially good. While entirely different from, the book has not that intense interest and thrilling excitement that characterizes "Richard Carvel," and in our opinion cannot compare with it. The "Honorable James D'Arcy-Muir," is a typical example of the so-called English "Gentleman;" while his wife's character is brought out in the one word, disgusting. "Miss Letty" inspires everyone with supreme respect for her goodness, kind-heartedness and loyalty. Captain Dick Desmond is a true type of English Knighthood. Throughout the book, Boy excites both the pity and sympathy of the reader. While his actions cannot be excused, yet we see so plainly that they are the faults of foolish parents, we cannot but ask why the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children. And though Boy seems for a while a mere reprobate, we are compelled to admire his manhood in confessing his treachery to Miss Leslie, and then in hurrying off to die a death of noble note.

EXCHANGES

WINSTON D. ADAMS, Editor.

It is with pleasure that we take up the October number of the *Richmond College Messenger*. The cover is very artistic and beautiful, and our expectations are not disappointed as to the subject-matter contained therein. "A Race With Death" is a very exciting story and is so vividly told that one can almost see it with the mind's eye enacted over again. The little poem entitled "To a Butterfly" is one of the most beautiful little pieces of verse that we have seen in any of the college magazines.



The November number of the *William Jewell Student* is an innovation in college journalism, being dedicated to the campaign which has just closed. While there is much that can be said on both sides as to the wisdom of this step, we think that, under the circumstances, the issue was exceedingly appropriate and well presented. The portraits of Bryan and McKinley as a frontispiece are of the best, and the articles dealing with the principal issues of both parties are good. "Our Attitude Towards the Boers" is a well written essay defending the policy of the United States with regard to the South African Republic. The little poem, "Mother's Tears," is very pathetic.



The next magazine we select from our table is the *Howard Collegian*; one not so large but in general excellence superior to many of its fellows. "A purpose in Life" is an exceedingly thoughtful short essay, and is one especially applicable to the college student of to-day. "Reminiscences of the *Howard Collegian*" is an interesting backward glance by an old student over the files of his college magazine. But perhaps the article of the most importance in this issue is the copy of a speech delivered by a member of the Junior class before the Alabama State Chautauqua at Talladega. In this speech we have a solution of the dread whisky problem, which is agitating our own State at present.

The November number of the *Davidson College Magazine* is a welcome addition to our table. The editors are to be congratulated for securing such articles as appear in this issue. The one occupying first place is a very interesting essay entitled "Jottings From London Towns." This contribution is by Dr. C. H. Smith, of the Louisiana State University, and treats, in a very entertaining way, of the "literary lions" that frequent the Reading-Room of the British Museum. "Anglo-Saxon Mythology" is an essay which displays wide research and much ability and the author has his subject well in hand. "The Bookworm" is a very interesting story which demonstrates the old proverb that round boys cannot be put in square holes. The editorial department is well conducted.



The *Furman Echo* comes to us with a very neat and attractive cover and gives promise of a rare treat within. Nor are we disappointed. We congratulate the new corps of editors on their first issue and wish them much success in college journalistic work. The essays entitled "The Thing Most Valuable," "The Literary Society," "The Importance of Good Reading," and also the one treating of "College Spirit," are all good. The only criticism we have to make is on the one entitled "The Economic Relations of the Southern Farmer." In the first place we do not think this a good subject for a college magazine contribution, and then the article is continued to the next issue. In our opinion the editors should refuse every article which is too long for one issue, unless, of course, it is one of exceptional merit and cannot be shortened. We enjoyed the editorials exceedingly.



Of the many college magazines that come to our table none are superior to the *Vassar Miscellany*. In the November number we have an abundance of exceptionally well written articles. "A Changed Motif" is a very interesting story which treats of a rich and fashionable young artist who, becoming tired of New York life and of his profession, goes West to work in his father's mine. While there he becomes embroiled in a strike and is about to be killed when his overseer throws himself before him and is killed in his stead. With this scene the young man re-

turns to the East, resumes his old profession and draws a beautiful picture of the scene which is indelibly impressed on his mind. "A Trip to Doone Valley" and "The Yarn of an Old Sailor" are both good. However, the article that we enjoyed most was entitled "Maurice Maeterbuck: A Sketch." This is a short essay on that mysterious Belgian author concerning whom there has been so much adverse criticism. The author's sketch of his prominent characteristics is as good as any that we have seen in the great literary magazines, and interested us exceedingly.



Among the other exchanges that we welcome are: *The Carolinian*, *South Western Presbyterian University Journal*, *State Normal Magazine*, *Trinity Archive*, *Mercerian*, *Wofford College Journal*, *Hendrix College Mirror*, *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *Guilford Collegian*, *Blue and Gold*, *William and Mary Monthly*, *Criterion*, *Emory and Henry Era*, *Central Collegian*, *Centre College Cento*, *Pine and Thistle*, *Messenger*, *Oaklandite*, *Converse Concept*, *Shamrock*, *Philomathean Monthly*, *Peabody Record*, *University of Virginia Magazine*, *Baylor Literary*, *Chisel*, *Buff and Blue*, *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, *College of Charleston Magazine*.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

GEO. T. BRANDON, Editor.

(Teachers and University Students: Continued from last issue.)

'93. Mr. R. W. Haywood will take his degree at Johns Hopkins this year.

'88. Mr. Geo. Clarence Thompson has a position in Keochie College, Louisiana.

'00. Mr. Charles Heck is pursuing a course in Physics at Columbia University.

'00. Mr. Jas. F. Royster is making a specialty of English at the University of Chicago.

'93. Prof. David M. Prince is Principal of the Vine Hill Male Academy in Scotland Neck.

'97. Mr. W. H. Heck has a Fellowship in the Department of English at Columbia University.

'96. Mr. Thos. H. Briggs, Jr., is making a specialty of English at the University of Chicago.

'93. Prof. A. M. Yates has charge of the Sandy Creek Associational School of Mt. Vernon Springs, N. C.

'84. Charles Lee Smith, Ph.D., from Johns Hopkins University, is Professor of History in William Jewell College, Missouri.

'95. Prof. Frank E. Parham has recently taken his degree at the University of Virginia, and is now teaching with marked success in Tennessee.

'92. Dr. Irving Hardesty holds a professorship in the University of Chicago, and is now a celebrated authority on all matters pertaining to neurology.

'96. Mr. Wm. B. Royall, Jr., is teaching in the Institution for the Blind in Raleigh. Mr. Royall has attained great proficiency in his field, and is widely considered an able instructor.

'94. It is a coincidence that two professors in Mercer University are graduates of Wake Forest. Dr. W. F. Foushee ('94) has the Chair of Latin, and Mr. J. C. McNeill ('99) the associate professorship of English.

CLIPPINGS.

Prof. Stout: My friend, do you stutter that way all the time?

Boy: N-n-n-no; only wh-when I talk.—*Ex.*



Dr. F—n.—Gentlemen, all liars are cowards.

Sen. S—l.—Then Doctor, all men must be cowards.

Dr. F—n.—How do you get that?

Sen. S—l.—The Bible says all men are liars.

Dr. F—n.—Yes, sir; it is said that the devil can quote Scripture to carry his point.—*Ex.*



INSPIRATION.

Wouldst love me, Clair,

If this were true—

That I atone my past for you?

Wouldst—if thus changed into a man—

I slaved as only strong men can

To master life, from self be free—

Would cleave to this, this new-found man,

For me?

If this were so,

Ah, bonny Clair!

I'd be inspired to do and dare

To make my fame spread far and wide;

To make you look on me with pride;

To win men's love and praise for thee;

Wouldst put all else from thee aside

For me?

—*University Va. Magazine.*

DAWN.

Long strips of crimson flushes,
While night's dark shadows fly,
A golden glory streaming
Athwart the eastern sky,
A calm, expectant stillness,
A hush of all things earth,
A rim of gold—and clouds unfold;
The day has had its birth.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*



We don't want to buy your dry goods
We don't like you any more;
You'll be sorry when you see us
Going to some other store.

You can't sell us any sweaters,
Four-in-hands or other fads;
We don't want to trade at your store,
If you don't give us your ads.

—*Exchange.*



THE SUMMER IDYL.

You may talk about your babbling brooks;
And meadows sweet with hay,
But did you ever go a fishing
On a red-hot August day!

Sitting on the river bank,
Sizzling in the sun;
Waiting for the fish to bite,
And catching nary one.

Long ago lost all religion
Line in a tangle tied;
Chiggers and the skeeters
Playing thunder with your hide.

A glorious day for the fisherman bold—
Or rather a fishing crank—
Till you snag your hook in your finger,
Then—blankety, blankety blank.

O, sing to me not of babbling brooks,
Nor meadows sweet with hay;
But give me rather a fishing trip,
On a red-hot August day.

—*Exchange.*



LOVE AND TIME.

Love one day met Father Time—
So runs the tale of an ancient rhyme—
Time's step was faulty, his gait was slow,
His features shrunken, his back a bow,
His long gray beard dragged the ground,
For support he leaned on a stick he'd found.
Love pitied Time so tattered and torn,
His face with care so tired and worn.
And with sympathy in his bright young eye,
Said: "Come with me, Time; I'll teach you to fly."
And time flew.

Some years later Time met Love—
Love's once bright eye ne'er glanced above,
But with head so lowered and cheek so thin
He seemed the shadow of a "might have been."
His wings drooped low and his quivering mouth
Had lost the roses of the South.
Time glanced at him and mentioned the day
When Love whisked him from sorrow away,
And gently said: "Poor thing, don't cry,
Just come with me, Love; I'll teach you to fly."
And Love flew.

—*Exchange.*

" MY LOVE AND I. "

I.

We wandered o'er hill and valley,
 My Love and I,
 Listening to the song of merry birds
 And the lowing of distant herds :
 My Love and I.

II.

We paused at a murmuring brooklet,
 My Love and I,
 And saw in the water's reflection
 A picture of love and affection :
 My Love and I.

III. .

A hope and a joy seized our bosoms,
 My Love and I.
 And we thought of the beautiful picture,
 And of life filled with pleasure and rapture.
 My Love and I.

IV.

Time sped quickly for us,
 My Love and I.
 Foretold misfortunes come never,
 We were *one* " 'till death should us sever " :
 My Love and I.

V.

And now can we say life is real ?
 My Love and I.
 Can we say the world has no evil ?
 That woman is not known to the Devil,
 My Love and I.

VI.

Alas ! No, for one day we quarreled,
 My Love and I.
 And my head for being so thick,
 Is bruised by a cruel broom-stick,
 And troubles come endless and thick,
 For my Love and I.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

JOSEPH Q. ADAMS, Jr, Editor.

MRS. JOHN A. WRAY, of Milledgeville, Ga., is visiting her parents, Prof. and Mrs. L. R. Mills.

MR. H. W. EARLY, '95, of Aulander, N. C., spent several days visiting his friends on the Hill.

MISS PETIE POWELL, of Savannah, Ga., spent several days on the Hill visiting Mrs. T. E. Holding.

MISSSES JESSIE BREWER and Janie Taylor spent a few days at home. The Hill is always happier for their visits.

MR. H. E. FLACK was sent by the two Literary Societies to Columbia, S. C., to gather literature on the dispensary question.

The Philomathesian Society has elected the following Anniversary Marshals: F. Q. Barbee, C. E. McCullen, and E. F. Upchurch.

PROF. W. L. POTEAT delivered a lecture Saturday evening, October 22d, before the Baptist Female University. The subject of the address was "The Biological Revolution."

MR. W. L. POTEAT read a paper before the Baptist Congress, which met this year in Richmond, Va., on the question, "Wherein Lies the Efficiency of Jesus' Work in the Reconciliation?"

MR. W. D. TRANTHAM, of Camden, S. C., who graduated from Wake Forest in '71, spent several days on the Hill, visiting the College and meeting old friends. Mr. Trantham made a short talk at morning prayers, which was highly appreciated by the students.

PROF. CARLYLE is now travelling throughout the State in the interest of the new Gymnasium building. During his absence his classes have been taught by the other members of the faculty.

WORK ON the new cotton factory is now near completion. The structure is a handsome three-storied brick building, embodying the latest and most approved plans of cotton mill architecture.

THE FOLLOWING gentlemen were elected marshals for the occasion of the Inter-collegiate Debate, Thanksgiving: From the Euzelian Society, Messrs. R. H. Royall and J. F. Cale; from the Philomathesian Society, Messrs. L. Cottingham and W. A. Weaver.

PROF. BREWER attended the meeting of the North Carolina Division of the American Chemical Society, which was held in Durham on November 9. He presented a paper before the society on "The Determination of Certain Organic Radicles."

A SENIOR was recently heard to remark absent-mindedly, "You may talk about Jacob's ladder from earth to heaven, but there is a ladder extending from Wake Forest to the Baptist University, and angels come and go." "Ou-i-i-i-i-i!" "I wonder" if the Student made a "home run."

TWO VERY interesting games of football were played between the Seniors and Juniors on the one hand, and the Sophomores and Freshmen on the other. The two teams were about evenly matched, and the games from start to finish were hard fought. In both games neither side was able to score, though the advantage at the end of each half was on the side of the lower classes.

MR. B. W. ANDERSON, of Toronto, Canada, traveling secretary of the Y. M. C. A., representing the volunteer student movement for Foreign Missions, addressed the Y. M. C. A. in the small chapel Wednesday evening, November 14th, on "Christianizing the World in the Twentieth Century."

MR. B. F. JOHNSON, of Richmond, Va., delivered a lecture to the students in the Wingate Memorial Hall, on the evening of November the 10th. His subject was "The Beautiful Manhood." The lecture was greatly enjoyed and appreciated by the students. Mr. Johnson is well known throughout the South as the head of the great publishing firm bearing his name.

WAKE FOREST is to have another annual debate, this time with Mercer University. For several years Wake Forest has been seeking to arrange this debate, and not until recently has Mercer signified her willingness. A committee has been appointed by the two literary societies to make arrangements. The date that has been suggested is January 19th, the birthday of Robert E. Lee.

THE FIRST preliminary for the selection of speakers to meet Trinity, Thanksgiving, was held in the small chapel Saturday evening, October 12th. There were some fifteen contestants, all of whom made excellent speeches. It was a credit to the College that so many men, at one time, were capable of contesting for this high honor. The Committee of Judges composed of Professors Carlyle, Royall and Sledd, after due consideration, announced the following six men as selected to contest in the second preliminary: Messrs. W. A. Dunn, H. E. Flack, J. C. Sikes, R. E. Sentelle, S. G. Flournoy, and G. B. Rooke.

PROF. G. A. FOOTE, of Oak Ridge, one of the most popular men of the class of 1900, former editor of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, and well known on the baseball diamond, spent several days on the Hill during Fair week. His many friends were delighted to see him again. Mr. Foote is doing well in his chosen profession, and THE STUDENT wishes for him the greatest success.

EARLY ON the morning of November 16, fire was discovered on the cotton platform near the depot. The platform and thirty-seven bales of cotton were destroyed; twenty-four of the bales belonged to the railroad and thirteen to Mr. W. C. Brewer. By tearing up part of the platform the depot was saved, and about one hundred and sixty bales of cotton near the platform were kept from burning by being rolled away. The fire is supposed to have been started by a spark from a passing engine. Insurance covers all the loss.

FOR A second time the long-expected Leonid meteoric display failed to put in its appearance. Certainly it was not the fault of the Wake Forest Department of Astronomy, for vigilant watchers were organized to scan the heavens throughout the whole week. Frequent false alarms disturbed the peaceful slumbers of the dormitory, as well as the even temper of the inhabitants thereof. In our facetious imagination, we can think of old Leo (pardon the irreverence) as wickedly saying to the gazing Wake Forest astronomers, "Rubber!"

DR. W. E. HATCHER, of Richmond, Va., assisted the pastor, Rev. J. W. Lynch, in a protracted meeting, beginning the last week in October. This was one of the greatest meetings in the history of the College. By his honest, lovable character, Dr. Hatcher soon won a place in

the hearts of the people, and by his simple, yet masterful presentation of the pure gospel of Christ, he lifted the bushel-measures from many Christian hearts, and how their lights did shine! Prayer-meetings were held everywhere, by the students in the small chapel, many in private rooms, by the young ladies, by the married ladies, and by the business men of the Hill. The result was soon evident. Many unsaved were saved, and hundreds of cold hearts were warmed with renewed love and zeal. Everyone was grieved to see Dr. Hatcher leave. He may be sure that he holds a warm place in our hearts and in our gratitude. We wish for him a long life of usefulness, and we hope that in the future he will make many such visits to Wake Forest.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25TH, was given as a holiday in order that the students might attend the State Fair in Raleigh. A special car was furnished by the railroad for the Wake Forest delegation. At about 10 o'clock the long excursion train pulled in, and the Wake Forest car, to the delight of all, was attached to the coach reserved for the Littleton Female College. Of course, under such circumstances, the ride to Raleigh was delightful. But as soon as we arrived in that great metropolis we were seized with the spirit of the Fair, a restless fever to see everything and have a good time in as great a rush as possible. The Fair was as all fairs: there were the merry-go-rounds with their shrill music, the shouting fakirs at every turn, the industrious gambling booths, the sausage men with their smoking stands, the side-shows with their marvellous phenomena, the horse-races, the monotonous exhibits, and, most interesting of all, the great, dense crowd of people pouring through the Midway and crowding the buildings, smiling at

everybody and everything, persuading themselves that they were having a good time. Verily it was a time when "'twere folly to be wise." Many of the displays were interesting. On the whole, the exhibits were much better than usual, although the department of live stock was sadly deficient. The Wake Forest exhibit attracted a great deal of attention. There was an interesting display of physical, chemical and biological apparatus, geological specimens and ethnological curiosities. It won the gold medal as the best exhibit of any college in the State, and also diplomas of superiority in geology and scientific apparatus.

On the several night trains the students poured back into Wake Forest much the wiser for the day's experience, and promising themselves never to attend another fair. Next year they will promise themselves the same thing.

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NO. 4.

THE HOLLY.

BY G. W. PASCHAL.

In the campus stands a holly,
Green its leaves, its berries red,
While the flowers that gladdened summer
Shapeless, scentless lie, and dead.

Rose and lily had their glory,
Sent their fragrance through the air,
Brought to quavering lips sweet accents
Plighting fast a youthful pair.

Now, when comes the holly's season,
Angel songs are heard above,
 wooing fretted human heart-cords
Back to harmonies of love.

Wreathed on post and over lintel,
Cheering home and church and school,
Gleams the green, red-berried holly
Emblem of the happy Yule.

Charm of all this hallowed season
When the earth is white with snow,
O, thou still immortal holly,
Mortals love thee! Dost thou know?

SOME OF MY OLD TEACHERS.

BY J. H. GORRELL.

It does not seem in accordance with the fitness of things for a person of few years, as age is now reckoned, to indulge in reminiscences. That is generally conceded to be the exclusive privilege of those who have passed the half-century mark and whose hairs are being whitened by age and not by early piety; who have left behind them what they think is best, and who have before them a future precarious and full of dim uncertainties.

To those of us of younger growth it is reserved to keep a discreet silence, and "forgetting the things that are behind, to press forward." Yet, notwithstanding this stern decree of fate, I feel happy that it is not like the laws of the Medes and the Persians, and that I may probably be permitted to violate it with impunity. At any rate, in this quiet midnight hour, when all without is wrapt in Cimmerian darkness (for so have our city fathers decreed), but when all is warm and light within, I delight to cast my book aside, throw myself back in my easy-chair, close my eyes and drift back to the school-days of my boyhood and youth.

My first teacher was, of course, my mother, and I owe to her that thorough grounding in the "three R's" that has stood me in good stead throughout my life. Spelling I acquired pretty early, I suppose, for I do not remember much about its study. The method used was doubtless continuous drill from the old "blue-back" spelling book—a method which has never been improved upon, and never will be. The so-called "phonic" system, with its resulting absurdities, cast no pall upon those happy days.

The school which I first attended was presided over by a teacher whom I shall ever honor for his ability to make the scholar's life one of pleasure as well as of profit. He was a giant in stature, and large in proportion; his face was florid, almost bloated, it seemed to me, though not from indulgence in the cup; and his expression indicative of the most kindly heart, though it could easily pass from the most benign to the fiercest aspect when thoroughly provoked. It is, however, due to him to say that he was plentifully endowed with a large fund of that redeeming quality—good-humor—and could take a joke as well as any one. He had presumably taken no preliminary course in teaching, and his chief method was one of common-sense and a knowledge of human nature, and admirably would he have succeeded, too, had not afterwards political aspirations gotten the better of his pedagogical attainments.

He kept up the good old system of corporal punishment, and his sturdy switches were the terror of evil-doers. A select committee of the latter at last succeeded in cutting every one of his birches in such a manner that they flew to pieces as soon as they came in contact with the back of the culprits. But alas for the ingenious device of the boys, they had not reckoned upon the Herculean size and strength of the master, for, casting disdainfully aside the short remaining stump of switch, he secured a good grasp of the youngster's rear-garments in his strong left hand, held him suspended between heaven and earth, shook him as a cat would a mouse, and proceeded to administer with his right palm so substantial a spanking that I doubt whether the impressions have yet been entirely effaced. As switches were no longer to be depended upon, he substituted his large wooden ruler,

which was still more effective and kept the sinners in a mingled condition of respect and terror for the remainder of the year.

The next session I was promoted to the higher grade taught by the Principal, a small, wiry, nervous and irritable man, who was called "Professor," and won the deference of his pupils more by his threats than by any infliction of corporal punishment. In his youth he had been to the wars, and seemed to take pleasure in telling us of the many remarkable occurrences in which he had participated. He was really quite a scholar and exceedingly careful and exact in his instruction. As I review my past, I see many a useful bit of knowledge that I should never have gained were it not for his painstaking care. To a well-informed mind he added a marvellous amount of energy and capacity for work, which even then was telling upon him and eventually wrecked his health.

To the younger boys he was known as a "holy terror," and, to tell the truth, we all looked up to him with awe and veneration—all except one boy—a son of one of the prominent men connected with the college and now a distinguished professor in one of our Southern Colleges. This youth was in appearance exceedingly quiet and demure, and yet the close observer could have seen in his large, brilliant gray eyes an inexhaustible store of mischief which knew no restraint and respected no man's person. From the very beginning of his year's attendance he began to invent harmless pranks, and was subjected to severe rebukes by the teacher. But the crowning point of his "fun" was reached one day in late winter. The "Professor" was leaning back in his chair against a pillar just behind which was the desk of the refractory

pupil ; his bare neck was in easy reach, and the temptation of a joke was irresistible. Accordingly a small piece of string was selected and carefully held above the Professor's head in such a manner as at intervals to graze and tickle the skin. A few of us less venturesome boys looked on with wonder and amazement, holding our sides, and yet fearing the *dénouement* of the tragedy. At the first tickling the teacher supposed it was a fly, and up flew his hand and gave a rude brush to his neck; afterwards the "fly" would attack him on the other side with a similar effect, and then would persistently crawl short distances along the nape of the neck. The mouths of us spectators were stretched in inextinguishable laughter, when, with a rapid glance, the culprit was caught just as he was in the act of executing a master-stroke on the Professor's ear. What followed can better be imagined than described. It required several days to quiet the perturbed spirit of the injured teacher, and though for family reasons the delinquent was allowed to complete the term's work, he was regarded as a dangerous animal, and remained to the end a perpetual menace to the tranquillity of mood of the Professor.

The last teacher at whose feet I sat before entering college was a farmer who had temporarily abandoned agricultural pursuits to occupy the pedagog's chair. A good-natured, easy-going man, whose fondness for Anthon's editions of the Latin classics was remarkable, and his recommendation of this most helpful editor was a great boon to his students. I used to wonder at his masterful translations of the *Anabasis*, but one day during his absence I inquisitively opened his desk, and there snugly stored away was the first "pony" I ever saw, one of those famous "Liberal Translations" to the

Works of Xenophon. The wonderful problem was explained, but I could not help regarding it ever after as very unfair that I had to make my way "with many a weary sigh and many a groan" through the difficulties of Greek translation, while the Professor was gaily "riding the pony."

At last came that great and momentous day, the *dies illa* of my youth—when I was to enter college. I verily believe that of all the freshmen who crossed those sacred portals that day, I was the freshest. As with measured steps I walked across the campus, it seemed to me that my unhallowed feet were unworthy to tread that consecrated soil; the buildings which I had viewed before at a respectable distance, appeared unusually imposing and awe-inspiring, and even to this day, whenever I walk through those halls, I am in some degree sensible of that feeling of veneration that I experienced during my early college days. As for the members of the Faculty, I hardly dared to look at them. I regarded them as superior beings, living in inaccessible Parnassian heights, who might in the future design to point out to me some of the guide-posts along the road to knowledge. Though I eventually lost most of this sentimental reverence for my instructors, I always maintained a sincere respect for their worth and character, and toward some of them I learned to feel a deep and abiding love.

If there was one weakness more than another that characterized the typical Washington and Lee student of my day, it was the habit of never calling things by their right names. Perhaps economy or laziness played some part in this, and, yet I believe the chief cause was the very natural desire to link the members of the select college community together by the use of a peculiar col-

lege-dialect, or "slang" if you wish so to denominate it. At any rate, the student could hardly speak at all of college matters without using language essentially different from that of the man of the street. A perfect mark in the class was never known except as a "max;" the students who brought up the rear "pulled bull," and the unfortunates who failed were known as "flunkers." "Jacks" were frequently used instead of ponies, and some men were known even to "jack" on "exam." The "gym" and the "lab" were both well patronized of afternoons. The many secret societies were called "bugs," and the members thereof "bug-men." The law students were given the name of "bicks," and at one time, the universal title of address was that of "sport." The ladies were always referred to as "calic," and the town-people were given the contemptuous soubriquet of "tooth-picks." The largest college boarding-house was known as "the blue;" the viands served there were christened "grub," and the frequent desserts "boss." The old dormitory flourished under the name of "paradise," and the near-by recitation-halls were sometimes referred to by a name conveying the very opposite meaning.

Even the professors did not escape the prevailing tendency of misnaming. There were "Old Aleck," "Old Sid," "Old Jim," "Old Charlie," "Old Hatchet," "Old Billy," and "Old Nick." I do not believe there was the slightest feeling of disrespect contained in this apparently irreverential nomenclature; on the contrary, I heard that the use of these pet names by old students invariably conveys a feeling of affection and love for our former teachers.

Were I to tell of them all, I should be forever debarred

from contributing to *THE STUDENT*, on the very justifiable ground of an utter disregard for proper terminal facilities. I shall therefore speak only of those few whom I knew best.

- ✓ I always classed myself among those students who are known as "slow" in mathematics. That I acquired sufficient mathematical knowledge to win my degree was due to steady grinding, a good deal of good luck, and, most of all, to the clear teaching and thorough training of Professor Alexander Nelson. Professor Nelson was, in my day, one of the finest looking men, physically, I ever saw. Of medium height, of sturdy build, with a large well-shaped head, covered with a thick mass of hair always cut close, as was also his full and grizzled beard. His face was strong and full, and somewhat ruddy—a complexion indicative of perfect health. He had a thoroughly practical and sensible mind, and an activity and alertness which were truly remarkable. We always found him kind and considerate, extremely painstaking, but intolerant of any laziness or lagging among his students. When one entered his room it was with a feeling that it was for work, and work alone. He was a strict disciplinarian, thoroughly polite to all who deserved it, but unpityingly severe towards any attempt to resort to under-hand methods in recitations. I have never seen a more keen surveillance of the students at their work, and shrewd and cunning did the man have to be who succeeded in giving aid to a fellow in trouble and avoid "Old Aleck's" watchful eye. There was a tradition that he had swallowed a magic spring, which went off at the most unexpected moment, wheeling him around on his chair, face to face with the would-be offender. There was no teacher who

was more accurate in his grading, or more demanding of thorough preparation than he, nor was there any one who treated with greater severity those who attempted to pass with shabby work. He had no patience with the customary "college-sickness;" absence from recitations, for any cause whatsoever, meant a certain reduction of mark, and as a consequence idlers would soon find his association uncongenial and would leave his classes for more pleasing pastures. With some degree of pleasure I completed his course as far as through the elements of Calculus, but not all the teachers in the world could instill more than a few simple ideas of the science into my brain, and so with Calculus I bade farewell to mathematics.

"Old Jim," as we affectionately called Professor James J. White, was as handsome a teacher as ever filled a Professor's chair. He was over six feet in height, straight as an arrow, majestic in every movement, his face was full of culture and dignity—a very close resemblance to the late Emperor William I of Germany. In disposition he was genial, kindly, courteous, upright, and pious. There was no student who would not involuntarily lift his hat to this grand old gentleman, whose courtliness was only equalled by his sympathetic interest in every young man whom he knew. He called all his men simply by their surnames, abolishing all superfluous titles of address, and with the same wisdom ignoring all the troublesome rules of Greek accent, for which I have always to thank him. I must confess I gained a very meagre knowledge of Greek syntax (the fault lay not in him but in me), but his fine sonorous reading of the Greek and his forceful and eloquent translations gave me a love for Homer, Demosthenes, and Aeschylus, which

has never left me. He ruled his classes more by his dignified and gentlemanly bearing than by any attempts at discipline. Only once did I see him angry, and that for a just cause. One day the following notice duly dated appeared on the bulletin-board: "Prof. White will not meet his class in Greek History to-day." A waggish student appropriated the paper, and on the day for the next recitation, the same notice duly dated again appeared. The Professor was present but of course no class appeared. At the next meeting, however, the rebuke came, and if Zeus's thunderbolt had fallen upon us, it would not have created more consternation. We all felt like miserable sinners and all humbly begged his pardon, though only one guilty student was among us. Not only was Prof. White active in college matters, but in all municipal affairs he was a faithful and valued counsellor, and his death was caused by exposure at a meeting connected with business of the town.

✓ I received my training in English and the Modern Languages under Prof. James A. Harrison, otherwise known as "Old Hatchet," from the peculiar shape of his head. In appearance he was just the reverse of the Professor of Greek, slight and diminutive in stature, studious and reserved, his face pale, thin, and careworn—the typical face of a scholar; he was neat and careful in dress, with the peculiarity of always carrying an umbrella, which was supplemented by an overcoat in the slightest chill weather and a palm-leaf fan in summer. His voice was weak and thin and his bodily presence was insignificant. But, oh, how we admired his scholarship! For had he not more reputation as a man of letters than all the rest of the faculty combined? Had he not been one of the pioneers in the study of early English in this

country? Was he not the Editor-in-Chief of the American Library of Anglo-Saxon Poetry? Had he not published grammars and texts in French and German? Was he not one of the editors of the Century Dictionary, and a regular contributor to several critical journals? We looked up to him with a peculiar reverence, wondering "how one small head could carry all he knew." And consequently there was no teacher in college who had a more enthusiastic following of select students than he. He was painfully accurate in his own knowledge and as painfully exacting in his demands on his students, and we would work our heads off rather than to have him find the slightest fault with our lack of scholarship. He was shy and rather unapproachable, and yet when once he was a friend, there was no one who was more helpful and stimulating in his friendship. He appreciated and rewarded careful and painstaking toil, and gave us the example by working as hard and as patiently as any of his men. If I have ever accomplished anything in linguistic scholarship I owe it in great measure to his helpful encouragement, and though he has now left my *Alma Mater* to assume a professorship at Virginia's famous University, I still rejoice to count him among my truest friends.

I have already extended my story to an inordinate length, and yet I cannot close these pages of reminiscences without saying something of that one of my instructors whom I loved and honored most of all,—I mean my old Latin teacher, Carter J. Harris, *clarum et venerabile nomen*. There are a few faces which remain indelibly photographed in my memory, and such was his—a fine forehead from which the thick growth of long, wavy, white hair was carelessly thrown back; a pair of brilliant

gray eyes; a nose, long, slender, and extremely sensitive; a singularly expressive mouth mostly hidden by a full gray beard carelessly trimmed; a face pale and furrowed with the traces of age and pain, and nevertheless in its *ensemble* bearing the unmistakable marks of genius.

In his dress and mien he always had a bold disregard for external appearance. His clothes never seemed to fit, but merely to be approximately adapted to his body, and he walked with an awkward, shuffling gait. I can see him now as he enters his lecture-room, seats himself in his old wooden chair, which he immediately tilts back on its rear legs, fits on a pair of old common steel spectacles, cuts off a piece of what seemed to me the most luscious and black tobacco, which he at once proceeds to masticate; then opening a book and resting his head against the high desk, which served no other purpose than as a support for chair and head, he proceeds with the Latin lesson. The recitation was to some of us a literary feast, and to others an hour of torture, for "Old Nick" was noted for his "chawing." His contempt and scorn for the poor and inattentive student knew no bounds. His wit and ridicule were like a sword and a scourge, pitilessly and unremittingly piercing and lashing, cutting and playing, till the unfortunate subjects of his scornful invective had either to mend their ways or, overwhelmed with ignominy, to seek more agreeable associations. But oh! how the pages of the Latin classics glowed and were resplendent with almost divine light under the magic touch of his genius! What mastery of that great art of "fitting aptest words to things"! With his wonderful gifts as a translator and interpreter he would show forth perfect treasures of unimagined wealth and beauty from the dullest page of Ennius or the most

abstract philosophical vagary of Lucretius. Virgil and Horace were his favorites among the Latin authors, and it was a delight which cannot be described to listen to his translations of the *Georgics* and the *Bucolics*, and to enter into the spirit of his interpretation of the wondrously beautiful *Odes* of Horace, for he was an unsurpassed master of the skillful and difficult technique of Latin prosody.

Notwithstanding his excessive severity and lack of pity for breach of scholarship, he manifested the greatest interest and sympathy for the earnest student. Many of my comrades have spoken of his generously bestowed aid, and frequently during periods of despondency and gloom I have been cheered and stimulated to renewed work by some words of encouragement from him.

Professor Harris was, in the realm of literature and history, one of those geniuses whose foible was omniscience; he had the faculty of appropriating the very best of everything, and there seemed to be no department of literature, either ancient or modern, concerning which he could not speak with authority, and yet he was in the highest degree modest and unassuming. On the occasion of his receiving the degree of Doctor of Laws from a Northern university I was speaking to him of the honor, but rather to my surprise he spoke most contemptuously of such trifles, and on my asking whether he would prefer to be addressed as Professor or Doctor, he replied: "Neither, simply Mr. Harris."

His scholarship was broad and comprehensive, thorough and accurate, and yet, strange to say, he left to the world almost no written results of his profound learning. This was not due to his inactivity, for he was a man of great energy; not to his excessive caution, for, despite

his modesty, I believe he was perfectly aware of his great abilities. The reason, I think, was twofold. There was in him too great an acquiescence with the *status quo* of Latin scholarship and an undisguised contempt for the large number of pretenders to literary fame who rush into print with every absurd trifle. A distinguished congressman from Virginia, in a conversation with me a few years ago, expressed the feelings of us all: "There is no one," said he, "who has done himself more injustice than Carter Harris. As a Latin scholar he has no superior in this country; he has a style which is equal to the best we have in criticism; and yet he has published nothing. I feel the greatest regret that this is so. What has been our gain has been the world's loss."

✓ The last year or two of his life he passed under the shadow of a cloud. Ill-health and mental trouble gradually unfitted him for the full performance of his duties. The trustees relieved him of them as gently as possible by making him Professor Emeritus and appointing a successor to his place. The dear old man never recovered from this blow. To see another take charge of his room, and teach from his loved books was more than he could bear. At the Commencement Day of that session his seat on the rostrum which he had occupied for nearly forty years was vacant; he could not summon the courage to go up there among the college teachers, but sadly entered the hall and from an obscure corner in the rear watched the familiar ceremonies with peculiar earnestness as if he knew it was the last time. After the exercises, I was standing near him when a colleague addressed him and expressed surprise that he had not been among them. Tears came into his old eyes, and with an expression of indescribable mental agony, replied: "Oh, I

couldn't do it, sir; they have turned me out! They have turned me out!"

A month later he peacefully fell asleep. It was a beautiful, calm summer evening that we laid him away under the shade of the ancient oak trees he loved so well. As I stood beside the newly-made grave a flood of dear old memories rushed over me. I could no longer control my feelings—I turned away and wept.

BECKET IN HISTORY AND LITERATURE.

BY EDGAR W. TIMBERLAKE.

The fact that the birthplace of Thomas àBecket was London in 1119 counted for not a little in his career. In his early years England was in a state of confusion, both over internal and foreign affairs. At the death of Henry the First, there were two rival candidates for the throne. After the dispute was amicably settled in the coronation of Stephen, the country seemed as if it would be torn into shreds by civil war. In the reign of Henry I., Becket, a man of iron nerve and a will power impervious to any and every assailment, was called to the Chancellorship, and for a while the old ship of state floated over waves of prosperity and peace. But the old fires of turmoil were only partially extinguished, and as they burst forth again after he became Archbishop, this great personage was ignominiously murdered within the walls of his own cathedral, on the very threshold of the church that he himself had made.

Becket's father, Gilbert Beck or Becket, was of Saxon descent, a merchant of moderate wealth in London, and sheriff of that city. His mother is supposed to have been of the same race. There is a story, though unfortunately doubtful, that she was the daughter of an Emir of Palestine, and that Gilbert met her while on a crusade. She assisted him in escaping from prison, and afterward followed to London. The only English words she knew were "Gilbert" and "London," and by repeating them she found him.

The education of Thomas, the only child, was begun at Merton Abbey, then at the London schools. He was

afterwards sent to finish his studies at Paris, where he became proficient in philosophy and divinity; he learned military tactics thoroughly, and became an accomplished cavalier. Soon after his return to England, he was appointed sheriff of London and became protegé of a well-known Norman baron. His next patron was Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, who gave him the livings of St. Mary le Strand and Orthford in Kent, with prebends in the cathedrals of London and Lincoln.

He now became Archdeacon of Canterbury, which position he filled with great ability. He was sent to obtain a bull of excommunication against any bishop officiating at the coronation of Eustace, son of Stephen, who was planning to defeat the succession of the Angevin line in Henry. His errand was successful, and at Stephen's death Henry was peaceably crowned.

The young King being told of Becket's services, at once took him into great favor, and soon after his coronation appointed him Lord Chancellor. After the health of his old adviser and favorite, Theobald, failed, Henry seemed to rely entirely upon Becket, and intrusted him with all the powers of the crown. It is not known that at this time the Chancellor had any separate duties; however, it is certain that Becket was a member of the Supreme Court, or *Aula Regis*; that he sealed all the King's grants with the great seal; that he had the care of the royal chapel, and that he acted as Secretary to the King in all negotiations. Of his conduct, habits, and demeanor while Chancellor, a trustworthy account is given by his secretary:

"Hardly a day passed in which he did not give away magnificent presents, such as horses, hawks, apparel, gold or silver, furniture, or sums of money. He

was an example of the sacred proverb: *Some beautifully give away what belongs to them, and still always abound; while others seize what does not belong to them, and are always in want.* So gracefully did the Chancellor confer his gifts, that he was reckoned the charm of the whole Latin world.

"The Chancellor was in high favor with the King, the clergy, the army, and the people, on account of his eminent virtues, his greatness of mind, his good deeds which seemed to spring spontaneously from his heart. Serious business being finished, the King and he consorted as young comrades of the same station—whether in palace, in church, in private society, or on excursions on horseback.

"Sometimes the King took his meals in the dining-hall of the Chancellor, for the sake of amusement, and to hear the stories told at his table and in his house. While the Chancellor was sitting at table, the King would be admitted into the hall on horseback, sometimes with a dart in his hand, returning from the chase; sometimes he merely drank a cup of wine, and having saluted the Chancellor retired. Never in any Christian age were two men more familiar or friendly."

To further show his devotion to him, the King intrusted to him his son's education.

It is affirmed that after the treaty which should have sealed the friendship of England and France, by the union of Prince Henry and Princess Margaret, Becket did all in his power to preserve peace. But all his efforts were fruitless, and, mainly on account of ancient feuds, war became inevitable. The Chancellor at once threw aside his official robes and assumed the soldier's garb. He displayed remarkable generalship in his campaigns,

and completely humbled the French King. Throughout, he showed a marked devotion to the King, and incurred the hatred of the church by upholding Henry in his tax on the prelates and abbots who refused to serve as soldiers.

It has been supposed by many that Becket, while Chancellor, was all the time acting hypocritically toward the King in order to secure his favor that he might be elevated to the primacy, for the infirmities of Theobald rendered it certain that the primacy would soon be vacant. However, it is generally thought that Becket was serving the King with sincerity and zeal, and that his change of sentiment and policy was affected by change of position. Archbishop Theobald died in 1161. All eyes were at once turned on Becket, and the King declared he should succeed. The church at once objected on the ground that Becket was a soldier and a man of the world. Matilda, the King's mother, advised against his appointment for a reason more important to Henry: that Becket, when once placed in a high position, and independent, would become a dangerous rival and enemy. But Henry, feeling sure that he would have under him an obsequious bishop, willing to submit to all his commands, and thus being able to hold the church in his power, was not to be turned from his course.

Becket all the time pretending indifference or aversion, continued his duty as Chancellor. However, at the end of a year, Henry declared that he would be trifled with no longer, and ordered Becket to set sail for England.

On the third day of June, 1162, the priors and monks of Canterbury assembled at Westminster, and after many prayers and masses concurred in electing Becket Archbishop. The only dissenting voice was Gilbert

Foliot, his old rival, who himself had aspired to the Archbishopric. After the ceremony, he declared the "King had worked a miracle in having transformed a layman into a bishop, and a soldier into a saint."

When Becket assumed the duties of his office, never was such transformation wrought. He laid aside his Chancellor's robes, and instead of the stately and fastidious courtier, we see the humble penitent in sackcloth and ashes. He wore a haircloth next to his skin, filled with vermin; he lived on roots and his drink was water, and in order to do further penance he often inflicted blows on his naked body.

Henry soon found the new Archbishop's presentiment of evil to prove true. For very soon he excited the wonder of mankind by sending, without previous notice, the Great Seal to the King with this message: "I desire that you will provide yourself with another Chancellor, as I find myself hardly sufficient for the duties of one office, much less of two." This greatly alarmed Henry, who, before so eager for his elevation, now saw in him a dangerous rival.

The real quarrel, however, broke out when Becket protested the tax imposed by Henry upon the churches to carry on his conquests on the continent. The King, in a rage, vowed that he would collect the tax, while the Archbishop, with equal vehemence, declared that not a cent should be paid.

Not long after a quarrel of a more serious nature occurred. The King issued a proclamation that churchmen should be tried in civil courts for misdemeanors, while Becket asserted that under the law of William the Conqueror all clergymen should be tried by the church alone. Henry, determined to carry his point, called a

council at Clarendon and drew up a constitution which provided that churchmen, as well as laymen, should be held strictly responsible to the Crown, so that in case of dispute there should be no appeal to the Archbishop, nor the Pope, but to the King. After much hesitancy, Becket was forced to sign it.

Henry at once proceeded to put the Constitution into effect, and Becket in anger left the country.

In 1170, Henry had his son crowned King of England by the Archbishop of York and bishops of London and Salisbury. This was contrary to law, as the Archbishop of Canterbury alone could perform the ceremony. Such a cry was raised about the affair that Henry deemed it expedient to recall Becket, whom he persuaded to return after much hesitation.

But the reconciliation was not to last. On his return Becket declared the coronation of the Prince an outrage against the church, and excommunicated those who had officiated at the ceremony. The King took their part, and in a burst of rage exclaimed: "Will no one of the cowards who eat my bread, rid me of this turbulent priest?" In answer to this rash cry, four Knights set out at once, and brutally murdered the Archbishop beside the very altar, which should have saved even the vilest criminal.

Becket in literature is a short chapter. Shakespeare, in his own inimitable way, has shown Wolsey to the world; the praises of Martin Luther have been sung on every hand, and other personages of minor importance have been pictured to us by the hand of the poet. Becket, as yet, has come to us through one literary channel. A great personage in history, he is made immortal by Tennyson in the drama, taking the third place in his

"historic trilogy." "Becket is Tennyson's dramatic masterpiece. It far surpasses all others of his extended works in both strength and passion." Mr. Eugene Parsons says: "This splendid tragedy deserves a wider recognition, not only from lovers of Tennyson but from all admirers of virile and sonorous blank verse."

While the poem does not in every particular coincide with facts, yet, on the whole, it gives to us a true insight into the life and character of a great man. The poet, by drawing on his imagination, presents a view of Becket's career as Archbishop that could be obtained from no other source. While he does not absolutely condemn the King, the Primate is vindicated. We are shown that, whether Becket did or did not desire the archbishopric, he gave Henry full warning as to the course he intended to pursue, in the words

"Me Archbishop!
God's favor and the King's favor might so clash
That thou and I—That were a jest indeed."

These words exactly coincide with Becket's true statement to the King:

"Truly I know three poor priests in England, anyone of whom I would rather see promoted to the primacy than myself; for if by any chance I were appointed, knowing my lord the King previously so well, I should be driven either to lose his favor or (which Heaven forbid) to sacrifice the service of God."

We are shown also that Becket felt no personal animosity toward the King, in his scrupulous protection of Rosamond and her child, and his constant love for the young Prince Henry. That his bitter hostility to Henry came from principle and not from prejudice, in the words,

"Cursed Fitzurse and the rest of them
That sow this hate between my lord and me."

Finally, we are shown that though Becket was ambitious, he was a man. He never, save in one instance, wavered in the performance of what he believed to be his duty, and then even as Peter, he repented bitterly, muttering:

"False to myself—it is the will of God
To break me, prove me nothing of myself.
This almoner hath tasted Henry's gold,
The Cardinals have fingered Henry's gold,
And Rome is venal even to rottenness.
I see it, I see it.

"I am no soldier as he said—at least
No leader. Herbert, till I hear from the Pope
I will suspend myself from all functions
If fast and prayer, the lacerating scourge—"

Having apparently relieved himself by thus giving vent to his feelings, he seemed to recover his former soldier-like bearing, and hurled like a thunderbolt into the face of an angered King the words

"When Kings but hold by crowns,
The crowd that hungers for a
Crown in Heaven
Is my true King."

At the last moment he faltered not, and like a pillar of state faced his murderers with

"No traitor to the King, but Priest of
God
Primate of England."

In a general estimate of Becket's character, it must be borne in mind that easily within his reach were wealth, luxury, honor, the control of the whole English realm. It was supposed at his appointment as Archbishop that he would play the same part as did Cardinal Wolsey. Let us remember that these things were with-

in his grasp; and had he been actuated merely by the desire of worldly fame, such would have been his career. Wolsey served his King and fell regretting his course. Becket served his God and fell, yet, in his last moment rejoicing in his career. Then how much nobler was Becket than Wolsey?

THE SWITCH GUARD.

(Translated from the Spanish of José de Castello y Soriano by
HORACE E. FLACK.)

I.

Civilization also has its slaves. The slavery of tyranny has been succeeded by the slavery of liberty.

Whoever doubts this, has certainly not been acquainted with John, the switch guard. Forever joined to the road, forming an integral part of it, he appeared to be rather a mechanical instrument than a man. In the age of iron he would have been a servant of the soil; in the age of steam he was a servant of the rail.

He knew no more of the world than the narrow space in which he passed his days. Two high and unequal walls of granite surrounded him, under his feet a piece of ground, long and narrow, furrowed by nerves of steel, which issued from one tunnel in order to conceal themselves in another, as if it were a prey disputed by the black threatening mouth of the tunnels, and above his head was a strip of sky in which appeared, with kindly intent, the sun and stars, the rays of the moon and the lightnings of the tempest, breaking the monotony of that sepulchral vault.

In legendary times one would have thought that a crowd of monsters falling from the sky had opened that way by dint of gnawing into the living rock.

Upon a hillock of sand, where the foot sank in walking, rose a hut of wood about large enough to serve with ease as a kennel for a shepherd-dog, a kind of sentry-box painted black, narrower at the base than at the top, which from a distance might have been taken for a coffin

in a vertical position. There lived John as lives the bare trunk of a tree in the far-away nook of the mountains.

No one thought of him, nor did he think of anyone. Rough and unkempt, faithful to his duties, with no thought of the future or remembrance of the past, with mind and sight confined within those immense walls which served as an insuperable barrier to the way, he was nevertheless one of the greatest of heroes. His heroism was of that kind which is developed in the impenetrable secrecy of an isolated existence, neither receiving the caresses of fortune nor soliciting the applause of the world; a heroism which springs from the depth of an unfortunate soul, and knows how to succumb without troubling the powerful with his complaints or exciting compassion with his cries.

Always attentive to the slightest noise, watching while others slept, cast by civilization upon a rock, he suffered the severities of fate by serving as a watchman and guard to the travellers who glided frantically through space on the wings of steam without any other connection with the earth than the two bands of steel, which, in fantastic windings, hid themselves in the bowels of the mountains, wound up the lofty summits, or twisted playfully and boldly on the border of the abyss or over the rushing streams.

There sounds the far-away whistle of the locomotive, John runs to his post, and the trains pass by him emitting sparks of fire and deafening the air with the reverberations of their roar, allowing neither time nor occasion to take in the details of those diabolical monsters which dazed his sight, and, issuing from one tunnel to enter another, uttered infernal snortings, as if to take

breath in the open air, and then to continue their subterranean course.

He cared for the switches with as much care as a father would his children, and, on opening the lever, it appeared to him that he clasped a friendly hand. When a light pressure was not sufficient to switch the trains, good John could be seen laughing at his servants with an energy and lordly air worthy of a station-master of the first class.

Overcome by sleep in the hot summer nights, he would throw himself down near the road with his ear placed upon the rail in order that the far-away vibrations of the train might awaken him. How many with less good fortune than he have thus slept their last sleep! The serrated knife of the train severed their heads just as the feudal lord beheaded his vassals upon the block.

He saw a year pass with the same tranquillity as a train, and the years and the trains always found the switch guard of the tunnel steadfast at his post, with his gray hair, dark green eyes, tanned face, dark trousers, blue blouse, and the red cap with gold lace, the inseparable companion of a head which never noticed the difference between the rains of January and the sun of August.

The only thing about the switch guard which ever varied was the object destined to be displayed in his hand at the passing of the train. The least important thing was his person; that of most importance was his flag and lantern.

When the flag was rolled up the train would pass with confidence and disdain. The road was clear. If the flag unfolded to the breeze was green, the train would slacken its speed and continue its way with caution. If a red flag was displayed, the monster would stop in alarm be-

fore the streak of blood which waved in its sight, announcing the nearness of danger.

John's importance was, however, absolutely unknown by all those who participated in his benefits. Never was greater disdain endured with greater self-denial. And on seeing those cyclops with a red eye issuing from one cavern to another, and passing and repassing in front of his hut, it never occurred to him to cry out: "Ah! run . . . fly! I must remain motionless that you may move. If you see new horizons, I must confine myself within this sepulchre. You are liberty; I am order. A slight contraction of my hand would be sufficient to turn the great engines of the modern road into blind and terrible instruments of destruction and death.

"Continue your course without noticing me; do not stop, go by confidently, I am watching over you. You have nothing to fear; the most humble slave of civilization will never falter at his post."

But John was a switch guard from his birth and nothing of this kind could occur to him, nor was it really necessary. It was sufficient that he knew how to attend to the custody, the preservation and the management of the switches, and nothing more.

One night, after the departure of an express train which had stopped a few moments on account of an unforeseen accident, as John proceeded to his hut, he stumbled upon a bundle. Near the road, badly wrapped in an elegant shawl, he found a newly-born child.

Taking advantage, doubtless, of the stopping of the train, some soulless person had resolved to commit the horrible crime of abandoning the innocent creature, exposing it to the painful alternative of dying of hunger, or of being picked up by strange yet charitable hands.

John carried the child to his hut and experienced strange and unknown sensations. There occurred to him for the first time in his life the idea that any one could sleep better upon a bench than upon a stone, and he even added his cloak as a mattress upon the wood, in order to lessen the hardness of the improvised bed.

The child woke up on feeling the honest warmth of that humble hut, and the chill gradually disappeared from the little limbs.

The next day the number of living beings of the hut was increased by a goat. John provided for the unfortunate child a mother more worthy of being so than the one who had cast it upon the stones of the road.

The little boy was named Johnny after its adopted father; but the few employes of the railroad who knew him, called him by the number of the train which had brought him to that place; they named him "Ninety-three."

That beautiful creature with golden hair, rosy complexion and blue eyes, was for John's world a ray of light, vivifying and illuminating. The rough nature of the switch-guard was soon agitated by strange sensations.

The routine of mechanical work, a material and monotonous life, had surrounded John, as it were, with a bark harder than that of oaks; but the sight of the poor abandoned angel penetrated the rough surface, revealing the existence of a heart; his feeling overflowed in torrents, inundating his whole being. No longer did he sleep upon the sand nor remained mute whole days with expressionless face and senseless soul. He awoke from his mental sleep, and awoke with the activity which a long rest is accustomed to produce.

Never was purer pleasure felt with greater intensity

than John's pleasure on holding in his arms his adopted child.

The beautiful creature grew as grows the flower of the fields confined in the cleft of a rock. The first time the child laughed, was the first time that John wept.

One evening the child was playing before the hut, jumping over the rails as the little birds sport in the branches of the trees. The dull rumbling of a train sounded in the bowels of the mountains; the switch guard, calling the child, ran to his post; but Johnny, instead of fearfully taking refuge in his father's arms, rushed in the opposite direction, running and shouting, while he waved his little arms in the act of awaiting, for the first time without fear, the arrival of the snorting locomotive.

The father cried, the child laughed, and suddenly, enveloped in smoke, the train appeared in the mouth of the tunnel. It was "93." John's hands hesitated, a convulsive tremor seized all his limbs, torments of death invaded his heart, and waves of fire rushed through his head. The child had seated himself upon the very track which the train was to run over. Nothing was easier for John than to turn the monster aside from the innocent victim which it was about to destroy, and to hurl it into the path of destruction and death, and save the beautiful child.

Did that thought pass through the mind of the switch guard? Will the hands accustomed for so many years to the routine duty of performing the same act at the same hour and under identical circumstances refuse to accomplish such a design? God knows! All we know is that the train passed as passes the foot of man over the turf without observing the little flower which he destroys and grinds to dust, and that a frightful curse

filled the surrounding space, reverberating in the mountain caves, while the unhappy switch guard picked up from the sand of the road the bloody fragments of the only being whom he had loved in the world.

In that terrible instant the implacable voice of the tyrant of those dominions sounded again in the opposite direction. The force of duty mechanically called John back to his post. With eyes filled with tears, with face bespattered with blood, and pressing the dead body of his child upon his heart, he reached the switches, and on seeing the locomotive approach, he extended his arms towards the road holding in his hand a red flag rolled up.

The train passed—passed ostentatiously with the sound of merry laughter and outbursts of song, but no one noticed the poor slave.

The road was clear.

A TRUE CONFEDERATE.

W. H. PACE.

All was quiet in camp. The soldiers, fatigued from a hard day's march, were peacefully sleeping around the smouldering fires while the smoke curled lazily up to the star-lit heavens. The steady tramp of the faithful guards could be faintly heard in the distance.

General R—— and his staff were diligently planning their mode of attack on the Southern army, when they were suddenly disturbed by the sharp cry of "Halt; who goes there?" which rang out on the still night air. Presently two guards appeared dragging between them the prostrate form of a Confederate soldier. His youthful face, over-shadowed by golden locks, and his slight form, straightway attracted the attention of the General. As the soldiers, in the presence of their superior, saluted and came to attention, he addressed them:

"Well, sirs, whom have you there?"

"A spy sir," was the reply.

"A spy, why that's lucky. How and where did you capture him?"

"We captured him stealing past the line, sir. How we captured him you can plainly see, sir," pointing to an ugly gash just over the youth's eye.

"I am sorry you were forced to hurt him, but nevertheless he is a valuable captive and you did your duty. Doctor," turning to the handsome young physician of the regiment, "see if you can't do something for our friend. Meanwhile, gentlemen, we will continue our work."

The process of reviving the youth was long and tedious

as the wound was a dangerous one. However, the young physician worked faithfully over his patient until his labors were rewarded by signs of returning life.

Opening his eyes the spy looked around him in a dazed manner.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"Why, sir, you are in the camp of General R—— of the Federal army, and I am sorry to tell you that you are his prisoner. But cheer up and don't worry, you will soon be all right."

"All right? What do you mean by all right, sir?"

Then for the first time he noticed that he was covered from head to foot with blood.

"Yes, yes, I remember now. It was a hard fight, but they were too strong for me. I would—," but here he was interrupted by a messenger stating that General R—— would like to see the prisoner. And once more he was conducted into the General's tent.

"Well, my good fellow, will you be so kind as to tell me what you were doing stealing into our camp after nightfall?"

"Serving my country, sir," was the reply.

"Serving your country? Well, my friend, I am afraid you will never serve your country again. The next person you serve will be Old Nick and his country, according to my way of thinking."

"I would much rather serve him than a Yankee general, sir."

"Look here, young man, you are in a rather peculiar position to talk to one who has the power of taking or preserving your life."

"Sir, I know you have the power of taking my life, but you have not the power of making me a Yankee."

"If you will serve the Federal government, I will give you a captain's commission and spare your life."

At this remark, the youth turned pale with anger. Shaking his clenched fist at the smiling general, he said :

"You d—d old scoundrel ; you not only try to scare me, but you also insult me, because I am your prisoner, and therefore helpless. I would rather die the death of a spy than to live with the thought that I was a traitor to my country. You can take my life, but my honor you can not take !"

"All right, suit yourself. Captain, see that this man meets the fate of a spy to-morrow at daybreak. Away with him."

As the prisoner and his guards turned to leave, the general was heard to say :

"Lord, that was a plucky boy. What could I do if I had an army like him !"

The young man was then put into an old log cabin which served as the prison. Here he lay all night weeping, singing, and reading his well-worn Bible in turn.

He thought of his old mother at home praying for him. He thought of his father and brothers who, like himself, had cast their lot with the South. While thus he was thinking, he did not forget the face of his true Southern girl, who had whispered so many words of encouragement to him, and whom he had loved for many years.

Unbuttoning his ragged coat, he ripped the lining and took out a letter which looked much the worse for reading. Opening it, he read the few lines it contained:

MY DARLING JACK:

Now that I have the chance, I thought I would write to you and assure you that I love you better than my life.

Do your duty to your country and never shirk it on account of fear. When you return I will have everything ready for our marriage. Good-bye.

Lovingly,

JANNETTE.

"She little knew that the marriage of which she speaks would never take place. Bless her, she is nearer an angel than any other living creature I have ever seen. How sad she will be when she hears of my death."

Kneeling, he offered up a humble prayer to his Maker to protect her with his ever willing hand, and at last bring them together in heaven.

Here his thoughts were interrupted by the sound of voices and of the regular "thump" of the spade as it went into the ground.

"Well, it seems they are digging my grave out there. Nice thing to think about, I must say; but I am as ready to die as they are to kill me. I am getting mighty tired of this world anyhow. If I could only carry Jannette along with me, I would be completely happy. Well, here they come. My time is about up."

Just then the door was unlocked and his guards of the night before stepped in, accompanied by the same little captain.

"Sir, I have come to read your death warrant."

"Proceed," was the reply.

He listened intently while it was being read and showed no excitement, not even when he was ordered to come out.

Just to one side of the prison stood the regiment which looked more like statues than living men. In front of the regiment facing the grave, General R—— sat composedly on his fiery horse. As the prisoner advanced he asked:

"Well, my friend, do you still think you would rather die than to except my offer?"

"Sir, I have refused your offer once and I also refuse it a second time. I will die, sir."

"Then proceed with the execution, captain."

For the first time Jack, for such was his name, showed signs of fear. But he walked to his place with a steady step. Not once did he speak while his hands and feet were being tied.

As he was placed with his back to the grave, ten men stepped from the front ranks and took their places before him.

"Is there anything you would like to say?"

"Nothing, sir."

The General then fell back behind the chosen ten and, as Jack looked down the brazen throats of ten rifles, gave the order in a clear steady voice. "Ready—aim, fire," The ten rifles sounded as but one.

Never a word spoke Jack, but falling backward into his grave was forever shut from the gaze of men.

SHELLEY'S PROMETHEUS UNBOUND.

BY O—.

Prometheus Unbound is at once distinguished by a fearless and unusual idealism. The scene of the poem is not in the material world, but in an unknown region far beyond the soul of man. The personages in the play may be considered as vast abstractions, though dim yet luminous. They seem to hover about us, successively appearing and vanishing. Like Spenser's Faery Queen, the poem seems to transport us to a world beyond reality, "where," as has been said, "forms of visionary beauty speak to us, not of concrete human life, but of ethical and spiritual truth."

Prometheus Unbound is not only mythological, but it is a myth. Prometheus, Asia, Panthea, and Ione, indeed all the actors, in the drama are merely personifications of abstract qualities, and the entire action underlying the play is spiritual, though outwardly natural.

The play was written in 1819, thus coming in the greatest cycle of English poetry after the Elizabethan age. Its youthful brightness can be explained only by a critical study of the period, for the true inspiration of a true poet is derived from the passions and the ideals of history. The poem can be best understood if we recognize the true expression of the form of the new democracy. The ideas inspiring it were the germs created by the Revolution of 1789. This is brought out in the following lines:

"The heaven around, the earth below
Was peopled with thick shapes of human death,
All horrible, and wrought by human hands,
And some appeared the work of human hearts,
For men were slowly killed by frowns and smiles:
And other sights too foul to speak and live
Were wandering by."

At no other time and by no other man than Shelley could Prometheus Unbound have been written. Mr. Scudder very aptly says:

"The drama is in truth the perfect symbolic reflection of the conceptions of the new democracy, alike in their strength and in their weakness. We shall find it vague where the Revolution was vague, crude where the Revolution was crude—that is, in the intellectual philosophy; we shall find it great where the Revolution was great—that is, in its spiritual ideal."

Shelley's convictions are broadly democratic and communistic. His disposition is nothing short of anarchical; the dominant passion in his life is that of liberty, and to him liberty means an entire absence of law. He rebels against authority, and believes in his soul that only by the overthrow of all governments can the happiness of mankind be established. Mr. Scudder continues:

"Fitting it is and beautiful that to Shelley, of all the hierarchy of poets then living, should have been given the mission of perfectly reflecting the dawn of the new cosmic day. Fair in undying youth, his figure stands before us, its bright and ardent purity undimmed by the breath of years. Shelley's abrupt and early death is, we may almost say, the inevitable conclusion of a life whose work it was to render for us the eager thought, the ardent faith of adolescence. The sober and practical

temper of middle life, the meditative calm of age, were never to touch his buoyant spirit. He heralded the sunrise; and his task was over when he had sung his hymn of welcome."

A study of the myth is one of the most interesting features of *Prometheus Unbound*. It is described by Shelley thus :

"Child of light ! thy limbs are burning
Through the vest which seems to hide them,
As the radiant lines of morning
Through their clouds, ere they divide them ;
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest."

The myth is in many places obscure, and this obscurity may be ascribed to the fact that it conceals in revealing. We are transported to the very confines of the sense-world, but never quite cross the limit. "The imagination suggests everywhere what the intellect can not define."

The starting-point is the old story of Prometheus, as described by Aeschylus. The play opens with the Titan bound to a crag of Mt. Caucasus to atone for the sin of thwarting the will of Jupiter. The first act has been fitly termed the "Torture of Prometheus." Here the climax of his bitter punishment shall be attained. He experiences not only physical but mental torture. The following gives an insight into the state of his feelings :

"No change, no pause, no hope ! Yet I endure.
I ask the Earth, have not the mountains felt ?
I ask you, Heaven, the all-beholding Sun,
Has it not seen ? The Sea in storm or calm,
Heaven's ever-changing Shadow, spread below,
Have its deaf waves not heard my agony ?
Ah me ! Alas, pain, pain ever, for ever !

The crawling glaciers pierce me with the spears
 Of their moon-freezing crystals; the bright chains
 Eat with their burning cold into my bones.
 Heaven's winged hound, polluting from thy lips
 His beak in poison not his own, tears up
 My heart; and shapeless sights come wandering by,
 The ghostly people from the realm of dream,
 Mocking me." * * * *

Hatred now leaves his soul, and he calls on all his attendant spirits to repeat his curse that he may revoke it. At length the phantasm of Jupiter appears, and utters the dread words. Jupiter hearing this, sends Mercury to exact the secret and loose him, but receives only scorn. He yields not, and is again assailed by a host of furies from hell.

The second act is called the "Journey of Asia." Around her now centers the action of the play. Her mission is one of both endurance and action, and by action she is to redeem the world. She sees first a "Vision of Fulfilment," or Prometheus set free. The second a "Dream of Progress," or the redemption of the world. The description of her travels is inimitable—especially of the secret abyses of "Being," and the descent into the awful cave of Demogorgon vividly recalls the descent of Faust into the "Mothers." Again, in the consummation of the play, we see Asia and Panthea transported in a fiery chariot, and suddenly Asia is transfigured before us.

The climax of the spiritual drama is reached in the apotheosis of Asia. In the third act Jupiter marries Thetis, and the dread prophecy is fulfilled in the downfall of Jupiter and the liberation of Prometheus.

"Like a cloud his enemy above
 Darkens his fall, with victory."

Prometheus may be regarded as humanity in the concrete. He is oppressed by Jupiter who has obtained power through him: yet Jupiter is not to be regarded as a type of the devil. "He stands for all those institutions, civil and religious, which were once the true expression of the will of man, but which as the centuries have passed become effete forms, still powerful to bind, and with an innate tendency to repress progress." These few lines serve as a clue to his character:

"Those foul shapes, abhorred by God and man,
Which under many a name and many a form,
Strange, savage, ghastly, dark, and execrable,
Were Jupiter, the tyrant of the world."

The crudities of *Prometheus Unbound* are due to the Revolution, as is also its strength. It is in truth a "Drama of Hope," and the time may yet come when a "new Shelley shall write for a rejoicing world a 'Drama of Fulfilment.'"

As a literary production *Prometheus Unbound* stands out a masterpiece. Shelley is indeed a poet of action, and his constant restlessness renders him the interpreter of everything that is active, both in nature and in the mind of man. All his poetry is impregnated with his own personality, and no other of his works so aptly expresses his nature as the *Prometheus Unbound*. His sensitiveness and idealism are poignant in every line, and he sees the drama like

"The sea in a storm or calm,
Heaven's ever-changing shadow spread below."

In the *Prometheus Unbound* Shelley's highest power is revealed, and Matthew Arnold's assertion that a "high architectonic faculty must always accompany complete poetic development," is in the highest degree applicable

to him. Not only is the play pleasing and melodious, but in it is breathed the power that is characteristic of the man. For instance, who but Shelley can write such powerful and perfect lines as,

"Nailed to this wall of eagle-baffling mountain
Black, wintry, dead, unmeasured,"

or

"Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of Immortality."

The descriptions and metaphors in *Prometheus Unbound* are unexcelled in literature.

"See where the child of Heaven with winged feet
Runs down the slanted sunlight of the dawn."

In speaking of the dire secret which holds the fate of Jupiter, Mercury bids Prometheus

"Clothe it in words, and bid it clasp his throne
In intercession."

Panthea, speaking to the Earth, says:

"Look, sister, where a troop of spirits gather,
Like flocks of clouds in spring's delightful weather
Thronging in the blue air."

Asia, as she addresses Panthea, uses one of the finest metaphors in any language:

"Methought among the lawns together
We wandered, underneath the young gray dawn,
And multitudes of dense white fleecy clouds
Were wandering in thick flocks along the mountains,
Shepherded by the slow unwilling winds,
* * * on the shadows of the morning clouds
Athwart the purple mountain slope was written
Follow, O, Follow."

As a summary, Mr. Scudder says:

"We see that the poetic power of Shelley, as manifested in the *Prometheus Unbound*, is distinct and very

high. The hold on concrete human life of Shakespeare or a Browning he does not possess; nor was there granted to him the serene insight of Wordsworth, nor the philosophic method of Tennyson. But his exquisitely equipped temperament, sensitive in every fibre, enabled him to express those finest aspects of emotion where rapture and sorrow blend. He has the power to sing melodies which seem the echoes of unearthly music, while his imaginative passion and spiritual insight reveal to him the solemn vision of human destiny, and the redemption that shall be."

THE CONTENT AND SCOPE OF BIOLOGY.

BY W. L. POTEAT.

The year 1860 may be regarded as the birth-date of biology in the modern sense of it. It is true that even from the time of the wise king of Israel living things had been observed in more or less of the scientific spirit. From Aristotle onward treatises still extant made their appearance with increasing frequency and fulness of biological material and a diminishing modicum of myth, down to the middle of the present century. This work was important, and, for the most part, creditable to the workers. But its importance was mainly that of bringing together the materials of the coming structure, of preparing the way for the noble science which would relate and systematize this collection of facts.

The year 1838 is a memorable one in biological annals, for a stage was then reached which conditioned all subsequent development. The German botanist Schleiden reached in that year the generalization that the structure of all plants is made up of minute individual portions or vesicles which he called cells, and, further, that the observed diversities of these cells are but the typical forms progressively modified during the growth of the plant. In a conversation with his friend Schwann, the physiologist, on this subject, Schwann seemed to recall a trace of the same architecture in certain animal structures. He went away to test the suggestion, and from his voyage of discovery he returned the next year with spoils which extended to the world of animals, the cell structure demonstrated in the world of plants.

Brilliant as was this achievement of the cell theory,

its joint-founders paid little attention to what we now know to be the essential part of their "little vesicles," or boxes, namely, their fluid contents; they mistook the mode of cell formation, and failed to perceive the nature and powers of the cell substance. But these matters were taken up by other men, and constitute even to-day the most fascinating field of biological research. In 1846 Von Mohl, observing the uniform character of the substance in all plant cells, deemed it worthy of a specific name, and called it *Protoplasm*. About four years later Remak and Cohn declared that this protoplasm of the plant cell was identical with the substance of the animal cell, to which the name *Sarcode* had been applied. But the distinction of demonstrating in detail this identity of Protoplasm and Sarcode was reserved for Max Schultze in 1860.

At the same time with this study of the minute structure of living beings, but quite independently of it, another line of inquiry was pressing forward to the establishment of an epoch-making doctrine. I refer, of course, to the doctrine of evolution. This inquiry had slight need of the microscope. It concerned itself only with the gross anatomy, relationships, and distribution of animals and plants. The field, not the laboratory, was its theatre. Its beginnings lie far back in the pre-Christian centuries. It takes its rise, indeed, contemporaneously with the first efforts of the Greek physicists, in the sixth century before Christ, to substitute a natural for the mythological explanation of things. Inasmuch as during the Middle Ages the church was the guardian of all learning, we should expect to find the continuation of this noble conception in the Christian theologians; and Gregory of Nyssa, in the fourth century; Augustine, the

father of the Latin theology, in the fifth; Thomas Aquinas in the thirteenth, and Bruno in the sixteenth, stand forth in the honorable succession of the Greek philosophers, as custodians of the evolution idea. From this point allusions multiply and expand into discussions, and some of the philosophers, as Leibnitz (1646-1716), pass from noting the gradations between species of animals to apply the evolution principle to the sum of things. But the most important name from Aristotle to Darwin is Lamarck, whose *Philosophical Zoology*, published in 1809, is the first elaborate exposition of the means, or factors of evolution, as applied to the origin of living forms. He died in extreme poverty and total blindness, bearing the heavier burden of social and scientific ostracism on account of his transmutation theory. Let us hope that he found solace in anticipating the verdict of the centuries against the hours. Certainly he is now come into his reward, for a school of biologists, with no less a figure than Herbert Spencer at their head, are to-day called by his name.

Lamarck proffered the gage in such terms as enforced its acceptance, and from his time naturalists were divided on the question whether the higher organisms were derived by descent with modification from the lower. There were warm debates among them—debates which continued with varying fortunes down to the publication of *The Origin of Species*, by Charles Darwin, in 1859. That splendid product of a great mind, brooding for years on an enormous mass of facts, practically closed the question, and won at once the almost unanimous assent of the naturalists of the world.

These two generalizations—the Protoplasm theory, comprehending in one view all varieties of animal and

plant structure, and the Evolution theory, unifying them in the mode of their origin—constitute the foundation of modern biology. They grew apart, but came to full age at practically the same time, and together made an epoch.

It appears, accordingly, that biology is one of the youngest in the sisterhood of the sciences. The extreme complexity of its subject-matter delayed its development. It had to wait, moreover, upon the improvement of its great instrument, the microscope, and of microscopical technique. But when it did present itself at last with wide eyes and the mien of organized victory, it compensated for the lateness of its coming by the stir which it made. The revolution which it precipitated is hardly yet composed in the new equilibrium.

Biology is the science of the phenomena of life. Of course, life phenomena are exhibited in both plants and animals, which alike, therefore, supply material to the biologist's hand. Whether his specimen fall in the animal or the plant series is often a secondary question, and need not be raised. Further, he may select it indifferently from this or that group of either series. In short, he is primarily concerned with living matter—protoplasm—that "physical basis," apart from which, in the present order, the phenomena of life never emerge. And inasmuch as protoplasm always occurs in individual masses for which the name "cell" is still retained, the biologist may be said to occupy himself first and last with the cell. Now, with very few exceptions cells are too small to be seen with the naked eye, many of them require the higher powers of the microscope to bring them within the range of vision. Poor biologist! you will say. What limitation of horizon! what contraction of interests!

Excuse me if I say that this sympathy is more creditable to your generosity than appropriate to his need. Ten-nyson's thought is truer. In the familiar lines to the little flower which he holds in his hand, he says :

" If I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

The biologist concentrates still further. Fixing attention upon any one of the myriad cells which compose the structure and do the work of the little plant, he might even of that tiny world employ the language of the poet. For the cell is the miniature of Nature. It is the focus where all her forces meet to do her finest work ; and if ever we come upon that elusive wizard Life, he will be found hiding amid the intricacies of this microscopic bit of protoplasm.

Though so exquisite in the complexity of its architecture, though so refined in its substance, the cell can not break with its past. Its "dust" lineage is ineffaceably written in the symbols of its chemical composition. It is ordinary matter in the living state for the time. On the other hand, it has an upward look toward that which, in the rude classifications of our ignorance, we call the antithesis of matter. It runs a track closely parallel to that of consciousness, within speaking distance and the range of reciprocal influence. The cell supplies the labyrinthine pathways over which thought flashes, and is sensitive to its most ethereal and transient contact.

It must be apparent that the biologist stands at the heart of things. The sciences which deal with the forces and properties of lifeless nature run rapidly up to their highest elaboration in the science of living nature. All

the other sciences, not excepting even the purely formal and abstract science of mathematics, owe their development, if not, indeed, their foundations, to the marvellous capacities of protoplasm. The problems of philosophy, the mother of sciences, are at bottom biological problems, for its quest is the explanation of the phenomena of life.

But the second conception mentioned as fundamental in the content of modern biology is even more widely connected than the protoplasm conception. Indeed, there is no single object or phenomenon which is independent of the process of evolution. That process is, in brief, the process of becoming. The present is the child of the past, in the case of the individual organism, the tribe, the race, the earth on which it lives, or the sun which energizes all. History is not a succession of events or stages, as of links in a chain, having no other relation than that of contact. The antecedent events or stages are in great part the causes of those which follow. The endless variety of animal and plant forms which brighten and beautify our world, has arisen by descent with slight modification from more and more simple forms through long ages. The same law of gradual growth holds in the realm of mind also. As we rise in the scale of organized life the nervous system acquires greater and greater complexity, and distinctively mental traits emerge into greater and greater prominence, until we arrive at the highest term of this marvellous series, the mind of Plato or of Shakespeare. Take another step, and see the same law obeyed in the multiform activities in which the human mind expresses itself. Thomas Hobbes said that great "Leviathan," the commonwealth or state, was but an artificial man, constructed by human skill. We

now know that individual men could no more construct a state than they could originate themselves. "Constitutions are not made; they grow." Throughout all its ramifications, in its main outlines and its minutest details, society is a growth, not a manufacture. And that highest function of mind—its response to the call of the Universal Spirit who guides this progress and supplies the energy of this upward tendency—religion itself, has developed out of rude and germinal beginnings. The revelation of God has been of necessity progressive as being conditioned by the stage of human culture which received it.

I do not hesitate to say that the blessing of this new view is incalculable. Nature is transfigured before us, being conceived of no longer as static, but as dynamic and vital. The intellectual satisfaction of finding unity and harmony in the room of the most distressing confusion is a superlative advantage. We have here at last some light on the problem of evil which has clouded our sky, dragged heavily upon our aspirations, and too often mocked into inactivity our best endeavors with prophecies of defeat. And there is, besides, the stimulating vision of a goal which convicts pessimism of short-sightedness, for it will explain and justify the long and painful path behind us.

But our debt to biological evolution is not all told in this catalogue of blessings. It has been a guide and stimulus to research in all departments of inquiry. Professor Huxley is altogether right in saying that the most potent instrument for the extension of the realm of natural knowledge which has come into men's hands since the publication of Newton's *Principia* is Darwin's *Origin of Species*. Even in spheres not distinctively scientific,

the contagion of the biological method has proved a veritable "elixir of life," and history, language, and literature have been born again in the impact of the evolution idea.

It is not surprising, therefore, it was indeed inevitable, that this young life science, with its universal relations and its ramifications down to the roots of things, should impose the necessity of revision upon every formulated body of doctrine, whether observational, experimental, or intuitional. Here is the source of the tremendous energy which, in the last forty years, has burst in upon every branch of knowledge with the thrill of new vitality.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

E. W. TIMBERLAKE, Jr, Editor.

The contest is over and Trinity has the The Debate. Cup. As to the result, we have no apologies to offer, neither have we any regrets to express. Whether or not our representatives upheld the record made by Wake Forest in former contests and elsewhere, we leave to the judgment of those who heard the debate. We do not mean to criticise the judges, nor have we for one moment entertained the idea that they decided contrary to their convictions; however, we deem it admissible to state that we do think the judges went beyond their function in allowing their personal knowledge to enter into the decision. We think we are safe in saying that this is the sentiment of all who heard the debate, and in order to do the judges no injustice we quote their exact language:

"The decision arrived at is not unanimous, but is acquiesced in by one and is the judgment of the other two. The rules require that the decision should depend upon argument and not oratory. We are chiefly embarrassed by the fact that the question was argued from

two different points of view; consequently the judges have been compelled to rely largely upon their own knowledge of the state of affairs in South Carolina. But without entering into the argument, I will say, that while Wake Forest indicated greatest merit in oratory, we must yield the palm for argument, and hence the Cup, to Trinity."

Again, we do not intend to criticise Trinity, for her representatives defended their side of the question nobly, and since the judges of the contest have given them the trophy, though we do not agree with them in their decision, we cannot blame Trinity for accepting it. Our representatives have performed their duty; they have covered themselves with glory; we are entirely satisfied with their work, and in behalf of the College and of the friends of the College, we desire to express to them our appreciation of their efforts.

There is only one criticism we have to pass upon the debate. That is, the decision based on argument alone. The *Recorder* very aptly says:

"Relying upon their knowledge of the facts, Trinity's argument was the better. Perhaps it did not occur to the judges that Wake Forest deserved some credit for making so good an argument with the facts—as seen by the judges—against them."

Oratory, appearance, in fact the whole presentation of a side should decide the contest.

But, boys, another Thanksgiving is coming next year, and though our debaters went down in a glorious defeat this time, let us set to work with the determination to bring back the Cup in a still more glorious victory.

The Conven-
tion. We note with pleasure the large number of delegates who attended the annual session of the Baptist State Convention in Raleigh last month. For several days before the appointed time for this gathering of Baptists, the trains were crowded with passengers from all parts of the State. A renewed interest and zeal has been taken up throughout the State, and the Convention of 1900 is generally considered one of the greatest and most interesting in the history of the denomination.

Within the last decade the progress of the Baptist Church has been marked. It has increased in numbers, and its spirit has been chiefly characterized by its zeal in education and in foreign and home missions. Wake Forest College has been strengthened in every respect, her endowment has grown, and her enrollment of students increased one-third. In addition, the Female University has been built and shows a present enrollment of two hundred and twenty-five.

In regard to mission work, the success of the North Carolina Baptists has been remarkable. There is not a county in the State that has not a Baptist church, and each year sees new churches organized as mission stations, which soon become self-supporting. To-day we have more foreign missionaries than ever before, and the work they are carrying on is such that must satisfy the most pessimistic mind.

We merely make the above statements to show the great work being done by North Carolina Baptists. However, the men who are doing this work cannot live always, and the continuance of it will devolve upon the generation that is to follow. Young men of the Baptist denomination, prepare yourselves for the work you have

to perform, for the record you have to uphold, and the name you have to sustain; so that at the end of the next decade your efforts may be crowned with as glorious success as were those of the noble men who will have passed away.

The chief question of interest now in Congress is whether the United States army shall be increased to one hundred thousand men. This is a vital point at this particular time. The United States has taken a position among the powers of the world, and whether she shall maintain it or not is a question. It seems to us that she cannot now, under the circumstances, retire. The late war has beyond all doubt proved her superiority as a nation, and in order to maintain her prestige among the world powers an army is requisite. The bill provides for only one hundred thousand men, and this is small in proportion to our population and resources as compared with the other powers. It is not so much an issue of politics and political parties, but rather concerns directly the United States as a nation. While one may not agree with the President in his expansion policy, yet the administration has been sustained, and now the passage of the bill is a wise measure.

The future of China is a question of all-absorbing interest, and is a source of various speculations among the press of all countries. Likewise the changes which are continually taking place, render the problem more and more difficult of solution.

There is a widespread newspaper criticism of the position taken by the powers. The late Anglo-German alliance, formed with a view toward maintaining Chinese territorial integrity, and toward holding open all rivers and ports of the Empire is a wise step, though it is by no means assured that the other powers will acquiesce. The demands that the treaty shall insist upon the payment of pecuniary indemnities to the powers, upon the demolition of the forts between Peking and the coast, upon the absolute prohibition of the importation of munitions of war into China, and a guarantee from the government that there shall be no renewal of an anti-foreign outbreak, seem to us rather impractical. Especially so is the demand of \$600,000,000 indemnity. Though the Chinese deserve severe punishment, yet these demands are such that no self-respecting government could assent to. The payment of this enormous indemnity is an impossibility, for it is said that the annual revenues of the Empire amount to only \$75,000,000. The *Baltimore American* says: "If no indemnity can be paid, the only alternative is to take it out in territory, and this will be certain to precipitate a general war, the horrors of which can not be imagined." The *Chicago Journal* says: "If the demands are insisted upon, one of two results must inevitably follow—the utter ruin and bankruptcy of China, or the bloodiest war of any age. The very exorbitance of the demands justifies the belief that they are made without idea of acceptance, but with the aim of forcing a war that would afford excuse for the unlimited plunder of life, land, and treasure." However, other papers take the view that the best policy to adopt would be to place a large indemnity upon the Chinese as a chastisement for their bad behavior, and as a bond for their future good behavior.

With all these various conflicting ideas, we must feel that the days of China as an Empire are drawing toward an early close. She has only herself to blame for her present condition, and need expect little help from her own half-civilized people.

In regard to the question whether the Christian Missions will be abandoned, we do not believe that such will ever be the case. The fidelity, loyalty and heroism displayed throughout the entire trouble is a sufficient guarantee that our missionaries will never desert their posts. The fact that the Catholic Powers have strongholds all through the Empire, with their well-known tenacity, will also stir Protestant denominations to maintain their positions. The interest of our missionaries is there; their duty is there, and, come what may, whether China is partitioned or not, they will remain with an unshaken determination to perform their work.

LITERARY COMMENT.

WINSTON D. ADAMS, Editor.

"A blessing on the printers' art!
Books are the Mentors of the heart.
The burning soul, the burdened mind,
In books alone companions find."



"The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley," by his son Leonard Huxley, have been issued in two volumes with photographic illustrations by Appleton & Co. This work is a graphic story in detail of the life of that famous English author and philosopher who died only a few years ago (in 1895).



One of the most popular books of the past month was that of Professor Flournoy, entitled: "From India to the Planet Mars," translated by Daniel B. Vermilye. It is a striking and puzzling title, which treats of a case of somnambulism. While this work is in a brilliant style it is decidedly scientific, and is said to be "a reliable contribution to experimental Psychology."



"On the Wings of Occasion" is the title of a volume of stories by Joel Chandler Harris, and published by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. The Civil War furnishes the occasion of all of them, and a certain prominent literary critic sums them up by saying that "aside from Uncle Remus, the author has not written anything better than this collection of fine stories."



Occasionally we are reminded even in literature that there was once such a thing as the war in Cuba. The publication, says the *Bookman*, of Stephen Crane's posthumous book "Wounds in the Rain," which is a collection of stories dealing with the Spanish-American War, recalls the premature obituary notices which appeared in the papers nearly four years ago, based on

the report that he had lost his life by drowning while acting as a war correspondent during the Cuban war. However, thanks to Providence and a hen coop, Steven Crane was not drowned after all, but swam ashore and lived to write this very interesting account of his trials and hardships during his stay in the island.



One of the most interesting events in England during the past few months was the celebration of the 100th Anniversary of the birth of Thomas Babington Macaulay, on October 25th, last. Not only is this the birthday of Macaulay, but also that of the incomparable Chaucer. This is quite a coincidence, and one that makes that day especially sacred in the eyes of all English literati.



There has just been completed in two of our great literary magazines, two of the most admirable essays that have ever been written on any subject. The first of these is from the pen of the famous John Morley, treating of Oliver Cromwell, and appeared serially for many months in the *Century Magazine*. The other is by Hamilton W. Mabie, and treats the greatest of English dramatists—Shakespeare. Mr. Mabie is one of the editors of *The Outlook*, in which this essay appeared, and one of the foremost of Shakespearean scholars living. His work does not plunge into the various controversies, but is adapted more especially as a guide for advanced students.



We hope to see within the next few months the first chapters of Mary Johnson's new novel, entitled "Audrey," which is to appear serially in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The scene is said to be laid in Virginia, Miss Johnson's favorite field, and the time is the early 18th century. It is believed that in this, her third story, Miss Johnson has made a distinct artistic advance even over her previous remarkable successes.



"Historic Towns of the Southern States," is the title of a most interesting and entertaining work which deals with a number of interesting cities in the South. It is edited by Lyman

G. Powell, and contains an introduction by Professor William P. Trent, of Columbia University, and formerly of the University of the South. Some of the points of interest treated of are Baltimore, Annapolis, Frederick, Washington, Richmond, Williamsburg, Wilmington, Charleston, Savannah, St. Augustine, and others. Each of these is carefully compiled by a leading man in each city, and they show much painstaking toil and labor. This production is receiving flattering criticisms on all sides, and seems destined to become very instructive and popular.



The Bowen-Merril Company, of Indianapolis, is becoming noted as publishers of books by new writers. To them is due the honor of introducing to the reading public such well-known names as Charles Major, author of "When Knighthood Was In Flower," and Rev. Charles Frederic Goss, the author of that inimitable story, "The Redemption of David Corson." Now two more names have been added to the list—Mr. Lewis How and Mr. Henry Thew Stephenson. Mr. How has recently completed a thrilling romance entitled: "The Penitentes of San Rafael," which treats of the peculiar sect inhabiting the San Luis Valley. Mr. Stephenson is the author of "Patroon Van Valkenberg," a graphic story of the early days of New York."—*Book News*.



In the recent deaths of Charles Dudley Warner and Max Müller, the realms of literature and philology have suffered losses which cannot be estimated. Mr. Warner is associated in our minds with the second generation of New England writers—the generation of Mr. Stedman, Mr. Aldrich, and Colonel Higginson. His one great determination was that "America should do her best," and how well he accomplished it is known to all. Professor Müller, a German by birth and education, but an Englishman by naturalization, belongs to a past generation and stands in a class to himself. There is no reckoning the influence that these two men have exerted in all the departments of thought. To them we owe much, and we should ever keep their aims and ideals fresh in our minds.

Although the subject of the Hall of Fame to be erected by the New York University has been worn threadbare by the magazines and papers recently, we deem it of interest to note the following from the December *Bookman*. In criticising the appointments, it adds: "In literature we must join in a very generally expressed regret that place could not have been made for the name of Edgar Allen Poe. This brilliant genius—the most original of any whom our country has as yet produced—shed a real lustre over the records of our literature at a time when they contained little, save the chronicles of mediocrity; and his fame has grown still brighter with successive years, so that in other countries he is looked upon as having already entered into a far greater Pantheon than any university can give him. It has been suggested that he was excluded because of his well-known habits of intemperance; but we should not like to think that smugness and philistinism had won a triumph such as this; and, for that matter, there are not a few of those whose names were finally selected, the records of whose private life could not pass safely through so little pertinent an act."

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

GEO. T. BRANDON, Editor.

'00. Mr. Jno. Bagley is in the cotton mill business at Roanoke Rapids.

'00. Mr. A. R. Dunning is now practicing law in the city of Wilmington.

'00. Mr. Wayland Cook is practicing law at Greensboro. These men will evidently make a success in their profession.

'87. W. P. Stradley has been practicing law in San Francisco for several years. We now gladly welcome him back to our State.

'99. Mr. R. C. Camp, after spending a year at the University of Chicago, has gone to Germany, and is taking lectures on History at the University of Goettingen.

'99. Mr. W. F. Powell, Principal of Fruitland Institute, reports a prosperous school; the number of students is near two hundred. We are glad to know of his success.

'92. Mr. Charles E. Taylor, Jr., cashier of the Bank of the Wilmington Savings and Trust Co., was recently married, and after his bridal tour visited his people at Wake Forest.

'99. Rev. W. N. Johnson is pastor at Rocky Mount. Mr. Johnson is an orator and also a deep thinker, and with the consecration and faithful work that characterizes him, his flock will be richly fed.

'00. Rev. T. S. Crutchfield is now pastor at North Rocky Mount. Judging from his life and work among the students while at College, the church is blessed with a consecrated man and a noble worker.

'92. Raleigh T. Daniels, cashier of the Weldon Bank, has been very successful in this business. He paid his respects to the College by a visit on the 29th of November, on his way from Raleigh. We extend to him our deepest sympathies for the loss of his wife.

'70. Rev. G. W. Greene, for several years Principal of Moravian Falls Academy, afterward Professor of Latin at Wake Forest College, and for many years a Missionary to China is now at home.

'98. Mr. H. M. Evans is now in his second year at the University of Berlin. He has visited many places of interest during his stay in Europe, among them Paris, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Algiers, Genoa, Turin and Milan, crossed the Mediterranean, the Alps, and visited the Rhone Glacier. He expects to visit Germany during this winter.

The following is a clipping from the *Wilmington Star*:

Public announcement has been made of the formation of a co-partnership for the practice of law between Jno. H. Gore, Jr., Esq., of this city, and Governor Daniel L. Russell, of Raleigh, who, upon his retirement from the gubernatorial chair, will return to Wilmington and resume the practice of his profession here. The style of the new firm will be Russell & Gore, and the co-partnership will be effective after January 1st. The firm will occupy offices in the Allen Building on Princess Street and will be one of the strongest in the State. Mr. Gore, although a young man, is already in the front rank of civil lawyers in the State and already commands a large and growing practice, covering an extensive area in this section of North Carolina.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

JOSEPH Q. ADAMS, Jr., Editor.

EXAMINATIONS—Christmas.

THE WORK of the nineteenth century has closed, but the work of the twentieth century has opened.

MISS DUNN, of Scotland Neck, sister of Mr. Albion Dunn, spent several days*visiting at Mrs. Z. V. Peed's.

MANY OF the delegates attending the Baptist State Convention in Raleigh made short visits to Wake Forest.

MISS KATE COVINGTON, of Monroe, and Miss Stockard, of Raleigh, spent several days visiting Mrs. Simmons.

MISS ANNIE SCOGGINS, of Reidsville, N. C., who is attending the Baptist Female University, spent several days visiting Dr. E. W. Sikes.

PROF. B. F. SLEDD delivered a lecture December 15th before the Baptist Female University at Raleigh. His lecture was greatly enjoyed by the students of that institution.

MR. ROSCOE BARRETT, '00, who is now teaching in the graded schools of Monroe, N. C., came up to attend the debate and spent one day at his *Alma Mater*, visiting old friends.

MISS ANNIE SCARBORO, of Murfreesboro, N. C., spent several days on the Hill visiting Mrs. W. L. Poteat. Miss Scarboro-has a brother in college, Mr. H. V. Scarboro.

REV. MR. VINES, pastor of the First Baptist church, Asheville, N. C., filled the pulpit here Sunday morning of convention week. His sermon was a masterly effort, and was greatly enjoyed by a large audience.

AT THE LAST meeting of the Scientific Society, Dr. Powers read a paper on the malarial mosquito. The discussion was very interesting, bringing out the latest discoveries in the science of medicine.

MISS MARY NEAL, of Reidsville, N. C., a former resident of Wake Forest, came over from the convention and spent several days visiting Mrs. J. B. Carlyle. Her many friends on the Hill were delighted to see her again.

MR. HARRY TRANTHAM, of Camden, S. C., last year's valedictorian, editor of the STUDENT, assistant in English, first baseman of the baseball team, etc., came up to attend the debate in Raleigh, and delighted his many friends at Wake Forest by a short visit. Mr. Trantham is now teaching school in South Carolina, but will return to Wake Forest in the Spring and will take the M. A. degree at the coming Commencement.

PROF. CARLYLE has started a movement among the students to raise fifteen hundred dollars for the purpose of equipping the gymnasium. The effort has met with an enthusiastic reception, and we feel sure the amount will be raised. The building, which is now nearing completion, is one of the handsomest of its kind in the South, and the students should take pride in preserving its apparatus from the raids of vandalism.

THANKSGIVING DAY dawned cloudy and cold. All the forenoon the campus and streets were deserted. At 2 o'clock it seemed that the whole college was gathered

at the depot. There stood the special waiting until all could get tickets. Soon we were off for Raleigh at the rate of nearly a mile a minute with 250 happy students aboard. The "harricanes" came out and stared open-mouthed at the whirling mass of cars, dust, yells, and college songs. And now, almost before we knew it, we were in Raleigh and on our way to the Baptist Female University. What a treat was in store for us by the faculty of that institution! The programme was as follows: Introduction and Gavatte, Miss Allen, Miss Hoffman; *Grieg*, To the Spring, Miss Julia Henderson Brewer; *Ries*, Introduction and Gavatte, violin, Miss Ida Elizabeth Martin; The Blind Poet's Wife, Miss Elanor Vertrees Watkins; *Charminade*, Summer, Mrs. Marie Elanor Hoffman; *Chopin*, Preludes Nos. 3 and 15, *Merkel*, Polonaise in E., Mr. Marion Francis Dunwody. At the close Dr. R. T. Vann made a very happy speech of welcome, only in behalf of the faculty, said he, for in this respect he would allow the young ladies to speak for themselves. A most delightful evening was spent in the parlors and society halls. Never was there such a gathering of charin and beauty. But to spoil our happiness it seems that the faculty of that institution had gotten together and invented an electrical apparatus for ringing off visitors at the appointed hour in quite a scientific manner. So at the striking of six this plotted apparatus was put in operation, and an electric bell, in a dignified manner, announced to the noisy crowd that the time of departure was at hand. With dismay the faculty watched the failure of their cherished plan, and diving below, soon the noisy clang of the supper bell put the assembled knights to rout. Wake Forest students never spent a more delightful evening.

An hour before the appointed time the sidewalk and street in front of the Academy of Music were so densely packed, that no carriages could pass. When the doors were finally opened a terrible rush for seats took place, and in five minutes the large hall was crowded. Now for half an hour the audience must wait. During this time there was a vocal contest carried on between the students of the two rival institutions. Yell followed yell, each louder than the last, increasing in volume until the roof was in fair danger of being lifted bodily from its support. It is with some pride that we say, that although Trinity yelled loud and well, still in this respect she was completely outclassed by Wake Forest. The familiar old yells :

Chick-a-go-runk ! go-runk ! go-ree !

Chick-a-go-runk ! go-runk ! go-ree !

Hi ! Ho ! Hi ! Ho ! W. F. C. ! W. F. C. !—Tiger.

and,

Rah ! Rah ! Rah ! Whoop-la Vee !

'Or et Noir' and W. F. C. !

made the walls of the old hall echo and re-echo. By the motion of their arms, and the swelling of their cheeks the band seemed to be playing, but no other evidence was given.

Suddenly the whole audience rose to their feet and burst into one united applause as the speakers came out on the stage and took their seats. Mr. Josephus Daniels, as chairman of the Raleigh Chamber of Commerce, presided. He made a short speech, welcoming the two colleges to the city. The secretary then came forward, read the question, "*Resolved*, that the South Carolina dispensary system is not wise," called out the first speaker on the affirmative, and the debate was on.

This, the fourth inter-collegiate debate, was superior to all its predecessors. Both sides nobly strove with their contestants. Trinity was never more ably represented, and yet we must say candidly that she was fairly defeated by the representatives of the old gold and black. This was the universal opinion of all those who heard the debate. Now we are far from opposing the decision of the judges. On the other hand, we point to it with pride. "I am requested by my colleagues to perform a very difficult duty. The decision arrived at is not unanimous, but is acquiesced in by one, and is the judgment of the other two judges. The rules require that the decision should depend upon argument and not oratory. We are chiefly embarrassed by the fact that the question was argued from two different points of view, consequently *the judges have been compelled to rely largely upon their own knowledge of the state of affairs in South Carolina in making up their decision.* Prohibition and the dispensary are totally different. . . . But without *entering into the argument*, I will say that while Wake Forest indicated greatest merit in oratory, we must yield the palm for argument, and hence the Cup, to Trinity." In brief, relying largely on our own knowledge of the state of affairs in South Carolina, we award the Cup to Trinity. Or, as a Newish was heard to remark humorously, the judges gave the palm of oratory to Wake Forest, the merit of argument to themselves, and the cup to Trinity. The regulations ruling the debate declare that the judges shall render their decision according to the argument produced alone, and not by the merits of the question, or any other consideration whatsoever. While we do not for one moment doubt the sincerity of the judges, still, by their own testimony, they overstepped their bounds in basing their

decision upon facts known to themselves. Wake Forest certainly can have nothing to regret from such a decision.

A grand ovation awaited our representatives upon their return. The college *en masse* met them at the train. In the *melée* of trumpets, horns and tin pans the judgment day would have passed unnoticed. Borne upon the shoulders of their comrades, the debaters were carried to a wagon elaborately decorated with old gold and black, and pulled by the students themselves. In front of the post-office most of the faculty were found assembled. They were mounted upon the stone campus wall, and there they addressed the debaters and students. The general sentiment expressed was that injustice had been done to Wake Forest, and that our debaters had nobly won a noble victory, if they had not brought back the Cup.

Last of all, but not least, came Prof. Tom Jeffries. Mounted upon the campus wall, he uncovered his dusky head, and while cheer followed cheer, the tears rolled down his ebony cheeks. "Gentlemuns, I'se proud o' my most noblest boys. I hev claimed ter be er Virginiamun, but I'se been cunnected wid dis institootion fer many yurs. I'se been er member uv de faculty fer some time. (Cheers.) And, gentlemuns, I hev sout several crowds out dere ter Raleigh ter ripresent de cup; but, gentlemuns, dis wuz de best. I'se proud uv de way dey permanently addressed de audience. (Cheer upon cheer.) Gentlemuns, all I'se sorry ter regret is dat I wuz not dere to hev saw it. And, gentlemuns, what I say is, hit's injustice, dat's all, injustice."

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NOT AFRAID.

BY C. L. GREAVES.

I'm not afraid of goblins,
But the mournful shriek and wail
Of the wind about the gables,
And the peltin' of the hail,
And the shakin' of the lattice,
Makes me sorter quake and start;
When I'm in some grim old dwellin'
In a chamber quite apart.

I'm not afraid of goblins,
But the hootin' of the owl,
The wailin' of the whip-poor-will,
The watch dog's lonely howl,
The glancin' of the pale, cold moon ..
Behind some old church tower ;
All fill with some uncanny spell
The dreary midnight hour.

I'm not afraid of goblins,
But the jack-o'-lantern light,
Bobbin' up and down the marshes,
In the lonely hours of night,
Makes me think of some lost spirit
Seekin' rest the grave denies ;
And I turn away and shudder
'Till the ghostly vision dies.

I'm not afraid of goblins,
But whenever I hear tell
Of claukin' chains, and rattlin' bones,
And stalkin' ghost, and witches fell,
Of hollow groans, and hellish shrieks,
And sighin' in the air,
The chills go creepin' up my back,
And gallop through my hair.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

(A Christmas Story by Helene Stökl, translated from the German by
JOHN B. POWERS, JR.)

It was the day before Christmas. In a ladies' compartment of a railroad train, which runs from the capital city into the country and to the mountains, sat a pale young woman. With her dark fur-cloak closely drawn about her, and her veil pulled down over her face, she seemed to shrink from the tumult which greeted the train at every station, as the different compartments unceasingly emptied and filled.

As often as the compartment in which the pale young woman sat was opened, in order to admit a new traveller, she drew herself back deeper in her corner, as if she suffered discomfort.

She breathed more freely, when at last the station was reached where she had to get off, in order to take the branch road, which led off diagonally from the main road straight into the mountains.

Here it was quiet. Only few got on, and of these few no one entered the compartment in which she sat. Pleased to be entirely alone and removed from all burdensome observation, she leaned back in her corner and closed her eyes. Presently she was suddenly startled from her half-slumber, into which she had fallen. A loud, joyful, childlike voice sounded shrilly in her ears. She leaned towards the window.

Upon the station-platform stood a fresh young woman in winter wrapping, holding by the hand a fair boy about four years old, who was impatiently waiting for the approaching train. He cried incessantly: "To-day is Christmas! Papa comes to-day!"

Then the train stopped, and a muscular young man sprang out of the coach. There was a joyful shout of "Papa, papa!" and in a moment the father caught the boy in his arms, pressed him to his bosom, covered his face, his locks, his hands with kisses. Then, without putting the boy down, he turned to the young wife, who was waiting with smiles and tears, until her turn came, and pressed her also to his breast.

With a deep groan the lonely woman in the railway coach sank back upon her seat. Had there not been a time when she also, holding a flaxen-haired boy by the hand, had hastened on Christmas day to meet the home-coming husband, full of joyful impatience? And now!—where was her boy? where was her husband?

With dry and burning eyes she looked out upon the winter landscape, over which the biting wind swept, driving the snow flakes, one by one, in wild sport.

Yes, just as the flakes, so was her happiness blown away and vanished. Once she had thought that she held it fast; what had caused it to break to fragments in her hand?

In her mind arose the picture of the past, and one scene after another passed slowly before her.

She saw herself growing up in the house of her father, an old rich wholesale merchant, surrounded by luxury, spoiled by flattery, and yet poor in the midst of all this wealth, because she lacked the protecting love of a mother.

She saw herself surrounded by crowds of suitors, eager to marry the rich young heiress, yet she was inensible and cold towards each worshipper, until that one came into her life who irresistibly captured her young love by the first look from his sunny, happy eyes. Public opin-

ion ran very high against the young painter whom her heart had chosen ; however much his talent freed him from the common cares of life, he was not the husband her father had wished for her. And thus, while she had gained a husband, she had lost a father.

This pained her, but what sacrifice would she not make for her love ! Wholly and entirely she had given him her young heart, wholly and entirely she demanded his in return. It had never occurred to her that the heart of a husband, especially of an artist, could have any other desires or interests than her own love and happiness. And when this painful fact slowly and gradually dawned upon her, she refused to acknowledge it even to herself.

Her husband had been accustomed to frequent the society of gay and congenial friends, and now he would invite them to his own home. The natural impulsive and somewhat boisterous nature of these young artists did not please the wife. Nevertheless she forced herself to appear courteous to the guests of her husband, but they soon perceived her constraint and came less frequently. Thus it happened that the young husband began to seek their companionship elsewhere.

"Am I not more to you than your friends?" she asked, "then give them up for my sake!" He laughed at her. "If I should remain at home with you all the time, it would soon put an end to my art."

Yes, his art ! How beautiful she had thought it to be his muse to inspire him to new and splendid creations by her mere presence. But on certain occasions, as she was sitting by him in his studio with her restless, eager eyes fixed upon him, he had kindly but firmly assured her that he could not do his best work unless he were alone.

With a proud feeling of joy she had been well aware of the fact that the boy whom she had borne him, whom he in overflowing paternal pride with tears of joy had pressed to his bosom, gave her a double claim to his love. But this happiness was of short duration. The child was the image of the father. It had inherited from him the color of his eyes and hair, the sound of his voice and his manner of laughing, and nothing seemed better to the child than to be near its father. Even when in the arms of the mother, it sought, struggling with its little arms and legs, to go to the father. When he could scarcely run he followed his father step by step, or sat contentedly upon the steps in order to await his return home. "Whom do you love, papa or mama?" she asked, with throbbing breast, if she was alone with her child. "Both, and then papa," answered the child, looking brightly out of his large, splendid eyes.

In vain she sought to gain the child's entire affection: the sunny, constant and even kindness of the father exercised a greater attraction to the child than the sorrowful, uneasy tenderness of the mother.

"They care only for each other, they do not need me!" That was the tormenting thought which she could never get rid of.

Her health began to suffer.

"You are ill. The winter was too long and severe for you," said her husband, looking anxiously upon her wan face. "We will go into the mountains; there you will recover."

She accepted this proposition eagerly. Yes, away, away, into the mountains; perhaps it will be better there.

Deep in a narrow valley, only one side of which was

accessible, lay the mountain village which they sought, both a romantic and a peaceful resort; however, her warm heart came not here for rest.

He would stray whole days around in the mountains, filling his sketch-book, whenever opportunity presented itself to him, and stopping wherever chance led him. She knew what a welcome guest he was in the remote huts, and her heart burned if he was not near her.

At first she would accompany him in his expeditions, but gradually she could not bear to sit for hours long, while he was at work, without receiving a word from him. So finally she stayed at home, but the child went along with the father, climbing with him up the cliffs and gathering flowers and rocks during the sketchings.

They were so happy upon these excursions that the young wife was overcome by pain.

"Leave the child here," she said, when he was to take it with him on his next tour.

"But why?"

"You cannot control it while you are working. It may come to harm in the mountains."

"Why, indeed! Nonsense! He joyfully laughed. "He goes not from my side."

"Because I will not allow it. The child must stay here." She saw his astonished look, and added with energy: "It is my child as well as yours! Or will you also take the love of my child from me?"

He shrugged his shoulders and turned around, but he took the child with him no more.

And then came the end! With what vividness each detail of that awful day was imprinted on her mind. It was Sunday. She had the uncertain hope that he would remain with her to-day, as she was dressed with particu-

lar care. "I am going to church. Will you not go with me?" she asked timidly.

"Not to-day. I am going to make a sketch of the Red Wall, and I must have the morning light on it."

She turned away.

"Are you going to take the child with you?" he asked.

"No; it must stay behind with the girl."

"If you consider that the child is sufficiently protected under the care of such a young thing, who herself is still a child—"

"Why not? She has nothing else to do; she will be able to pay attention to the child."

He made no further objection, and she went away. The church lay at the extreme end of the village. It was more than two hours before she came back. "Where is the child?" she asked the girl, who stood shy and embarrassed before her.

"It has gone with the master," stammered the latter. "I just stepped across the street, and when I got back the master and the child were gone."

"What? In spite of all!" She pressed her lips tightly together. Against her positive command, to slight and defy her, he had taken the child with him. Had it come to such a pass with them? She waited in feverish impatience. Noon came, the two had not come back. At other times, when he had the child with him, he always returned punctually. She had the table set, but she was unable to touch anything. Restlessly she paced the room back and forth—finally, she could stand it no longer.

She took her hat and went to seek them. They could only come up on this road, and there they were really

coming. A small procession of boys and men preceded her husband. But was that her husband? Without hat, his clothes hanging in tatters, the blood flowing from a wound in his forehead, covered in great drops the child which he held in his arms—and the child! Almighty God, what was the matter with the child! Why was it lying so motionless? Why did his head hang down so over his arms?

She could make no step forward. As in fever, she shut her teeth together, while a cramp seized her limbs, and a cold sweat came out on her forehead.

Now her husband stood before her. "The child, the child!" she cried.

The husband wished to speak, but he could not. With drawn lips, he bent himself over the child, which lay stiff and pale in his arms. Before her eyes there was a glimmer. Vague, as from a far distance, sounded the murmur of those standing around: "It has fallen from the Red Wall!" were the only words she heard; then, with a shrill cry, she fell down in the dust of the road.

When she was brought home, they succeeded in restoring her to consciousness; but they could not restore her from the deep apathy which had taken possession of her.

She looked on with indifference as they undressed the dead child, and put on the little white shroud, as they laid it in the little coffin, and strewed it with flowers. No tears came into her eyes. Silent and buried in herself, she sat there, and only when her husband walked towards her, did she turn shuddering away.

When the hour of burial came she arose. Without taking the offered arm of her husband she walked silently and sat behind the little coffin, saw it descend into the grave, and the mound raised over it.

Now the grave-digger finished, the people brought hither by curiosity or sympathy withdrew, and she stood by the grave alone with her husband.

"He extended his hand full of sympathetic love. "Why will you bear your pain alone, Anna?" he asked, while his voice trembled with emotion. "Am I not as sorry as you? Is it not the child of us both which we have here buried?"

She rejected his hand. "You have no more interest in the child," she said gloomily.

"Anna!" he cried, frightened.

"You are to blame for his death," she continued, with unnatural calmness. "In order to offend me, in order to give me pain, you took the child with you, so that it found its death. There is no reconciliation across this grave."

"You say I am to blame for the death of the child! I am not. Hear me—"

She interrupted him with passionate vehemence. "And if you are not! how could it be otherwise, since the love between us has long been dead."

"Anna, Anna! you do not know what you say."

"I know it only too well. You have long ceased to love me, and if I have ever had your love—but I love you no more. Our paths go asunder."

"You are beside yourself. When you become calm, you will think otherwise."

"Never!" she cried, trembling with agitation. "Have I not told you that I love you no more? I have ceased to love you for a long time. Will you compel me to live by your side with a heart that hates you? If it is on account of my property—"

He drew himself up erect, and walked from the spot without looking around.

On the same evening he set out for the capital. When she followed him some days later she did not find him. He had left behind for her a letter, which contained the necessary directions in order to place her again in the sole possession of her property, and at the same time pointed out a lawyer who had been empowered by him to prepare everything necessary for the dissolution of their marriage so soon as she wished it. He himself had gone upon a journey. * * *

Since then three whole years had passed, and she had not once seen him. From time to time, she had read in the newspapers a notice of a new picture he had made, or had seen one of them on exhibition, that was all.

She had not remained at home. Her health had grown much worse. She had spent the first winter in Nice, second in Merau, and the intervening summer months at various watering places.

It was the first winter which she had since spent in Germany. How joyfully had she celebrated Christmas formerly with her husband and her child. In the lighted circle of the flaming tree, she had never perceived the shadow which should darken her life.

Suddenly an irresistible desire overcame her: She wished to go to her child! On Christmas she wished to kneel by his grave; perhaps there some comfort might come into her tired and despairing heart.

The train had now reached the last station of the branch road. She got up. From here she still had to go a half league farther to the village over a lonely heath.

The wind blew savagely against her, but she did not notice it. The physical exertion in struggling with it did her good. She tied her mantel securely around her-

self and walked briskly along. She did not have to go in the village. The church-yard lay in front of it, somewhat off from the mountain. She was glad that it was so. It would have been unbearable to her to go into the village, where most of the people knew her, to have them staring at her, questioning her, and perhaps even accompanying her to the church-yard. No; alone, quite alone, she wished to be there with her child.

Faster and faster she walked. Now she stood, struggling for breath, before the church-yard gate. She pressed upon the latch, but the gate was locked. She had not thought of the possibility that the gate to the lonesome church-yard would not be open, especially now in winter. She looked around her. Had she still to go into the village and expose herself to the curiosity of the inhabitants?

Then her look fell upon a little house situated on the side of the mountain a few hundred steps distant. She remembered that it belonged to a wood-cutter who dwelt there with his family. The husband, who often went into the mountains and toiled arduously for weeks, scarcely knew her.

She went to the house. The door was closed. She opened it softly, and looked into the room. By a large wooden table in the middle of the room sat an old gray-headed man, who, by his heavy mustachios and an empty sleeve hanging down, was seen to be an old soldier, zealously guarding a baby held carefully between his knees, feeding it with pap out of a little dish placed before him. Frightened, he allowed the spoon to fall into the pap, and tried to stand up with the child. The stranger motioned quickly to him to remain seated.

"I wished to go into the church-yard, but it is locked.

Have you no one whom you could send into the village in order to get the key for me?"

"Does the lady wish the key to the church-yard? Yes, yes! Tonerl can go after it. Go, Tonerl!"—he turned to a half-grown boy, who had gathered around with the others—"run into the village after the key! Only say it is a stranger there, who wishes to go into the church-yard; you will then bring the key back with you here. But don't stay too long, do you hear!"

The boy took his cap and started

"Are all these your grandchildren?" asked the young woman, looking tenderly around in the room.

"Yes, yes! There are seven. All sound and with good appetites. Since the stranger-child met his death by falling, without his father's knowledge, and I saw it laying dead before me, I have no peace unless I know the children are with me."

The young woman had suddenly become pale without attracting the notice of the old man, who made the half-sleeping child more comfortable in his lap.

"Of what child do you speak?" asked she in an oppressed manner.

"Has not the lady heard of the misfortune of the little one who fell over the Red Wall to death? It will be three years this coming summer."

"You mean the child of the artist who was here?" The voice of the young woman trembled slightly. "You know, however, the child did not run after its father, but the father took it with him, and then allowed it to come to harm from carelessness."

"It is not true," zealously cried the old man. "Perhaps it has been so said. Perhaps it has been so said because the servant who ought to have attended to it

left it and made the false statement. However, I was there, and I know how it happened."

"You were there?" Her eyes, large and bright, flashed upon him.

"Certainly I was there! And if the lady will listen how it happened—go, Sener!"—he turned himself to the girl who was knitting by the window—"lay the child in the cradle and take a seat by him, it is fast asleep!" "It happened one Sunday," he began again, after taking out his tobacco pouch in order to fill his pipe. "I was coming from the church, and as I drew near the Red Wall I saw the stranger-master sitting there and painting; and because he generally had his little boy with him I went to him and said: 'Where is your little boy to-day, if one dare ask?'"

"The little boy?" said he, and laughed; "yes, he had to remain at home to-day. My wife will not allow him to go with me. She thought, perhaps, he might come to harm in the mountains."

"The lady is right, I dare say;" then the master started up near me—

"Have you heard nothing?" he asked me.

"It seemed to me as if some one was calling, and we stood quite still; then we heard very plainly a cry: 'Papa, papa!' We looked first around, and then over us, since we surely heard it, to see if the voice came from the air; and, as we looked up the wall, why, there is the boy! He was clinging with his little hands to nothing more than shrubs, and with its feet supported by the rocks, he hung directly over the precipice, and called with his little fine voice: 'Papa, papa, I wanted to find you, but I can not go up and I can not get down, you must help me!'"

The master became snow-white in the face. For a long moment he could not speak; then, however, he summoned courage, in order to be wholly calm, lest he might frighten the little fellow. Then he called up, 'I am coming, Karl! Only hold fast, right tight, do you hear? I will be with you quickly!'

"With a few great strides, he leaped up the mountain through the shrubbery, and before I knew it he was already there. Cautiously he knelt down and reached out over the edge, but he could not reach the child with his hand.

" 'Wait a moment longer, hold tightly, Karl,' he called. But as the child suddenly saw his father above him, he cried loudly for joy, and let one hand loose in order to grasp his father; the other could hold no longer, his feet slipped off the smooth stone—'Papa, papa, hold me!' he cried, and then tumbled down. One could not see where he had fallen, but only heard the sound of striking on rocks.

"I leaped down the mountain as fast as I could, but the father had already gone before me. He could not get to the child from above. He tried at the side, and then under. It was not possible. So he ran to the nearest lumber camp in order to get help. The men brought ropes with them; the master had himself bound, for he would not permit that another should save the child. I stood beside as they drew him up. The ropes became twisted, and knocked his head upon the rocks, so that the blood ran from his forehead, but he only looked after the child, and noticed not his wound. 'He is not dead, only stunned,' he said, when he got up. But as its limbs hung so loosely, I knew then for a certainty that it had broken its back, and there was no help for it.

He must have seen it himself when he was up there. Very quietly the people walked away. Some asked to be allowed to carry the child for him, but he took it in his arms and carried it to the village. I did not go with them, I couldn't bear to look on."

The old man rubbed his coatsleeve across his eyes. When he looked up at the young woman he was frightened at the death-like pallor upon her face, and cried: "Senerl, Senerl, bring quickly a glass of water, the lady is not well."

She drank hastily the refreshing water. "It is nothing except the heat of the room," she stammered, endeavoring to control herself.

"Yes, yes, it is hot here," thought the old man, "the little one and I are very warm. But God be praised, here is Tonerl already. Shall he perhaps go with the lady in order to bring the key back?"

"No, no; I will bring it here again." She wrapped her mantel around her, and went quickly to the church-yard.

At last she had heard what she wished to know for a long time. She knew how her child met his death, and she also knew what unjust pain she had laid upon her husband, never again to be corrected. He had risked his life to save the child, and when he stood before her, bleeding in body and soul, to seek comfort in her love, then she had thrust him from her, and accused him of the death of the child.

She worked for a long time in vain to open the gate of the church-yard, but finally it gave way under her pressure.

How lonesome, but also how peaceful the graves lay under the thin, uniform snow-covering! She cast her

glance searchingly around. Yes, there it was, what she sought. Close by one of the high, overshadowing arbor vitæ projected the little cross which she had sent from the capital for the grave of her child, and which bore no other inscription than its name and date of death.

With a cry, she fell down by the grave. What all these years in dull misery had allowed to come upon her, what in bitterness and despair had accumulated against her, and what she had still forced back within herself, that came now in one passionate outburst in this hour by the little mound under which her child slumbered. Claspings the grave with both arms, and her face pressed firmly upon the cold earth, she broke out in a cry so bitter, so convulsive, that her whole body rocked and trembled as if shaken by a storm.

"My child, my child, why are you taken from me! My life is waste and empty since you are no longer with me. I have no one now who loves me! What shall I do till the end? With you is rest, with you is peace. O have pity upon your mother, and take me to you!"

Her voice died away in passionate sobbing.

She had not heard the creak of the church-yard gate, nor the soft steps drawing near over the snow, and now something frightened her. Had not some one called her name? Half erect, her hands supported on the grave, she looked around her disturbed. Directly opposite her stood a dark form, concealed by half the branches of the nearest arbor vitæ. She sprang up. She was not deceived. Was it indeed her husband who stood before her with his look directed earnestly and sadly upon her?

"Richard!" she cried, in the first moment of surprise, making a step forward as if she were about to fall into

his arms. But she caught herself directly. "How came you here?" she asked, walking backwards.

"For the same reason as you, driven by the desire to seek our child on Christmas day."

"But I did not hear you. How did you get in?"

"The gate was locked. I was told in the village that some one had sent for the key to the grave-yard. I did not imagine that it was you, else I would have come later. Besides, I will go if I trouble you," he added bitterly, after waiting in vain for an answer.

"Why should you trouble me?" she asked softly, without turning her eyes upon him. "On the contrary, it pleases me to have seen you again. I had wished to tell you something."

He bent himself somewhat forward.

"I have since learned," she continued with vacillating voice, "how our child died. I did you an injustice, when I laid the blame of his death upon you."

"That you did," he answered gloomily.

"Why did you allow me to go in that belief?"

"You would not listen!"

"You ought to have made me hear." She placed her hands together convulsively. "Not to you belongs the guilt of its death; no, I who left the child with the thoughtless girl—I caused its death."

"Why do you torment yourself with such thoughts? I can say, as well: Had I not taken the child with me, he would not have taken it into his head to run after me. God has so willed it, and—perhaps it was best for the child that he died."

There was a weary sound in his words that perplexed her, and made her look at him. How he had changed! She now saw it for the first time. Deep wrinkles had

sunk between his eyes; his eyes had lost their sunny look, and around his mouth a bitter expression had been implanted which she never knew to be on him. It cut her to the heart to see him so.

"I have made you very unhappy!" she said softly.

"Have I made you happy? We have both agreed not to keep our happiness."

"Not on you, but on me, lies the blame," she whispered, almost inaudibly. "I asked for too much, and lost all." She looked down before her, hesitated a moment, then asked, with trouble suppressing the trembling of her voice: "It is Christmas. Will you not give me your hand across this little grave as a token that you have forgiven me? I think that we might be able to go away again with lighter hearts."

He made no answer. Anxiously she looked up. He stood before her, breathing heavily. "Must we again go apart?" It came slowly from his lips.

She looked at him as if she did not know him. Full and deep he sunk his look into that of hers, when suddenly a fiery wave of emotion overcame her. Was that not the old love-look which now looked on her from his eyes, the look with which he first wooed her, with which he had won her heart, and made her happy thousands of times, and which she had thought never again to see?

"Can we not go together, Anna?" he asked once more, slowly extending his arms after her.

Her knees refused her their support, she tottered, and would have fallen had he not caught her in his arms.

"You can not love me now," she stammered.

He pressed her head softly to his breast, and kissing away the tears which flowed from her eyes, whispered, "I have never ceased to love you."

Suddenly through the stillness there sounded the ringing of the Christmas bells in the near-by belfry. First gently, then rising more in sound and volume they pealed the joyful news into the frosty air.

With throbbing hearts they listened, and then hand in hand with moist eyes lifted to the stars above, they walked over the lonely heath, through the darkness of the night, to meet the dawn of their new life.

A SHORT SKETCH OF THE WORKS OF EDGAR A. POE.

BY A. L. T.

When the rains and winds of autumn beat and dash against the pane; when dismal curtains of fog settle down upon us; when our hearts are "cold and dark and dreary," our hands naturally, nay, unconsciously, turn to a well-worn volume of Edgar Poe's poems. Caressingly our fingers wander over the pages of sublime verse, until we find the picture of the Raven "perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door."

Poe's thought, his soul, his life, suit our mood of melancholy. The storms of restless, weary years, spent in unsatisfied soul's craving, find a key-note of sympathy in our nature. Our heart goes out to the real poet who heard "the tolling of the bells," and expressed it in its rhythmical verse. Our deepest admiration of the sublime is inspired by those lines of "The Coliseum":

"Type of the antique Rome! Rich reliquary
Of lofty contemplation, left to Time
By buried centuries of pomp and power!
At length, at length, after so many days
Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst,
(Thirst for the springs of lore that in thee lie)
I kneel, an altered and an humble man,
Amid thy shadows, and so drink within
My very soul, thy grandeur, gloom and glory!"

What, do you wonder that we of Southern birth should dwell upon the verses of our own master?

Though the city of Boston claims the undisputed honor of being the birthplace of Edgar Allan Poe, our Southern Baltimore was his home. There he spent the greater part of his miserable life; there an undistinguished fu-

neral took place, and there to-day his ashes lie buried beneath a simple marble shaft.

His death was indicative of his works, character and life. In all, he was alone. Whether viewed as critic, romancer, or poet, he stands by himself, he refuses to be classified; as some one has said, "He seems out of place in American literature, like an importation from the Old World—a Ruskin or Heine or DeMusset; like a brilliant exotic among the native wild flowers."

It was as a critic that Poe first became known to the reading public, and it was in this rôle that he was best known throughout the greater part of his life; it was in the service of criticism that his pen was oftenest used.

Of Poe's methods as a critic, an eminent writer says:

"The whole mass of criticism—but a small portion of which deals with imaginative work—is particularly characterized by a minuteness of treatment which springs from a keen, artistic sensibility, and by that constant regard to the originality of the writer which is so frequently an element in the jealousy of genius. One wearies of reading it now; but one gains thereby the better impression of Poe's patience, and of the alertness and compass of his mental curiosity."

It was, however, in the domain of the short prose romance that Poe was at his zenith, for here his imagination had full play. His tales are written in a style seemingly clear and definite, but the effect produced upon the reader is always vague and awful. His stories are written without morals; their chief aim seems to be to inspire the reader with the dimness and vagueness of a ghost-land, and the awful sublimity of death. In his "Fall of the House of Usher," one can see the vivid lightning flash, and can hear and feel the terrible crash

with which the ill-fated house crumbles and falls into the muddy tarn below.

"In *Al Araaf*," says Woodberry, "Poe had framed, out of the breath of the night-wind and the idea of the harmony of universal nature, a fairy creature,

'Ligeia, Ligeia, my beautiful one!'

Now by a finer touch he incarnated the motions of the breeze and the musical voices of nature in the form of a woman, but the lady Ligeia has still no human quality; her aspirations, her thoughts and capabilities are those of a spirit; the very beam and glitter and silence of her ineffable eyes belong to the visionary world. She is in fact the maiden of Poe's dream, the *Eidolon* he served, the air-woven divinity in which he believed; for he had the true myth-making faculty, the power to make his senses aver what his imagination perceived. In revealing through Ligeia the awful might of the soul in the victory of its will over death, and in the eternity of its love, Poe worked in the very element of his reverie, in the liberty of a world as he would have it. Upon this story he lavished all his poetic, inventive and literary skill, and at last perfected an exquisitely conceived work, and made it within its own laws as faultless as humanity can fashion."

Poe's poetic genius rests upon only a few short poems, yet had he written only *The Raven*, by which he is best known to the world at large, his literary fame would be secure. "All that he wrote was distinctly his own, original in its melody and form, and permeated through and through with his peculiar personality. His sense of beauty was marvelously fine, though his poems are all sombre in hue—mere cries of despair—there is a haunt-

ing beauty in their melody which makes them cling in the memory even against the will." There is something almost magical in such lines as

"For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee."

But fine as is the substance of this poem, and excellent as is the execution at its best, it does not rise to the rank of "Israfel," "in which rings out the lyric burst—the first pure song of the poet, the notes most clear and liquid and soaring of all he ever sang, that waken and tremble in the first inspiration not less magnetically because narrower in compass and lower in flight than in the cadences of the perfected song."

Through his poems Poe expresses a part of his inner self; he gives us what he has gained from his deepest experience; his verse is alive with the weird, subtle melancholy that was part and parcel with his inmost nature. Poetry is born of life, and it is in this sense that one of Poe's poems, as well as a good book, may be called "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

Says Woodberry again:

"Thus, ever remote from mankind, ran the current of Poe's life and genius, interminably commingling until their twin streams, glassing at last the desolation they had so often prophetically imaged, choked, and, stagnant in midway of their course, sank into waste. The pitiful justice of Poe's fate, the dark immortality of his fame, were accomplished. He left a name destined to long memory, and about it has grown an idealized legend, the elements of which are not far to seek. On the roll of

our literature, Poe's name is inscribed with the few foremost, and in the world at large his genius is established as valid among men. In imagination, as in genius, he was an evil spirit, and in its realms of mystery he dwelt alone."

The inscription upon a Memorial Tablet in the New York Museum of Art is peculiarly appropriate:

"He was great in his genius; unhappy in his life; wretched in his death; but in his fame he is immortal."

THE RIGHT USE OF THE GYMNASIUM.

BY E. W. SIKES.

1. *Use it.*—"A man is as lazy as circumstances will allow him to be." Students do not overwork themselves. Work need never break down one's health. Brains and bodies go together. The day of the pale, hungry student is past. It is not necessary to be feeble in order to be brainy. Physiology has spoken in thunderous tones and said that the brain must be fed. Let not indolence keep you in your chair when your period of work is ended. Let not love of ease induce you to forego your visit to the gymnasium. Do not ask your parents for excuses. Do not absent yourself even if you are excused.

2. *Use it regularly.*—System expedites work. Plan your day's work in the morning or the night before. Drive steadily to it. You will have a definite aim. Hope is with you. In your schedule place a visit to the gymnasium. Go. Do not be tempted to stay away. It will be harder to-morrow. Train yourself to do what you ought to do. Irregularity is the great bane to health or wealth. Keep your system inured to exercise, so that it will not weary you nor make the muscles sore. Regular exercise helps development. Irregular does not. It is the expansion and contraction daily that increases size and capacity.

3. *Use it rationally.*—Do not try to do enough in a few minutes to last you all day, or in an hour to last you a week. Do not strain yourself. Do not test your strength with others. This strains and tears the tissues, and so gives more labor to be done. Never exhaust

yourself, unless you have well prepared yourself, and then let it be in a final contest. Do not use the heaviest clubs and bells or chest machines. Light clubs, bells and weights frequently used, will build up more muscles and strength. Exercise steadily and slowly, so as not to break the machines.

4. *Use it joyfully.*—Make the hour one of pleasure and play. Forget the books and the recitations that beset you. Enter with spirit and joy into every exercise. Do not be afraid to try something you can not do. If there is a game, join in it. Relaxation is a great thing for the student. Work while you work, play while you play. The motto of every student ought to be, "Concentration and Relaxation." When through, take a shower-bath; rub down well; go home, and then you will feel like work.

5. *Use it orderly.*—Have you a suit, shoes, etc.—complete outfit—do not appear on the floor without them. Do not ask your instructor to allow you to wear your patent-leathers and your Prince Albert. You will feel better in your suit. There will be more freedom, more ease in doing what is required, or what you may wish. Then, too, it will be cheaper—a saving of buttons, suspenders, pencils, etc.

6. *Use it religiously.*—It is one's duty to be strong. That student who neglects to use the opportunities to make him vigorous and healthy is committing slow suicide. God needs healthy men in church and state. A letter from a missionary in China says: "Let the prospective missionary be an athlete if he can; he will need all his strength here." The work that fell upon recent candidates for the governorship and the presidency shows the need of physical strength. There come times in most

men's lives when they must draw upon their reserved strength : the preacher in a series of meetings, the statesman in a heated campaign, the lawyer in a term of court, the physician in an epidemic; happy are they if they have stored up a supply for these times. It is a man's duty to his cause, to his friends, to his country. Bodies were not given to men to be despised and misused, but to be cared for and improved.

7. *Use it for sake of the brain.*—The brain that is fed on blood that is poorly fed too, will be slow and creeping in its action. Who never fills his lungs with deep breaths of fresh air, never feeds his blood on pure strength-giving oxygen; who never warms himself with action, never helps the pores of his body to cast off used up matter. Tear down the old tissue and put in fresh timber; build a new body. In this way help the brain. Most of the blood goes to the brain. On the brain a continual stream of blood pours, bathing it thoroughly; let that blood be pure, and the brain will be clear and pure; let that blood be impure, and the brain will be cloudy and impure. "Soiled water never makes the linen white," is a truism known by every humble washerwoman, but many a higher class man does not know that the same is true of the brain. The body is the engine that drives the brain; it is God's temple, the image of its Maker. Care for the engine, guard the temple, break not the image.

"MR. ROCHER."

BY E. B. FOWLER.

"Mr. Rocher," as we loved to call him, his full name being Rochester Chandler, was a well-known character in our village. The appearance of his tall, stately figure, silently passing along the street, always attracted attention. His clear-cut features, deep, solemn eyes, high forehead, and partly bald head, invariably gave one the impression that he was a man of intelligence and culture.

His wide information on matters of public interest was proverbial. If any one wished to know about the Nicaragua Canal, he sought an interview with "Mr. Rocher." He could describe the latest attempt to reach the North Pole—the progress made, difficulties encountered, and probable effect of such expeditions. He knew the peculiarities of almost every personage prominent in public life—from the shape of Mr. McKinley's head and the kind of cravat worn by Mr. Bryan, to the value of Queen Victoria's crown and the number of the German Emperor's children. There was no subject, either religious, philosophic, or economic, which he could not clearly and intelligently discuss.

But "Mr. Rocher" possessed one infirmity which awoke universal pity. He was deaf. This misfortune resulted from a fever which came near ending in death. Right there the whole current of "Mr. Rocher's" life was changed. Formerly, he was a young, ambitious leader in society, and, while holding an important position at the North, exerted no little influence over the circle in which he moved. For he was handsome; and society,

ever ready to idolize alert and vigorous manhood, flung its portals wide for his entrance.

But when his hearing was thus suddenly taken from him, "Mr. Rocher" stepped down from his social eminence, quit the gay life of the North, and, returning to his simple village home in the Old North State, began a life of quietude and resignation. He was too much of a philosopher to rebel against Providence; and, to the numerous expressions of sympathy, his ready wit always found a reply as humorous as it was cheerful. For, though deaf, he was not dumb.

There was something pathetic in the heroic efforts of the unfortunate man to rise above the petty annoyances of a changed condition. He could no longer listen to the sound of music. The cheering thrill of the human voice was lost on him forever.

What a heap of buried hopes lay behind this lonely man! The past revived in his memory, and floated before his vision like a dream. Yes, life was one eternal dream now. He dreamed through the long, weary days of the success and happiness which had once appeared in the distance like a harbor-light, beckoning him forward. Now he knew his ambition, like many others, was a fleeting shadow born of a too sanguine hope.

Let no one imagine that "Mr. Rocher" was deserted in his unhappy state, and forced to eke out a wretched existence in lonely retirement. His mother, always devoted, now lavished upon him all the strength of such an affection as a mother can bestow only upon her afflicted offspring. She anticipated every want, surprised him with little luxuries, and devoted her time largely to his amusement. Besides, he was surrounded by attentive brothers and sisters, who exerted themselves to make his

home-life happy. "Mr. Rocher" was not a bore, for, although sometimes given to melancholy, his usual expression was one of vivacity not unmixed with humor.

All the village was interested in one so peculiarly situated, and spared no pains to furnish him with the means of enjoyment. He loved children, and was often seen encircled by a throng of boys and girls—all laughing and talking in one confused clamor. He was the special *protege* of the young ladies. The girls loved him with sisterly affection, and one, Lucile Irving, of whom he was particularly fond, adopted him as her elder brother. He failed not to reciprocate this mark of esteem with signal devotion. Often he called on his "sister" in her home, and many hours did he spend conversing with her on philosophy, science, and other deep subjects. This fair maiden enjoyed his company immensely, and was delighted to find that she could render his life tolerable, and even contented, by the inspiration of her companionship. Her sparkling wit pleased him, and the depth of her comprehension, for one so young, surprised and puzzled a mind long accustomed to penetrating thought.

Frequently Lucile and "Mr. Rocher" took long walks together. Once, in the solemn hush of evening, "just as the sun went down," they strolled across the fields toward the adjoining meadow. "Mr. Rocher" was in high spirits, and truly charming as he talked of many things romantic—especially of the lives of great poets. He told how old Wordsworth lived close to the heart of Nature, and sang with wonderful power of meadows, brooks, and flowers. He contrasted the peacefulness of this picture with that presented by the short career of Byron, the wild, restless, impulsive poet of the storm, the crested billow, and the roaring cataract. He told

how this fiery being stood, at the midnight hour, on the cloud-capped peaks of the Alps, and, while above, below, and about him—"far along, from peak to peak, the rattling crags among leapt the live thunder"—he cried, exulting in the mad revel of the elements:

"And this is the night: Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!"

Then, in a voice full of longing, "Mr. Rocher" told the love-story of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning—how the great, noble-hearted Browning loved the invalid woman, and begged her to marry him; how she, though acknowledging a similar feeling towards him, for a long time refused; how, after their marriage, the poet poured out upon his suffering wife the affection of his whole soul.

As the ardent words fell from the lips of "Mr. Rocher," the heart of the girl by his side swelled with emotion, and she longed to throw her arms about his neck and kiss his brow in pure sisterly sympathy.

He looked out, with that melancholy gaze of his, toward the sun now sinking into a glowing furnace of light, and seemed to read the past on the crimson page of the horizon. His voice, though imperfect, was now calm.

"Once I had a sweetheart. We had talked of love, sung of love—its mysteries, its unsearchable joys; we had pledged mutual and undying affection; my soul, my life, my all was lost in her. After my affliction, I had a hard struggle to conquer self. Finally, however, going to her, I told her that my hopes and aspirations were all wrecked, and thenceforward I was to live in the shadows.

I declared that I would not stand in the way of her happiness, and assured her that I should never forget one whom I had loved more than my own life. I can see her now as she clung to me, but did not speak. I tore myself away, and came back to my old home, expecting to pass a short time in solitude, and then to rest in the little cemetery. But you have put new life and energy into me. Without you I should have died long since of loneliness and despair."

"Mr. Rocher" ceased, and for a moment was wrapt in thought, while Lucile, with hands tightly clasped, sat in awed silence. He suddenly sprang up, with a countenance from which every trace of care had vanished, and exclaimed :

"See how fast the darkness approaches ! Let us be going."

A short time after this meeting, "Mr. Rocher" went to a certain resort in the hope of regaining his health. On arriving, he found that the throngs about him were too much interested in amusing themselves to give him more than passing notice. From loneliness he lapsed into despondency. He thought of his "sister." He loved her now better than ever, and longed for her with a longing he had not felt before.

One day "Mr. Rocher" called at the post-office for his mail, and a small packet was handed to him. Hurrying to his room, he opened it with feverish haste. Within he found a bouquet of cream and crimson roses, and the card of his adopted sister. Reverently he pressed them to his lips—then sat down to write a letter of thanks. And such a letter ! Words of gratitude and endearment flowed from his pen in an unbroken stream. He said he had loved her as a sister, but now that love

had been supplanted by a dearer tie. His life was barren, and he wanted more than mere friendship. If she would only say that she cared for him, his joy would be complete.

Weeks passed. A young stranger, whose appearance indicated the college-bred man, came to our village. He took up his abode at the home of Mr. Irving. Visible tokens soon confirmed what had already been suspected: that this unknown person was interested in one of Mr. Irving's daughters. They were often seen together, and developments were awaited with eagerness by the village gossips.

The time came for the stranger to leave. Meanwhile, "Mr. Rocher" returned with his health unimproved. With a haggard and dejected mien, he left his room on the night after his arrival. The moon had just risen, and the stars shone with unusual brilliancy. The ghost-like figure of the man glided silently along the street, past the home of Lucile Irving, until he reached the point where the street narrowed into a wide walk, which was enclosed by stately elms and cedars. "Mr. Rocher" stopped and breathed a deep sigh before he sat down on a rustic to rest. How long he had been there absorbed in meditation he knew not, when he was aroused from his reverie by an intuitive impression that some one was near. He glanced up the village end of the walk, and saw two figures approaching. Obeying a sudden impulse, he stepped back into the shadow and waited. When they drew nearer, "Mr. Rocher" recognized his "sister" leaning on the arm of a handsome youth. Just opposite "Mr. Rocher" they stopped. The moon peered through the overhanging boughs, and gazed steadily at Lucile and her companion. "Mr. Rocher" could see that the

young man was speaking rapidly and earnestly. He watched the eyes of the girl fixed upon the ground, while the tears began to flow down her cheeks. The unknown lover leaned forward and kissed the weeping girl, and a smile of supreme happiness passed over her face. "Mr. Rocher" saw it, and shuddered. The scene went like a knife to his heart, and the pain and anguish touched every nerve and fiber. The two turned and walked slowly back toward the village.

* * * * *

When the day is pleasant, "Mr. Rocher" may still be seen on the streets of our village. To the casual observer, he is the same—silent, yet striking; solitary, yet impressive. But those who know best, can detect in his smile a deeper shade of sadness, and in his eye a more settled look of melancholy, than it was once his wont to betray. He has just received a letter from his "sister," who is now the wife of a rising young lawyer in the "Land of Flowers," containing a pressing invitation to spend Christmas with them. As he read it, his face grew brighter, and, looking at me, he said, in his peculiar, broken voice:

"I think I shall accept the invitation."

A REVOLUTIONARY HERO.

BY A. J. BETHEA.

The period embraced in the arduous struggle of the American Colonies for Independence is one of exceptional interest. It abounds in wonderful exploits, daring deeds, transcendent achievements, and glorious victories. Some of these heroic actions have been recounted in history, poets have sung of others in epic song, but a large number have been entrusted to the uncertain keeping of tradition. On this account many who were real heroes, and who justly acquired a place among the stars of the first magnitude, have been hidden and obscured from the sight of man. At any rate, this has been the unfortunate lot of Roy Robinson, a Revolutionary soldier who lived and died in obscurity, bereft of the least vestige of honor, but who, for dauntless courage and an abiding consecration to duty, has but few equals in all the annals of history. But such magnanimity, patriotism and self-sacrifice as his put forth for any cause, whether in behalf of virtuous friendship or the honor of one's country, invest a character with a certain aspect of moral greatness which will gain the esteem even of an enemy.

Every student who is conversant with the facts of history, knows that at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War there were two factions diametrically opposed, fostered and nourished in the borders of the Palmetto State. One of these sided with King George, and its members were known as Tories; but by far the greater number were true patriots, who, being subject to oppression, fought like heroes to obtain their liberty.

Roy Robinson belonged to this latter class, and was

an active factor in shaping events to aid his party in his immediate section; for he possessed an innate love for freedom that always insured success. The seat of his activities was confined to the dense swamps and adjacent sand-hills which border on the Great Pee Dee River. There he dwelt in rude savagery, uncouth and uncultured. But he had seen and felt the evils of tyranny, and the inevitable destruction to which it would lead. No doubt his environments had much to do with adding strength to his fortitude, and inciting him with the hope of improving the condition of himself and his compatriots. He kept up a continuous warfare with the Tories and British who invaded his community for the purpose of exacting vengeance on the inhabitants. He often made these frequent and fatal assaults alone, but sometimes he was accompanied by other soldiers of General Marion's army. He also had but few implements of war, and no protection except the trees and rocks which nature furnished him as a breastwork.

On account of the dexterity with which he handled his rude gun, and the accuracy of his shot, he became known as the Sharpshooter of Pee Dee. Day after day Robinson traversed the forest, stealthily hiding behind the dense umbrage, to get a deadly aim at the enemy; and, as the weeks wore on, they found that many of their number were thus destroyed. This constant decrease only served to make them more furious, and to multiply their manipulations to ensnare their antagonist. But the sharpshooter exhibited a superior knowledge of military affairs, for he was so skillful in his manœuvring that they were ever at a loss to know his position.

In this same community there was a large underground excavation, which went by the name of Indian Cave,

being so called on account of the Indian bows, arrows, and tomahawks which the first settlers found there. It was evident that the foul gang of Tories, who were hostile to Robinson and Marion's army, utilized it as a place of concealment in the time of pressing danger. Frequently, they would steal forth from it, play havoc in the vicinity, strike a blow at the Whigs, and then retire again to it for safety.

Of its situation, and the narrow entrance to the interior, the sharpshooter well knew, for there was scarcely an acre of land in this section over which he had not travelled. His knowledge of this cave was the secret of his successful blows at the enemy. From time to time he would station himself at a safe distance, and fire at the Tories, as one of them chanced to come out of the cave.

Not infrequently they in turn pursued him, but he proved himself as nimble on foot as he had been skillful with his gun. On one occasion, however, he came very near being captured, and was only saved by a small vine, which tripped him at the same time he was being fired at from behind. His pursuer, thinking that he had killed him, rode off to report it to his friends.

But Roy Robinson was not dead, and he constantly renewed the resolution which he had formerly made, that he would one day blot out this tribe from the face of the earth. Accordingly, he set himself to thinking how he might accomplish his purpose. Finally, he hit upon a plan. General Marion and his army were in winter-quarters near Georgetown, about seventy miles away. If he could but inform them of the Indian Cave and the Tory gang which dwelt there, he was confident that they would aid him in exterminating them. This

was his hour and his opportunity, and with a strong and abiding faith in that God in whom he trusted, he addressed himself with energy and zeal to the work before him.

Early one morning he began the long and dangerous journey to General Marion's camp. When he reached it on the following day, he disclosed to the General all the facts concerning the cave; how the Tories occupied it as a place of concealment, and how easily a company of men might capture them. The General immediately deputed a number of his men to aid the sharpshooter in the accomplishment of this act.

On the morning of January 5, 1780, just as the sun was mounting the horizon, the sharpshooter and his squad of soldiers arrived at the cave to carry this plan into execution. Notwithstanding all their address, they could not effect a complete surprisal of the Tories. Their sentinels took the alarm, and made known the approach of an enemy. Every man seized his musket and a fierce engagement soon followed. Both parties combatted long and well for the mastery, and many fell victims in the affray. Even the brave sharpshooter was seriously wounded, and it was only by a superhuman effort that he succeeded in extricating himself from the hands of his foe. But as a result of this day's fight all the Tory gang were either killed or captured.

Soon after this, the sharpshooter received a mortal wound at the battle of Cowpens. As he was borne off the field he was heard to utter these beautiful words: "The children of distant generations may never hear my name; but still it gladdens my heart to think that I have been contending for their *freedom*, and all its countless blessings."

The place where he sleeps is sequestered and isolated, far from the busy and active world. Huge oaks and elms now keep watch over his neglected grave, and a wooden head-piece, without any epitaph, is the only monument erected to his memory.

'Tis true that the names of many illustrious men are recorded, who were eager to catch the notes of the trumpet that summoned them to the delights of the camp and the field of fame. But the page of history seldom glows with a brighter example of high-souled patriotism and noble moral heroism than was seen in Roy Robinson, the sharpshooter of the Pee Dee swamps.

BY AN EVENING FIRE.

BY G. W. PASCHAL.

The fire has ceased its roaring,
The shadows deepen around ;
Through the paling, dying embers,
I see a long-made mound.

And this is the grave of Mary,
Whose youth was bright to me
As fire on winter evenings,
Or suns of Arcadie.

For first in the light of her beauty,
My being learned to glow ;
O the strange, new joy of loving !
What better could heaven bestow ?

We thought to live together
Through golden youth and prime,
Nor recked of age nor sorrow
To mar that blissful time.

But soon had death relentless
Her spirit snatched away,
And I was left in darkness,
When scarce I had felt 'twas day.

Another fire may be kindled
As bright as this has shone,
But no other eye can sparkle
For me, like Mary's own.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, JOURNALIST AND POET.

Less than a generation after the struggle for independence, while our nation was still in its infancy, William Cullen Bryant, sometimes styled the Father of American Literature, was born. Of sturdy New England stock, the boy was reared among the hills in that picturesque, but somewhat bleak and sombre section of Massachusetts, near Cummington, in Hampshire County. His father, John Bryant, a physician of some note, was a descendant of the old English stock that settled in Massachusetts in the early part of the seventeenth century. He was a man of great decision and energy, and, moreover, a firm believer in the dignity of labor and the efficacy of the birch—both of which he prescribed unstintedly for his children. Cullen, the third child, was not exempt from either, and as soon as he was able to swing a hoe he was given an opportunity to display his prowess in his father's fields.

As a child, he was of a delicate, nervous temperament, and subject to a certain pulmonary affection which was a family failing. But, by dint of fresh air and wholesome exercise, he grew to manhood without any manifestation of the trouble.

The influence of the mother, who traced her descent from John Alden and Priscilla Mullins, made immortal by Longfellow in his "Miles Standish," probably predominated in the boy's character. From his father he inherited a strong will, and an unflinching idea of justice; from his mother, those endearing traits of character, such as innate refinement, gentleness, amiability and absolute sincerity.

Reared thus in the "backwoods," the boy had ample

time for reading and reflection. The father, to whose other good parts were added considerable scholarship and literary capacity, fostered such inclinations and encouraged his son in his early preference for poetry. At the remarkable age of seven the lad wrote his first verses, and, in spite of the ridicule evoked by them from his father, he continued to write doggerel, from time to time, during the leisure moments of farm routine. When he was fourteen years of age he composed some lines in the form of an invective against Jefferson, then President, and, in fact, against the whole policy of the administration, which pleased his father—himself a strong Federalist—so well that he praised the effort highly, and had the poem published in the "Monthly Anthology," of Boston. These early efforts are, of course, the veriest nothing: their only claim to any recognition whatever lies in the fact that they came from the pen of one so young. And it is a by no means singular fact that never in the history of literature has the production of a child possessed any absolute or intrinsic merit.

At the age of thirteen, Bryant was put under the instruction of his maternal uncle, Mr. Thomas Lüell, at North Brookfield. Here he received thorough training in the rudiments of Latin and Greek. He was a remarkably apt pupil. Indeed, in the short space of eight months he had so thoroughly mastered the Latin accidence as to have read through Virgil. After a year or two he was prepared to enter the sophomore class in Williams' College, then a very poor excuse for an institution of learning. But he applied himself to his work, and obtained what benefits were to be obtained, all the while dabbling into poetry. Owing to the pecuniary embarrassment of his father, the young poet was taken

from college at the end of his first year, and although his most cherished ambition was to go to Yale, he was never able to do so. We now see him spending a year or two at home, reading and studying botany, in which science he became fairly proficient.

As he approached manhood, his father began to think about a profession for him. Naturally, he would have made a doctor of his boy, but the young man showed no talent in that direction, and was, moreover, of a frail constitution. Finally, law was agreed upon, and Dr. Bryant secured as his son's preceptor Judge Howe, a personal friend, and a man of great distinction. Bryant learned with readiness, and, after obtaining his license, settled in Plainfield, an obscure rural village in the mountains of Massachusetts. Later, he removed to Great Barrington, where he succeeded in building up a lucrative practice.

About this time his father found some verses in his pigeon-hole which set him almost beside himself with joy. Running over to a neighbor's, with tears in his eyes, he is said to have exclaimed to the lady of the house: "Oh! read this—it is Cullen's!" It was the "Thanatopsis." The history of its composition runs thus: The poet, now a youth of seventeen, was at home for vacation. It was the fall of the year. "The blue of the summer sky had faded into gray, and the brown earth was heaped with sere and withered emblems of the departed year. As he trod upon the hollow-sounding ground, in the loneliness of the woods, and among the prostrate trunks of trees that for generations had been mouldering into dust, he thought how the vast solitudes about him were filled with the same sad tokens of decay." What, indeed, thought he, is the earth but a great sepul-

chre of once living things, and its skies and stars but the witnesses and decorations of a tomb? All who trod the earth in ages past lie now beneath the sod; and all the teeming millions who now tread it in the noonday glow of beauty, hope and power must some day taste the bitterness of death; and all who are to tread it in ages yet unborn must lie with them and us in the lonely churchyard. Revolving these thoughts in his mind, Bryant conceived the plan of a hymn to death, which he began to write soon after. He began abruptly, in the middle of a line, thus:

" Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course."

The closing of his first draft of his masterpiece is equally abrupt:

" Thousands more
Will share thy destiny; the tittering world
Dance to the grave. The busy brood of care
Plods on and each one chooses, as before,
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments and shall come
And make their bed with thee."

In Bryant's boyhood, Pope had been his model, both for style and versification, but that influence had now passed. Wordsworth, Thomson, Southey, the poets of nature, now occupied his thoughts. But the "Thanatopsis" is a creation. The versification may, as some argue, bear traces of Southey, but the rhythm possesses a sonorous, stately movement of its own.

Dr. Bryant, then State Senator from his county, carried the poem, together with one or two others, and submitted it to Mr. Willard Philipps, one of a club who had just founded the *North American Review*. Mr. Philipps,

a friend of the Bryant family, thought it the choicest gem yet found on this side of the Atlantic, and showed it to his colleague, Richard Henry Dana. Dana at first doubted its authorship, but finally consented for it to appear in the magazine. The other poems were printed with it. The result was that the foremost critics of America commented on it in the highest terms. Mr. Stoddard, himself an eminent poet and critic, pronounced "Thanatopsis" the greatest poem ever written by so young a man.

After the publication of "Thanatopsis" Bryant was invited to contribute poetry to the *Review*, which was now obtaining a wide circulation. Several pieces were contributed in the next year or two, and among them "The Yellow Violet," "An Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood," and, the greatest of all, "The Waterfowl," which is one of the most exquisite bits of melody in all our literature. Several prose articles—reviews, criticisms and themes of various kinds—were also given to the publishers during this period. Among these was an essay on American verse, in which he pronounced judgment on the old American rhymesters, dismissing them all as practically worthless. This effort gained for him the approval of the most able critics of America.

Dr. Bryant lived to see his son's place in American literature assured, and died in 1820. The poet expressed his appreciation of his father's interest in his success in the following lines of the second edition of his beautiful hymn to death :

" For he is in his grave, who taught my youth
The art of verse, and in the bud of life
Offered me to the muses."

These lines are no mere poetic effusion, but the actual truth.

In 1821, Bryant was married to a Miss Fairchild, whom he had met about a year before. She was a beautiful and noble woman, and their wedded life was singularly happy. During this period the first collection of poems was published. A small volume it was, of only forty-four pages, containing eight poems in all: "The Ages," "To a Waterfowl," "The Fragment from Simonides," "The Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood," "The Yellow Violet," "The Song," "Green River," and "Thanatopsis," but each of them superior to anything that had yet been composed by an American.

The collection drew forth a warm commendation from the *North American*, and, in the opinion of many, marked the dawn of our native literature.

Bryant's reputation as a writer was now thoroughly established, and, forsaking the law, which had for many reasons become distasteful to him, he became a "literary adventurer." With Robert C. Sands he undertook the management of the *New York Review*, a monthly recently established by the consolidation of the *Atlantic Magazine* and the *Literary Review*. In this work they were assisted by Mr. Henry J. Anderson, who had had charge of the *Atlantic*. Hard work followed. The *Review* progressed reasonably well, but in 1826 Mr. Bryant thought it best to merge it into the *U. S. Gazette*. Little success followed the experiment, for Mr. Bryant, at any rate, who was glad to assist on a daily newspaper—the *New York Evening Post*. I say assist, because he was called in temporarily. The next year (1828) he was given a position in the enterprise as subordinate editor—Coleman and Burnett were the proprietors. Bryant's work won for him the esteem of his patrons, if such a term be applicable to them. His tastes were in-

nately refined, and he was a reformer by nature. Against duelling and lotteries he was particularly outspoken; and in a few years he astounded the world by shaping the policy of the *Post* with regard to the tariff. His paper was the only one north of the Potomac that opposed Protection.

In the meantime he continued to hold on to his former venture, the *Review*, which, at various times, was honored by contributions from Longfellow, Willis, Bancroft, and Cushing.

Bryant's editorial style was genial. Though outspoken on many things, he made few personal enemies and many warm friends. He became very popular with the supporters of Jackson in the presidential campaign of 1828 by the general tenor of his editorials. His political philosophy and his views on the nature and requirements of the editorial function were unique. Purity of the press was ever his watchword. Many editors, he argued, were not fit to mould public opinion. The editor's calling he regarded as one of the most exalted. In politics he was a Democrat, standing firmly by the tenet of government of the people and for the people, and eschewing anything that smacked in the least of paternalism. While the excitement occasioned by the National Bank issue was in full blast, Bryant, who strongly supported the administration, had to stem the tide of a large and powerful force of public opinion. At the same time that Mr. Bryant was prosecuting his labors in the handling of political issues, he was also associated with Messrs. Verplanck and Sands in the management of the *Talisman*, a highly successful literary periodical.

In 1832 a complete edition of his poems appeared. It was prefaced with a laudatory note by Washington Irving,

and most generously reviewed by Christopher North, and other eminent authorities, both at home and abroad.

Bryant and his family sailed for Europe in 1834, and tarried for months at the various capitals of the continent, where he enlarged his, already by no means slight knowledge of the French, German and Italian literatures. His love of nature was so all-pervading that he allowed scarcely a year to pass without visiting some locality noted for its grandeur and beauty of scenery. He traveled throughout America, visiting Cuba; made several voyages to Europe, and traveled through certain parts of Asia and Africa. He was, moreover, an accomplished pedestrian, and in this way derived much more benefit from travel than the ordinary tourist.

As the slavery question began to darken the political horizon, Bryant espoused the cause of the Abolitionists, naturally, and became a warm, though consistent, agitator. In the campaign of 1860 he was an ardent supporter of Lincoln, and seconded the whole policy of the war administration. All the while he wielded a powerful pen.

In his seventieth year, he published the so-called "Thirty Poems"—a small volume of scarce two hundred pages. It was warmly lauded by his literary friends and received with favor by the public generally. The best poems in the collection were "Sella," "The Little People of the Snow," and "The Fifth Book of the Odyssey"—three of his longest ones—and "The Rain Dream," "A Day Dream," "The Constellations," and "The Future Life"—four of his most beautiful. Longfellow, Dana, and several critics of note expressed themselves in the very highest terms with respect to this work.

Old age had come, but the poet had lost very little of

his youthful vigor. Implicit obedience to the laws of health was his rule of life, and it is to this that his "green old age" is to be attributed. On the 29th of May, 1878, he delivered the address at the unveiling of the statue of Mazzini, a distinguished Italian author and patriot. The day was oppressively warm, and when Mr. Bryant closed his oration he was exhausted, but he accepted an invitation to the house of a friend and walked from Central Park thither, a considerable distance. As he was attempting to ascend to the piazza of the house he fell suddenly, striking his head upon the granite steps. He was knocked senseless, but was soon revived and carried to his home. By this time he had become delirious. For fourteen days he lingered in this state and finally expired on June 12. His death produced universal regret, and all the journals appeared in mourning dress for him.

* * * * *

"In person, Mr. Bryant was slender but symmetrical, with a large and well-formed head, and a peculiar firm and erect carriage. His manners were reserved and simple, even to shyness; yet he did not avoid, while he did not court, society." In later life he wore a profusion of white beard, which gave him a venerable, not to say patriarchal, appearance. His ideas of justice were strict; his political weapons were not soiled by innocent blood. "To a rare amiability he added a thorough integrity of character."

Bryant's fame, of course, rests on his poetry, but it is probable that he was a much abler journalist than poet. In fact, of his various writings in prose it has been said that they contained "no superfluous word, no empty or showy phrase," but were marked throughout by "pure,

manly, straightforward, and vigorous English." Such cannot be said of his poetry. Wordsworth was his master, first and last. The deep, indescribable music of "Tintern Abbey"—none other, indeed, than that "still, sad music of humanity"—is commonly admitted to be infinitely superior to the youthful strains of "Thanatopsis." The one is a deep, boundless tide, "too full for sound and foam;" the other is a gurgling rivulet, with here and there only a roaring cascade to obscure the monotony. The one is philosophical; the other merely rhetorical; the one is an imperishable appeal of old Nature to her wayward son, Man; the other a beautiful but plaintive attempt at the same effect. But Bryant was a poet of no mean genius—for America, at least. He lacked the vigor and passion of Poe and the artistic finish of Longfellow, but he had a style of his own, which is pleasing if not particularly deep.

Bryant was peculiarly fitted to be a poet of nature. The picturesque scenery around the home of his childhood made a deep and lasting impression on his receptive mind which amounted to reverence. "His poems convey, to a remarkable degree, the actual impression which is awakened by our lakes, mountains and forests." He seems to have caught the spirit of the scenery, and his masterly command of English enabled him to put his thoughts in attractive and expressive measure.

Bryant's attitude as an editor has already been imperfectly defined. Let it suffice to say here that he was no mere *doctrinaire*, but that he practiced what he preached on all occasions. Mr. Bryant was, indeed, a personality. He lived and wrote in a time when journalism had not assumed its present gigantic proportions—when the editor was known by his readers through his

writings. The newspaper was not then the vast machine by whose immensity the editor was kept in the background, but the editor *made the paper*, rather thanked it for his own existence. Such an editor was Bryant. He was, probably, the greatest journalist of his time, and, in the capacity of editor-in-chief of the *New York Evening Post*, moulded public opinion to a great extent for half a century.

I quote, in conclusion, the closing words of Mr. George William Curtis's eulogy, delivered in the Academy of Music, of New York, December 30, 1818:—

"Here then we leave him, with tender reverence for the father of our song, with grateful homage to the spotless and faithful citizen, with affectionate admiration for the simple and upright man. Here we leave him, and we—we go forward refreshed, strengthened, inspired, by the light of the life, which, like a star, serene and indistinguishable,

"Flames in the forehead of our morning sky!"

MOSES; A SLAVERY STORY.

BY CHARLES PRESTON WEAVER.

In the gray light of an early May morning, two negro women emerged from a cabin at the edge of the slaves' quarters and took the well-trodden path which led to the spring. On each of their heads was balanced a basket filled with clothes which they were taking to the spring to wash. When they reached their destination, the first woman spoke:

"Marthy, is you hear de news?"

"Naw, 'Liza; what news?"

"It wuz about Miss Em'ly a findin' a baskit up at de bend un de river yistidy. She wuz a comin' back frum Miss Alice Bakers' in de boat wiv ole 'Lige long er bout dusk when dey hear sumthin' a cryin' mungst de bull-rushes 'long de bank an' when dey 'vestigate what you 'spose it 'twuz?"

"Ain't no idee."

"'Twuz er little, tiny black baby.

For a moment the other woman said nothing, then she broke forth in a shout of joy:

"It's de Lord's wurk, it's de Lord's wurk! Aint you hear de white preacher read how Pharoah's daughter fin' little Moses in de bullrushes an' how de Lord raize him up fer de 'liverance uv his people? Bless de Lord, he dun answer my prairs. Mistis' dun foun' little black Moses and he gwine ter set his people free."

The last words of the woman had hardly died away when several other negresses, carrying baskets of clothes, arrived, and the story of the discovery of the infant was repeated to them.

Ere the day was over the news had spread over the whole plantation. The field hands, coming in from their work, stopped at the plantation nursery to see the babe and hear again recounted the story of his wonderful discovery.

A week later the emaciated form of a negro woman presented herself to the master of the plantation and asked to become one of his servants. The unusual fullness of her breasts showed that she had recently given birth to a child, and so she was placed along with the other black mammies in the nursery to watch over the score of black babies there. Moses, for so he had been named, grew and thrived under the care of the new nurse. Many of the babies who had arrived before him were still in their cradles when Moses was toddling across the nursery floor.

The years of Moses' boyhood were eventful ones. Miss Emily took a great interest in the lad, teaching him to read and write, and even gave him books from her own library when she saw his eagerness for knowledge. Many nights the boy sat devouring the contents of some book until the cock's crow announced the approach of day. Then throwing himself upon his straw, he would sleep until the plantation bell rang for the slaves to arise. One book he prized above all others. It was a backless Bible which he had found in his master's office, and he often surprised the blacks around by his knowledge of the book and his exposition of its truths.

Most of his childhood had been spent in the big house attending to the wants of his mistress, but when he grew old enough for farm work he was sent to the field with the other hands. Thus he developed into a stalwart young man, working in the fields through the week and expounding the Scriptures to his race on the Sabbath.

Then the war came on and the country was devastated by the troops of the enemy. Sometimes, however, the Confederate armies encamped near the house, and gray-appareled officers filled the parlors of the great house to hear Miss Emily play Southern melodies.

In the meantime, dissatisfaction spread among the negroes. Many wild rumors reached them. It was reported that Abe Lincoln would pay every negro a hundred dollars in cash, in addition to setting him free, who would present himself at the White House door. Another rumor said that the Government would give every negro forty acres of land and a mule who would come North. The slaves heard these tidings with great joy and would have left immediately had they had a leader. With one accord they turned to Moses. "Moses," they cried, "lead us out of de land uv Egypt. Lead us to de promised land." Then Moses, convinced that he was sent of God, determined to lead his people North.

* * * * *

The first rays of the rising sun glowed in the east like flaming arrows as the procession filed down the road. Before them stretched the river, foaming and frothing from heavy rains. Suddenly the hoofs of many horses were heard rapidly approaching at their backs. A sudden fear seized the people, and in spite of Moses telling them to stand still and behold the salvation of the Lord, they broke in the wildest disorder. Moses himself, who had lingered till the last minute in hopes of rallying his fleeing comrades, made a wild dash forward as he recognized his master riding at the head of a body of Confederate cavalry.

In a short while the frightened slaves had been captured and sent back to the plantation under guard. They

sought diligently for Moses, but the only thing they were able to find was the Mexican sombrero which he had worn on Sundays, lying on the opposite bank of the river.

It might be well to let the story end here, but the life of such a wonderful man should not be allowed to end so abruptly.

Many years afterwards, when the last vestige of slavery had disappeared from the South, save a few feeble old darkies who were content to spend their last days on the plantation, Moses came back. His stalwart frame was bent with age and his long white beard almost touched his waist. There was something awe-inspiring about the old man's appearance which caused even the younger darkies whom he met to respect him.

Coming up to a crowd of them he inquired where his old master lived, and finding that both his master and mistress were dead, he was told that Miss Emily now occupied the big house. Slowly and with great pain he made his way back to the old plantation. He paused as he entered the gate to note the change which had taken place during his absence. The big house still appeared the same, but the slaves' quarters had entirely disappeared. Suddenly a shudder ran through his frame and tottering he fell in the path. One of the servants who had seen the old man enter the yard called the attention of her mistress to him. He was borne tenderly into the house and a physician summoned. He lived only a few minutes, however, but in that time he had been recognized and forgiven.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

E. W. TIMBERLAKE, Jr., Editor.

WE desire to call attention, especially to the student body, of the article entitled "The Right Use of the Gymnasium," by Dr. Sikes. The building is now nearing completion, and after it has been equipped, let every student in college show his appreciation by following out the advice of Dr. Sikes and attending regularly.

WITH the February issue of the STUDENT, our duties as editor devolve upon our colleague from the Euzelian Society. While we have by no means made our magazine attain the excellence which we should have desired, we have tried to do our duty to the best of our ability. And if we have made mistakes, they have been entirely unintentional, and we ask our kind readers to pardon them. As a parting word from the retiring editor, we would encourage every student who can write to do so. We would repeat, also, that the editors can not make a magazine without the co-operation of the students. Let every one, then, do all in his power to assist the incoming editor in making our magazine better than it has ever been before.

The Contemporary Novel. For some time past an animated discussion has been going on in England over the merits and demerits of the present day novel, which seems to be placing works of serious kinds in the background. Mr. George Allen, an English publisher, who has up to this time published no works of fiction, declares that the novel is not deteriorating, and announces that after this he intends to publish novels regularly. In the London *Outlook*, he says :

"How is it, if the novel is deteriorating that publishers of good standing, caring something, as the latest *Outlook* leader on the subject implies they do, for literature and reputation, ally themselves with the personal purveyors of rubbish for the lower multitudes? If I say, in answer to this question, that I think the novel has not deteriorated, I prepare the way for a justification of my individual action. * * * If the *Outlook* cries 'shame' on the generation of Marie Corelli, may I not invoke the shade of Martin Tupper? True, the proverbial philosopher was not a novelist. But in both cases we have precisely the same phenomenon—the greedy exploitation of rubbish resulting in large financial success, followed by immense agitation amongst the reading public—agitation so universal that for a time criticism itself is confounded ; for, as the *Outlook* is careful to point out, success carries all before it. But is that all? Consult experience. The noise is made, but it dies away again." Mr. Allen continues : "The remedy? Crush the illiterate, and all those for whom that rough-and-ready term can be made to stand. But that is a matter for you educationalists to settle; when you have settled it, publishers like myself will have occasion to bless you."

With all this discussion on the subject, we confess

that we believe the novel has deteriorated—not to the detriment of publishers, but in the field of literature. For instance, when has one novel been published in recent years that could be placed among the classics? We do not intend to criticise the publication of this latter-day fiction, for it is interesting, and satisfies the public mind, but there is a possibility of anything being carried too far.

Will Chinese be the Universal Language. This is a very interesting question, and one which is exciting various speculations among the press. A writer says in *Mind*, December, 1900:

“The presence of the allied forces in China may ultimately prove to be the lever that will launch the Chinese language into our very schools as part of the curriculum. When nations wage war upon one another, they generally manage to learn from one another as well, and the scientists accompanying the allied forces in China are already recommending the idea in dispatches to their respective governments, that written Chinese be adopted, experimentally at least, as a professional and business language.”

The idea is simple, and seems to be spreading. However, there is a widespread prejudice against both the Chinese and their language, and this must be overcome before the proposed plan can be adopted. The main objection urged against it is, that Chinese is very difficult to learn. Being a symbolic tongue, however, and having no alphabet, the written language is said to be very easy. It is a well-known fact that most languages are continually undergoing changes, and branching out into different dialects; for instance, people of to-day can

hardly understand the English language as spoken two hundred years ago. A writer on the subject says :

"But a symbolic language never changes. It remains forever a unifying influence. As long as the idea to be expressed remains the same, it is expressed in the same way. The symbol expresses an idea quite apart from the spoken utterance of that idea. In other words, we may benefit by the advantage of written Chinese without ever bothering about pronouncing it."

The great Queen is dead. After the longest reign of any sovereign in English history, she passes quietly away with the devotion of her subjects, and with the admiration and respect of the world. Her reign has been one of peculiar prosperity to the English-speaking race. A mere girl when she ascended the throne, Victoria soon manifested those womanly qualities which not only endeared her to her subjects, but started England along the road that brought her to be the mightiest empire on earth.

Victoria assumed control of the government in 1837, under rather peculiar circumstances. The whole English realm had become restive under the heavy yoke of the Georges, and the very first act of the new Queen was to learn the spirit of her people and comply with their needs. She surrounded herself with an able cabinet, chose the best men as her advisers, and accepted their advice. In this lay the secret of her success. For though she has seen her power gradually relaxing through public reforms, she has had the penetration to see when it became necessary to yield to the demands of a restless people, and by yielding she has benefitted her subjects

and her realm, and won for herself a lasting name. Well might the age of Victoria be called the "Golden Age" of English history. Truly it might be also said of her that she lived well, ruled well, died well, and left the world to wonder if the reign of Edward VII will be as prolific in its beneficent effects as was that of his noble mother.

BOOK REVIEWS.

An American Anthology. Edited by E. C. Stedman. Boston, 1900. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$3.00.

Our somewhat belated welcome to this long-promised volume is none the less hearty. For it would be difficult to find a more beautiful or more satisfactory piece of book-making. The binding and general make-up of the book—identical with those of the now well-known *Victorian Anthology*—are such as must needs satisfy the exactions of the most fastidious book-lover, while aids and devices for the guidance of reader and student are provided in abundance. To the table of contents, giving full chronological lists of writers and subjects, are added indexes of first lines and titles of poems, with full biographical notes of the poets. The biographical notes would in themselves make an excellent history of American poetry, and to the student of American Literature they are invaluable.

As we glance through the nine hundred double-column pages of the Anthology, we are, at first glance, well-nigh bewildered, so numerous—and, in most cases, almost unknown, are the poets represented—poets dead and forgotten, poets born but yesterday, and, we fear, poets yet to be born. "A wilderness of mediocrity," says the *London Spectator*, and with this verdict we would, on first impression, almost agree. But under Mr. Stedman's master hands, this seeming chaos, on closer examination, becomes subject to certain laws and conditions, which not only guide the general reader, but also smooth the way of the struggling student. Mr. Stedman, following the arrangement of his *American Poets*, which the Anthology is meant to illustrate, breaks up American poetry into four general divisions: First, from the beginnings of Colonial literature to 1816; second, from 1816 to 1860, which is called the First Lyrical Period; third, from 1861 to 1889, The Second Lyrical Period, and lastly, The Closing Years of the Century. Under these four divisions are various sub-divisions as further helps.

Our first feelings, after going over the Anthology with a criti-

cal eye, are mingled ones of satisfaction and disappointment. When we think of the *Victorian Anthology*, our almost daily companion since its publication, we can but feel how far the poetry of America falls below the poetry of England. Apart from the work of Poe, the *American Anthology* contains nothing of supreme greatness. On the other hand, when we think of the conditions which have hampered our poets, we feel a glow of real pride that American poetry should be so pure and so good, although its excellence is itself of a rather monotonous type. But we are a young people yet, and we enter upon the new century with great hopes for American poetry.

The selections are made, for the most part, with marked taste and judgment. Of course we miss some old favorites, as was inevitable, and we might complain that the editor, in his patriotism, has made the "national idea" just a little too prominent. But, all in all, the selections could hardly be improved upon. Naturally, the lion's share has fallen to the great names of Bryant, Poe, Whittier, Longfellow, Emerson, and Lowell. However, the editor shows marked liberality in his allotment of space to those poets who have yet to stand the test of even a quarter century, and the little twitterers have each his spray to pipe upon. Indeed the "small fry" are too much in evidence, and more rigid laws of selection and exclusion would have added to the value of the volume, from a critical point of view at least.

Doubtless we may be pardoned for speaking, with not a little pride, of the fine showing made by Southern poets. In quantity, their verse is small in proportion, but in quality, it is on a level with, if not above, the very best productions of their Northern brethren. We could easily prove the proposition, if need be.

The Reign of Law: A Tale of the Kentucky Hemp Fields. By James Lane Allen, with illustrations by Harry Penn and J. C. Early, New York. The Macmillan Company, 1900.

The traveler through the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, in the early summer, sees by the road immense fields of what seem to be luxuriant bitter-weeds. But why should such excellent lands be given over to weeds? A little inquiry will secure the information that the supposed weeds are hemp. Many a traveler has been deluded, but this need not be the case with any one

who has read Mr. Allen's new book and studied the excellent illustrations, for in an introduction of twenty-three pages the story of hemp is told with such fullness of detail that the United States Department of Agriculture might reprint it in its reports, with the certainty of giving its readers the fullest and most sympathetic account of the history and methods of hemp-culture in this country. It would certainly be the most entrancing reading that perusers of government reports have seen in many a day. This one chapter is worth almost a year's residence in the hemp districts. It transports us at once to the free atmosphere of the hemp fields, fills our nostrils with their pleasant odors, and brings before us in grand panorama the sowing, growing, blooming, ripening, reaping, curing, breaking, and marketing, etc., etc., of hemp.

But why all this talk on hemp? Mr. Allen was not writing an agricultural document, but a novel. One rather suspects that it was an after-thought and that its primary object was to serve as padding for a volume, which, with it, contains only 385 loosely printed pages. In a way, however, it serves as a background for the story, and to that we now turn.

As a story, meaning by story the plot, this is sorry enough. In short, it is this: There lived, shortly after the war, in this hemp district, a big, strong, awkward youth who was burning with zeal for an education. He was descended from a pioneer of much influence who was also a religious reformer "and who erected the first house to religious freedom in Kentucky," but his father was a poor man with few acres, and his mother only a female animal. But the son, after years of patient toil, secures enough to go to Kentucky University, which is evidently a Disciples' college. There he starts in to study at Bible College with a consuming zeal for learning the Bible, for he hopes to become a minister. Soon the spirit of his reforming ancestor begins to assert itself, and the young man begins to question everything, and to lose faith in his own church and to have doubts of the Bible. In eighteen months he has read nearly everything, and has become so sceptical that he is "put out of college and expelled from the church." He returns home, where he has to encounter the stupidity of his mother and brutality of his father, who are unable to understand him. But he

begins work again on the farm, suffers sickness and hardship, but has the good fortune to find a congenial spirit in a school-teacher, whom he saw once at Lexington, and marries her. The story ends with his entering a wider field of study.

So much for the story. Now for a few remarks. We wish Mr. Allen, and everybody else for that matter, would let religious stories alone. They are readable, and always find readers, but they are a mighty cheap bid for popularity. They correct no abuses and may do downright harm. It is not right to try to leave the impression, as Mr. Allen does, that it only requires a little more than ordinary wit to see that what is generally known by the name of orthodoxy is only stupidity combined with intolerance, and has been rendered entirely obsolete by modern scientific advancement. Mr. Allen ought to know that dissent from orthodoxy does not always mark advance towards liberty. We rather suspect that that pioneer reformer who "built the first house to religious liberty in Kentucky," was an obstinate old crank who insisted on running the church to suit his own private whims. At any rate, while we might applaud our author's tacit plea for toleration, if expressed elsewhere, he does not impress us as a very wise or safe religious leader.

Again, Mr. Allen's theory of education is calculated to do harm. What we need to learn here in the South is that culture and education do not come at a turn of the hand; to keep our place in the councils of the nation we need men who have had careful and persistent drill in the humanities and the sciences. Mere reading can not develop students into men of well-balanced minds, who shall be able to cope with their fellows from the North and West. How unwise, then, to hold up for the approbation of our young men such an example as David.

Mr. Allen's women are something to excite wonder. Are all the mothers in Kentucky dolts, devoid of feeling, with no love for their children? If they are, patriotism ought to prompt him to silence; if they are not, why is he so persistent in misrepresentation in story after story.

However, the story has some pleasing traits. In humor it is excellent; how well, for instance, is the married ministerial student pictured: "A tall, gaunt, rough-whiskered man, wearing a paper collar, without a cravat, and a shiny, long-tailed, black

cloth coat," holding "a Bible opened at Genesis." Who has not heard the mechanical, but kind and frank, "Good morning, brother," with which this particular one greeted David on his arrival at college?

But best of all is the description of nature. How excellent is the account of the great sleet! But to begin to mention is never to stop. Every page shows the pen of a lover and portrayer of nature. This is what makes the book so delightful. We can forgive bad plot, religious nothingness, stupid women, unripe educational ideals, all for the constant, sweet pleasure quaffed from the cup of nature which Mr. Allen holds pure and undefiled to our lips.

On Southern Poetry Prior to 1860. By Sydney Ernest Bradshaw. Pp. 131. B. F. Johnson Publishing Co.

This book is a brief treatise, the purpose of which is to "record the results of a study of the poets of the Southern States and their poetry written from the time of the settlement at Jamestown to the time immediately preceding the outbreak of the Civil War—the period from 1607 to 1860."

The book has an interesting title and a pleasing appearance, and the contents show that the author has made a careful study of his subject. He is especially to be commended for the way in which his work is arranged. As the scheme of treatment adopted, the poetry is taken by centuries. Beginning with the year 1607, we are taken through the period of the Indian wars and the hardships of the early settlers, and we see clearly indications of a talent capable of development. Coming into the eighteenth century, we are taken through the stormy period of the Revolution and the struggles of the young Republic, and a marked improvement has been reached. Again we stride forward into the nineteenth century, and we see that the South has produced some of the greatest poets of the New World.

Of course a treatise of this kind is necessarily brief, and we commend the author for his taste in his selections, and in his treatment of the lives and works of the different poets in so small a space. The book contains a great deal of information concerning the early literature of our country, and while it can not be called great, it is certainly a worthy production.

EXCHANGES.

WINSTON D. ADAMS, Editor.

The memorial number of the *Roanoke Collegian* is very tastefully arranged. The article giving a short biography of Prof. Simon Carson Wells, who died a few months ago, is very appropriate. With the death of Prof. Wells, Roanoke College loses a faithful friend and supporter and the South a true and loyal son. We extend our sympathies to our sister institution in her bereavement.

✻

The December number of the *Hampden-Sidney* is devoted entirely to football. The frontispiece is a handsome picture of their championship eleven, and all the stories are football stories. We congratulate the college on the splendid record of the team, and wish them a like success in the years to come. It is with pleasure that we note that the editor-in-chief, Mr. Kemper, is also captain of the team. "After the Game" and "Captain Merington's Mistake" are exciting and well-written stories. The issue is ably edited and very appropriate.

✻

The cover of the College of Charleston Magazine is very tasteful and gives us promise of a rare treat within. We are somewhat disappointed, however. The only article of merit is the cleverly written and pathetic little story entitled "Pastels." "Teddy's Escape" is well conceived, but towards the end is overdrawn in many respects. We are sorry to see that the editors are having some difficulty in securing matter for their Magazine. We had thought that we at Wake Forest were the only ones in this perplexity. We can certainly sympathize with the editors of the College of Charleston Magazine, for we almost know what it is to be forced to get out a magazine unaided by the student body.

The *Shamrock*, issued by the students of the Prather Home School, is a very neat and attractive little magazine. The editors are to be commended in being able to put so much readable matter in such limited space. The stories entitled "The Brothers" and "The Mill of the Gods" are very interesting. There is also a superabundance of verse. Indeed in that department, in which so many of our college magazines are lacking, the *Shamrock* is most proficient. "A Young Man's Ride" and "St. Nicholas" are well written, although the latter is somewhat prolix.



With pleasure will we exchange with *La Poinciana*, the magazine published by the literary societies of the Florida Conference College. We congratulate the editors on their first issue, and wish them much success in college journalism. As is proper, the December number is employed in stating the aims and purposes of the magazine, and calling on the students of the college for aid in making it a leading college publication. These purposes are clearly set forth, and we are persuaded that if they are carried out the *La Poinciana* will in time to come become an ideal college magazine.



The January number of the *Southern Presbyterian University Journal* is an ideal college magazine, and one of the best that come to our table. The competitive essay, "Some Aspects of a Problem," is well written, and, in our estimation, the best solution of the race problem we have as yet seen. "The Hero of Chancellorsville" is a very enjoyable story, written in a clear and easy style. "The Sovereignty of Mind" interested us very much, due to the fact, no doubt, that we have only recently taken the course in psychology. The article, however, is slightly complex and deep for a college production.



A comparison of Chaucer and Spenser in the December number of the *Blue and Gold*, is an exceedingly well-written essay and shows much study and research. Although we do not agree

with the author in all his statements, the article is one of merit and displays more originality than the average college production. We were much disappointed in the woeful lack of fiction and verse, which is apparent in this number. As we have so often said before, a college magazine, to be strictly up-to-date and interesting, must contain both fiction, verse, and essay, and all are requisite to the production of the ideal college publication. With the coming of Spring and its attendant sensations, we hope to see the *Blue and Gold* improve in this respect, so that in the future we may not have occasion to make a similar criticism.



The Seminary Magazine is a worthy representative of that great institution, The Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. There are three articles in the December number that attract our attention, those entitled "How to Arouse Missionary Zeal," "Some Figures About Baptist Colleges in England," and "A History of Old Land-Markism." The first is practical, the second is interesting and entertaining, while the third, and most important one, contains, with others also, the features of the preceding two. The first part appears in this issue, and shows a vast amount of painstaking labor and research. We are looking forward to the arrival of its completion, when we shall be better able to review it.



The William and Mary College Monthly for January, contains a number of worthy contributions. The leading article is the essay entitled, "The Reconstruction of Touchstone, the Wise Fool." Too much praise cannot be given articles of this merit, and it is our earnest desire that more of our Southern colleges may secure essays of equal worth in the future. The author seems to have entered fully into the spirit of "As You Like It," and the result could not have been other than an exceedingly interesting essay. Although this issue is lacking in fiction, a quantity of good verse more than makes up for the deficiency. "A Misdirected Christmas Box" and "To a Rose" are good. The Book Review and Editorial Departments are ably edited.

The January number of the Wofford College Journal is a vast improvement on its previous issues, and it is with pleasure that we welcome it to our table. The essay entitled "The South Polar Problem" is worthy of the medal awarded it by the Scientific department. The author has his subject well in hand, and, in a clear, concise, though simple manner, he treats of the problem now before the scientific world with regard to the South Polar regions. On the other hand, we were very much disappointed in the story, "What Happened at Naitoyah." The characters are overdrawn and unnatural, and the story in general is noticeable for the lack of restraint. The author seems to have let his pen and Utopian imagination run wild. "Agnes of Glasgow" and "Washington Irving" are articles of merit, especially the former.



It is with special pleasure that we review the January number of the *Vassar Miscellany*. Not only in prose, but also in good verse does this number abound. "The Century Child" is a most beautiful poem—both in thought and in execution. It is well given first place in the *Miscellany*, and is, in our estimation, the best piece of college verse we have seen in some time. In fiction, the stories entitled "The Flag Rush" and "The Dark-haired Girl" are exceptionally good. The plot of the latter is weird and unique, and our interest is held to the end. The two essays, "Shelley's Expression of Mood Through Nature Description in *Alastor*" and "The Development of French Drama with Reference to Corneille" are exceedingly good. At Random is the department devoted to verse of all kinds and is an interesting feature in the *Miscellany*.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

GEO. T. BRANDON, Editor.

- '78. Mr. F. B. Cooper is a progressive lawyer at Clinton.
- '98. Walter L. Cohoon is now Reading Clerk of the State Senate.
- '94. N. A. Dunn is a very prosperous wholesale merchant in Raleigh, N. C.
- '95. Mr. John H. Kerr is a very successful attorney-at-law in Warrenton, N. C.
- '92. Rev. J. S. Corpening is succeeding well in the pastorate at Washington, N. C.
- '86—88. H. H. Covington is in charge of the Episcopal Church at Sumter, S. C.
- '98. Mr. J. L. Flemming is one of the most prominent lawyers of Greenville, N. C.
- '90. Rev. Josiah Crudup is achieving success in the pastoral work at Hot Springs, N. C.
- '88-91. Dr. C. F. Griffin is a successful practicing physician at Woodland, Northampton Co., N. C.
- '96. Mr. S. E. Hall is proving himself a successful editor of the *Union Republican*, Winston, N. C.
- '86—88, Rev. G. L. Finch is doing faithful and efficient work as pastor of the church at Carthage, N. C.
- '99. Mr. C. H. Martin has been appointed private secretary to Congressman E. W. Pou, of the 4th District.
- '86-88. Hon. F. R. Harris, of Northampton County, is a member of the present Legislature of North Carolina.
- '86. Mr. E. P. Ellington, Superintendent of Public Instruction in Rockingham County, recently paid a visit to the college.
- '91. Mr. R. L. Freeman, of Marlboro County, S. C., is Superintendent of Education in that County, and is filling the place well.

'86-87. Dr. J. F. Highsmith, a very prominent physician in Fayetteville, N. C., is one of the proprietors of the Sanitarium, of that place.

'95. Dr. R. T. Allen, practicing dentist at Lumberton, N. C., spent the holidays on the hill, with his bride, *nee* Miss Nettie Pittman, of Lumberton.

'82. Rev. D. W. Herring, for many years Missionary to Shanghai, China, being forced by the Boxers to leave his work, is now at home in this State. He promises to visit his Alma Mater next Commencement.

'75. Dr. M. D. Phillips is now a distinguished physician in Stokes County. He attended the recent Baptist State Convention at Raleigh, and also paid us a visit at Wake Forest, after an absence of twenty-five years.

'78. Rev Livingston Johnson, of Greensboro, has been elected to succeed Mr. White as Corresponding Secretary of the Baptist State Convention. It is thought that his mantle could not have fallen on a more worthy successor.

'99. Rev. W. F. Fry is achieving a marked success as pastor of East Durham Baptist Church. Mr. Fry did not neglect, as many of our Ministerial students do, the literary and society work while at college, and is now capable of filling our highest pulpits.

The following is a list of Wake Forest Alumni now in the General Assembly of North Carolina. These are all young men, but have achieved brilliant successes already in public life. In the Senate: E. Y. Webb, S. McIntyre, C. S. Vann, H. A. Foushee. In the House: J. F. Spainhour, F. R. Harris, R. N. Simms, J. H. Pearson, D. L. Carlton.

'89. Rev. J. E. White, for five years Corresponding Secretary of the Baptist State Convention, now goes to one of the most prominent Baptist Churches of Atlanta, Ga. We are very sorry to give him up, but what is our loss is their gain. He is one of our most eloquent and instructive preachers. We congratulate the people of Atlanta on their selection for a pastor.

CLIPPINGS.

The difference great 'tween best and worst
Needs not be attested,
Yet strange to say we worsted are
Whenever we are bested.

—O. L., in *Red and Blue*.



CÆSARINE.

She came, she saw, she conquered,
But I was not her foe.
I came, I saw, *was* conquered,
And now I am her beau.

—*William and Mary Monthly*.



AD FINEM.

BY A. V. DYE:

There was a fool, and to himself
He said, "There is no God,"
And sat him down to reason out
Why all that is, is so.
And all the weary winding paths
Of knowledge he did tread;
And at the end found all their paths
Led into one last corridor.
And passing in its narrow way
He faced the Great First Cause;
Then cowering back, with bated breath
He drew his mantle o'er his face,
And softly whispered, "God."

W. J. S.

IN JANUARY.

Said the freshman, with anxious-eyed query,
 "I'm in trouble, and what shall I do?
 I can not find time for my lessons,
 I'm frantic, I'll never get through!
 I've cut my Math every week Monday,
 My English, my Latin, my Greek,
 In Hygiene I've cut till I hardly
 Dare lift up my eyes and speak.
 And now the exam times are coming,
 My work isn't nearly done,
 And I can't see anything left to do
 But to cut—my—fun!"

—*L. T. B., in Vassar, 1901.*



STARLIGHT.

Stealing from silent depths,
 'Neath the broad arches high,
 Legions on legions march
 Adown the darkling sky.

Where speed these marshalled hosts
 In armor blazoned bright?
 Go they to meet some foe,
 Haste they, armed, to the fight?

Or be they heralds all
 Of the glorious King above,
 By Him sent to proclaim
 His light, His might, His love?

Out from the darkness flashing bright,
 Out from the depths, a spark of light;
 "Whence and whither?" in vain ye cry,—
 A meteor burns across the sky.

—*Mary Danforth Dodge, 1901,
 Vassar Miscellany, December.*

JA GAWIS.

He was a First Year Normal lad,
With his own importance quite impressed;
Of all the studies that he had,
He said he liked the German best.

He strolled one day along the street,
His "girl" he chanced to see;
With charming smile, she looked so sweet;
"Hello, meine lieblichste," said he.

The lady frowned and passed him by;
The lad was in dismay;
Then turning said with a quivering sigh;
"Mein liebes kind, good day."

At those words she turned her head,
The chilly frown had flown.
The lad felt brave and softly said:
"Aufwiedersehen mein own."

Like pleasant dreams the Autumn days
Were gone; and chill winds blew;
But his heart was warm with hope's bright rays,
Each day learned something new.

Again they met. He had grown quite bold
And said: "Ich liebe dich."
Says she, "Why that is a story old,
Alle Hunde lieben mich!"

— *V., in W. and M. Monthly.*



TO A ROSE.

She gave me a rose,
A lovely rose, freshly blown,
A messenger from Heaven flown
To the cold and silent earth.
A rose, its petals pure and white,
To gladden hearts like a beam of light;
The fairest flower that grows.

My white and beautiful rose,
 Thou pure and spotless flower,
 Thou gem from Psyche's bower,
 To me thou bringest joy.
 Proudly lift thy graceful head,
 Like a woman's smile thy fragrance shed,
 'Tis the rapture a lover knows.

My white and drooping rose,
 Lift thy drowsy head once more,
 Smile on me as thou didst of yore;
 Bring sunshine into my life.
 Smile on me. I see thee try,
 But, Ah! methinks, I hear a sigh,
 Like the softest wind that blows.

My fading, dying rose,
 Thy head bends lower day by day,
 Soon thy beauty will fade away,
 And I'll be sad and alone.
 Thy petals are dropping, one by one;
 Thy life is ebbing—now is gone.
 Rest thou in sweet repose.

—*Vasser de Vere, in William and Mary College Monthly.*



A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

A cat sedebat on our fence,
 As læta as could be;
 Her vox surgebat to the skies,
 Canebat merrily.

Quite vainly jeci boots, a lamp,
 Some bottles and a book;
 Ergo I seized my pistol et
 My aim cum cura took.

I had six shots, dixi, "Ye gods,
 May I that felis kill!"
 Quamquam I took six of her lives,
 The other three sang still.

The felis sang with major vim,
 Though meus aim was true;
 Conatus sum putare quid
 In tonitru I'd do.

A scheme advenit to me head;
 Scivi 'twould make her wince.
 I sang. Et then the hostis fled,
 Non eam vidi since.

—Eκ.



THE CENTURY CHILD.

Far in an ancient forest
 Where earth and sky begin,
 In the hush of primal stillness
 Older than human sin.

Lies the young Century sleeping
 While the forest winds croon low,
 And the mighty pines grieve weeping
 For at midnight the child must go.

Alone in the solemn vastness
 Kneels the age-old Father Time,
 Bends o'er the fair beloved
 In agony sublime.

"Youngest Child of the Ages,
 With bitterly cruel fears
 I send you forth to the haunts of men
 To dwell for a hundred years.

"By the lust of warring nations,
 By the sins of the tribes of men,
 By the pain and shame and sorrow,
 You will never come back again—

"Pure in your tender fairness,
 The morning light on your face
 Will fade with the hopeless watching
 Deeds of an erring race."

Gently he stirs the sleeper,
Points to the world-ward way—
An instant the Child stands wondering
Whether to go or stay.

Silent the forest watches;
From far a slow bell-tone
Breaks—ere the echo answers
The Century Child is gone.

—*Letitia Jean Smyth, 1901*



DEATH IN THE DESERT.

HENRY B. ROBINS.

An aged man from Astrakan,
Upon the desert wide—
Just desert, wide on either side,
There by the road beneath his load,
His beast had died.

No shade was nigh; a flagon dry
Lay near him in the way.
Well, let him pray: "O Allah!" say—
If He were near, if He should hear,
Would He say nay?

"Allah be praised," he cried, and raised
His crouching form, to stand
With eyes that scanned, 'neath trembling hand,
The desert path—nor stayed for wrath
Of sun and sand.

"Allah is good!" he said, and stood,
And leaning on his staff—
His faithful staff—with ghostly laugh,
He turned his eyes toward the prize
He fain would quaff.

Yonder, afar, like silver star,
Where sun sets sands aglow,
What waters flow? Yes, he must go!
Or last or first, he'll die of thirst.
Mirage? Ah, no!

He wanted strength, and sank, at length,
Upon the desert way—
The lonely way—where even day,
With silence fraught, re-echoes naught;
And there he lay.

He lay like death, but there was breath;
And, mayhap, all was well—
He could not tell, nor break the spell.
Who raised him up? Who held the cup,
Just as he fell?

"Allah," he breathed; his face was wreathed
With peace—one held his head;
'Twas only Said, his son, who led
A caravan from Astrakan
To find him—dead.

—*William Jewell Student.*

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

JOSEPH Q. ADAMS, Jr., Editor.

MISS MARY PUREFOY is visiting Miss Foy Allen in Scotland Neck.

MRS. E. Y. WEBB, of Shelby, is visiting her mother, Mrs. M. E. Simmons.

MISS LIZZIE CADDELL, who spent last session at the Oxford Seminary, is now at home.

DR. E. W. SIKES delivered a lecture at the Baptist Female University, January 26th, on the unification of Italy.

THE ROYALL COTTON MILL, which is now nearing completion, will be put into operation on the first of March.

ENROLLMENT 305. Mr. John Wesley Bolton, of Fayetteville, N. C., enjoys the distinction of being the three-hundredth man.

MISS ELOUISE MCMINN, of Hendersonville, N. C., and Miss Ethel Barnes, of Wilmington, N. C., are visiting Mrs. E. W. Sikes.

MR. GEO. E. GILL has bought the Wake Forest Iron Foundry from Mr. W. B. Dunn, and henceforth will run it jointly with Mr. J. G. Dunn.

MISS MARGARET SCOTT, one of the most popular young ladies that ever visited the Hill, is now spending some time with her aunt, Mrs. Geo. E. Gill.

MISS LIZZIE BRIGGS, of Raleigh, N. C., spent several days with Misses Mary and Ethel Taylor. Her many friends on the Hill were delighted by her visit.

MISSES SUSAN ANTHONY, Margaret Shields, and Estelle Johnson, of the Baptist Female University, spent a day during the past month visiting Mrs. E. W. Sikes.

CARDS ARE out announcing the marriage of Mr. Rean Estes Folk and Miss Nannie Dudley Pilcher, of Nashville, Tenn., February 6th. The many friends of Mr. Folk at Wake Forest extend to him their congratulations.

AT THE monthly meeting of the Wake Forest Missionary Society, Sunday evening, January 6th, our fellow-student, Rev. Mr. Aden, of Sweden, recently missionary to Brazil, gave a most interesting lecture on his labors in that country.

REV. J. W. LYNCH has recently preached a series of sermons on "Dreams," "Thoughts," and "Words," of great power and beauty. They showed a great amount of thought and careful preparation, and were heard with much appreciation on the part of his congregation.

TO THE delight of her many friends on the Hill, Miss Janie Taylor has returned from the Baptist Female University. But every sweet has its bitter; Miss Mary Taylor leaves us for the University. She will pursue special studies in art preparatory to going on to New York next summer.

FORSOOTH, the town of Wake Forest is rapidly becoming a city. Mr. R. S. Dodd is building a residence on the vacant corner opposite the home of Dr. Gorrell. Mr. D. S. Fort is erecting three cottages on a street southwest of the college, near Mr. Fred. Purefoy's. Prof. Carlyle also is building a neat house in the western part of town.

MR. HUBERT MARTIN, '98, of Franklin, N. C., has been appointed private secretary to Congressman-elect Pou. Mr. Martin is well known here to the citizens and to many of the upper class men, who note with pleasure his appointment.

THE AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY is very fortunate indeed in securing Mr. J. C. Caddell as their Southern agent. There is, perhaps, no other man in the South who is better fitted for the work, and we predict for him the greatest success in this new line.

MISSSES OLA and Leila Suttle, of the Baptist Female University, recently spent a few days on the Hill, visiting Mrs. E. Y. Webb. Though it is their first visit, these young ladies have already won hosts of friends in college, and the STUDENT most cordially extends to them a standing invitation to Wake Forest.

GOOD CHURCH music has become a matter of course at Wake Forest, but recently we have been blessed with several beautiful quartets at the morning services, about which too much can not be said in praise. Our thanks are due to Mrs. B. F. Sledd, Mrs. W. L. Poteat, Prof. W. L. Poteat, and Prof. C. E. Brewer.

DR. TAYLOR recently gave his Logic class a history of that very interesting word *Newish*. During the latter part of the civil war the Confederate Government found it necessary to issue a new series of paper money. This was distinguished from the old by the appellation "new issue," soon corrupted by the soldiers into "newish." This word was then contemptuously applied by them to the fresh recruits and conscripts which joined their number, and subsequently, upon the close of the war, handed down to the colleges of the land, where it is still worthily perpetuated.

DR. TAYLOR, Dr. Sikes and Prof. Crittenden attended the Christmas meeting of the Southern Educational Association at Richmond. Dr. Taylor delivered an address on Collegiate Degrees which received a great deal of attention. We hope that its discussion will lead to a much needed reform in this line, placing such restriction upon the granting of college degrees as to effectually uphold their dignity and value.

THOSE WHO are interested in the School of Law will learn with great pleasure that the late Chief Justice Faircloth has bequeathed his entire law library to this department. Several thousand volumes already adorn the shelves of the law reading-room, and the addition of this, said to be the largest and most valuable private collection of law books in North Carolina, will make it the most complete and accessible law library in the State.

THE COLLEGE suspended exercises January 14th after the first period on account of the inauguration of Gov. Aycock. Several members of the faculty and many of the students attended. A special train of eleven coaches, run from Weldon, was crowded with people before it reached Wake Forest. The day in Raleigh resembled Thursday of Fair week. The military parade was notable, and the ceremonies in every respect were felicitous.

MR. T. H. BRIGGS, '96, last year Professor of English in Stetson University, spent several days during and after the holidays visiting his *Alma Mater*. On Wednesday, January 2, he gave a lecture in the small chapel on the University Settlements at Chicago, which was both interesting and instructive. Mr. Briggs is returning to Chicago University to pursue some special studies. He has a host of friends here who wish for him unmeasured success.

THE LAST meeting of the Scientific Society, Tuesday, January 8th, was a most interesting one. The subject of the evening was the progress of science during the nineteenth century. Prof. Lake spoke in behalf of Physics, Prof. Brewer in behalf of Chemistry, Prof. Poteat for Biology and Prof. Lanneau for Astronomy. We were impressed with the close kinship of the sciences as we thus studied successively their developments. A stride forward in one meant an advance in all; the invention of the spectroscope in physics was also a monumental point in chemistry and astronomy, and the chaining of electricity was a potent factor in the advance of all. At the close Prof. Lanneau read a most interesting paper on a curious phenomenon of the solar eclipse, observed at Wake Forest. Beginning about half an hour before totality, several of the students noticed that when a smoked glass was held somewhat towards the sun, but slightly elevated, three bands of light were mirrored on the smooth surface. These bands were of a light-gray color, about three-eighths of an inch in breadth, extending across the glass. A fourth band was indistinct. On the lower side hung many uneven projections, invariably reminding one of icicles. These bands moved slowly down the glass. At first they were visible only on the largest glasses, but as totality approached they could be seen on the smallest. Immediately before totality a peculiar change took place. On the upper surface of these bars, hitherto almost smooth, there appeared a thick crowded row of long, regular hair-like projections, all waving towards the south. After totality the bands were seen again, but unfortunately were not closely observed or watched further.

From this phenomenon Prof. Lanneau has worked

out a very interesting and plausible theory in explanation of the well-known shadow bands. These he explains by the defraction, or pseudo-defraction, of the solar light in grazing the edge of the moon, the projections being probably due to the rough craters and high mountain peaks which crowd the lunar horizon. Prof. Lanneau's article will appear at an early date in *Popular Astronomy*.

THE BOOK COMMITTEE has recently placed a very valuable and interesting collection of new books in the library. In the short space allowed to this department it would be impossible to mention them all, but in glancing over the collection we note a few of special interest. In connection with present world-politics there is a suggestive and valuable array. "The Peace Conference at The Hague" is a neat and inviting volume. "The Redemption of Egypt," a very handsome book, deals with the present condition of affairs in that country, and discusses its prospects for the future. "Village Life in China" will be welcomed by those who have already read the author's "Chinese Characteristics," which is also included in a revised and enlarged edition. But among all the literature of the far-eastern question, "China's Only Hope," by her greatest viceroy, Chang-Chih-Tung, written with the sanction of the present Emperor, Kwang-Su, is perhaps the most interesting. The work, translated by S. L. Woodbridge, was written just after the China-Japanese war, and is an appeal by China's leading statesman for the adoption of radical reforms. It met with an enthusiastic reception at the hands of the Chinese reform party all over the empire, and was one of the immediate causes of the recent massacres and international complications.

Among the collection of recent verse we noticed "The Masque of Judgment," a drama, by William Vaughn Moody. The closing lines are of great strength and beauty, and should the whole book sustain their merit it will indeed be delightful reading. There are two volumes of sonnets by Loyd Mifflin, "At the Gates of Song," and "The Fields of Dawn, and Later Sonnets," which contain many beautiful lines, descriptive of nature.

Along the line of Sociology there are two books of special value, "American Working People," by C. B. Spahr, and "Principles of Sociology," by Professor Giddings. There are also works on Physics and Astronomy. Under the latter head are two very interesting books, "The Herschels and Modern Astronomy," and "Star Names and Their Meaning." Among the books by Southern authors we noticed, "An Old Gentleman of the Black Stock," by Thomas Nelson Page; "Minervy Ann," and "On the Wing of Occasions," by Joel Chandler Harris; "The Reign of Law," "The Kentucky Cardinal" and "Aftermath," by James Lane Allen; "The Voice of the People," a story of Virginia life, by Ellen Glasgow, and "Historic Towns of the South," edited by Lyman V. Powell. These and many others form a welcome and valuable addition to our excellent library.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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No. 6.

EIN FICHTENBAUM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HRINE.

A ragged pine stood lonesome,
Far North on a cold bleak height,
It slept, while ice and snowflake
All clothed it o'er in white.

It dreamt of a lovely palm tree,
Which far in the Eastern land,
Alone, was sadly weeping
On a burning desert strand.

A.

A TRIP THROUGH THE "MIDI."

BY RICHARD J. BIGGS, JR.

The Frenchman, in speaking of the different parts of his country, names the North, East, West and Centre, but never the South. This portion is invariably called the "Midi," or Land of the Mid-day, the term referring more particularly to the lower Rhone valley.

Starting from the capital by the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railway, the traveler passes through the interesting cities of Dijon and Lyons. Below the latter the route follows the east bank of the picturesque Rhone, through a land famed for its fertility, salubrious climate,

and relics of antiquity. From time to time one can see, crowning the hilltops of the opposite shore, the crumbling ruins of former lordly castles, the sole visible remains of that by-gone feudalism which did so much to shape the course of mediæval history.

About 125 miles south of Lyons we reach the town of Orange, formerly the capital of the small Principality of the same name. This belonged to the Princes of Nassau until the death of William III. of England, better known as William of Orange. In 1713 the district was annexed to France, though the heir apparent to the throne of Holland still bears the empty title of Prince of Orange. The only objects of interest in the town are the ruins of a Roman theatre and triumphal arch.

The railway south of Orange crosses a wide plain planted, in portions, with cypress trees to protect the land against the Mistral, or piercing northwest wind. It is thought that, in this neighborhood, Hannibal made his famous crossing of the Rhone, after which he followed up the right bank of the river to its confluence with the Isère, through whose valley he approached the Alps.

We arrive at the ancient city of Avignon, interesting from having been the residence of the popes during the "Babylonish Captivity" from 1305 to 1377. On a rock overlooking the city stands the former Papal Palace, now degraded to a military barrack. The building is a sombre, yellow-colored Gothic pile, irregular in form, the six towers of which have walls 17 feet thick. The visitor is shown through some of the rooms, with their gaudy frescoed ceilings. He enters the hall where Petrarch was entertained, the tower in which Rienzi was confined, and that which served as a prison for the Inquisition. Adjoining the Palace is the Cathedral, containing the

tombs of Popes John XXII. and Benedict XII. John Stuart Mill, the celebrated English economist, died at Avignon and is buried in the cemetery to the east of the city. During their residence here, the popes surrounded Avignon with walls. These are still in excellent condition, but the present population lacks much of covering the area enclosed.

Continuing southward, we cross the Durance River, and soon find ourselves at Tarascon, the home of Daudet's inimitable Tartarin. According to tradition, the town derives its name from Tarasque, a monster that ravaged the country during the first century A. D. He was captured by St. Martha, who thus became the patron saint of the town. Until recently an annual fête was held to commemorate the event. As Tarascon contains nothing of particular interest, we only stop here long enough to change cars to make a side trip to Nîmes.

This city is unequalled by any other in France, in the extent of its Roman remains. The Amphitheatre, while smaller than the Colosseum at Rome, is in much better preservation. Oval in shape, the two diameters measure 146 and 111 yards, the height being 70 feet. The exterior is of two stories, each pierced by 60 Gothic arches or immense windows. The interior originally contained 35 rows of seats divided into 4 tiers, which was occupied respectively by the nobles, soldiers, plebeians, and slaves. About 24,000 spectators could be accommodated. Like all Roman buildings of large size, the Amphitheatre is constructed of huge stones, perfectly fitted together without mortar. The "Maison Carrée" is a splendidly preserved Roman temple, in the form of a rectangle, fronted by 30 Corinthian columns. The public park, known as the "Jardin de la Fontaine," contains two

other ruins; the so-called Temple of Diana and the "Tour Magne," probably built as a mausoleum. In Nîmes there are also marble statues of the Emperor Antoninus Pius and the late romancer Alphonse Daudet, both natives of this city.

Returning to Tarascon we follow the Rhone to Arles. Its Roman remains consist of an obelisk without hieroglyphics, the Palace of Constantine, the ruins of a theatre and an amphitheatre. In the last, as in that at Nîmes, bull-fights are still occasionally exhibited.

The women of Arles are said to be the most beautiful in France. This claim might perhaps with justice be disputed by neighboring cities, though in no other part of the country is found such feminine beauty as in the Midi. Along with this must be remarked that, at the same time, one is here impressed with the extraordinary number of women, among the lower classes, that have moustaches. At times they fairly rival their husbands and brothers in the thickness of this masculine adornment, though they wear such from necessity—not from choice.

The greater part of the distance between Arles and Marseilles is covered by arid plains and salt marshes. The railway passes near the city of Aix, the scene, in 102 B. C., of the defeat of the Teutoni by Marius.

Marseilles, sometimes called the French Athens, is a prosperous commercial city of 400,000 inhabitants.

The tradition of its founding is as follows:

About 600 B. C. a small band of Greeks from Phocæa, under the leadership of Protis, landed in the country of the Segobriges, with whom they were anxious to establish commercial relations. The king of this tribe of the Gauls, Nannus, received the strangers kindly and invited their leader to a grand banquet. Here were

assembled all the suitors of the king's daughter, the lovely Gyptis, who, following an ancient custom, was to make known on this occasion her choice of a husband by presenting the favored lover with a cup. After the feast the maiden, to the astonishment of all, handed her cup to the young and handsome Protis. The alliance was speedily concluded, and the Greeks founded, on the spot where they had disembarked, the colony of Massilia—the present Marseilles.

Could the founders return to-day to take a look at their colony, they would find a city teeming with natives of all countries, where opulence and squalor dwell almost side by side; for Marseilles, like many another European city, is a curious mixture of the mediæval and the modern. The principal street, "La Cannebière," is considered by the inhabitants the finest in the world. It is lined with handsome stores and numerous cafés, the latter being even more sumptuous than those of the grand boulevards of Paris. Under the awnings in front of each café may be seen, in summer, seated groups of the élite of both sexes, drinking wine or absinthe, and engaged in animated conversation.

By no means all of Marseilles, however, is so magnificent. The old and densely populated quarter is composed of miserable tenement-houses and narrow, crooked streets, many of them mere alley-ways through which no vehicle can pass and little sunshine enter. The whole has a general filthy appearance, and it is no wonder that this city is so often visited by the small-pox and other dread diseases. Numbers of unkempt and half-dressed children throng the streets and wharves, running imminent risk of falling into the harbor or of being trampled under foot by passing wagons.

Under such conditions beggars naturally abound, and many who are not such by profession make it a point to importune everybody they take to be a stranger. On one occasion two strapping women tried to bar my way in a narrow street until I should give them something, and, as I did not do so, swore at me roundly. On another, about a dozen children besieged me "en masse." As I took no notice of their clamorings for money, they greeted me with derisive cries of "Englishman, Boors, plum-pudding," etc. If one makes an inquiry of any but a well-dressed person he is almost sure to be asked for a few cents in return for the information.

Upon the summit of a bare and fortified hill overlooking the city, rises the Church of "Notre Dame de la Garde," a noted pilgrim resort. So numerous is the throng of visitors that a "funiculaire," or cable-railway, has been constructed for their accommodation. The steeple is surmounted by a gilded statue of the Virgin, visible for many miles out at sea, and which the sailors invoke in moments of peril. Here is obtained a splendid view of the Mediterranean, the picturesque harbor, and the busy city itself, snugly nestled at the base of the surrounding hills. Looking southward, the eye is greeted by a broad expanse of bluish water, assuming a deeper tinge toward the horizon. In vain does one try to pierce the intervening distance and gaze into the "Dark Continent" beyond, and his thoughts inevitably wander to the time when the civilization of the world was confined to the shores of this mighty sea. What momentous events have here passed into history! How many nations have here been born, risen to greatness, flourished and decayed! The whole scene is of entrancing beauty, which, added to the associations of the past, make the spot one that the visitor leaves with regret.

A short distance from the land may be distinguished three islands, upon the smallest of which is the celebrated "Chateau d'If." To visit this we descend, take a small boat in the harbor, and soon pass the forts St. Jean and St. Nicolas, commanding the entrance. In twenty minutes we land on the arid and rocky islet, only 300 yards long and 175 wide. The Chateau was begun in 1524, King Francis I. laying the first stone. Its fort was intended as a defense for the harbor and a state prison, in which latter capacity it served for several centuries, being to the Midi what the Bastile was to Paris.

The visitor passes the outer wall, crosses a drawbridge, and finds himself in front of the donjon, a square stone building with massive towers. Surrounding the inner court are two stories of gruesome and dimly-lighted dungeons, no longer in use. It was in two of these that Alexander Dumas made live the heroes of his "Count of Monte Cristo": Edmond Dantès and the Abbé Faria, who spent here, respectively, fourteen and eighteen years. The doors of the various dungeons bear placards containing the names of the most illustrious prisoners who have been therein confined. Among the many may be read those of Mirabeau, the Duke of Orleans, father of King Louis Philippe; the "Man with the Iron Mask," and Prince Casimir of Poland. One dungeon has no opening but the door, and, when that is closed, receives absolutely no light and air. Into this were thrown those whom it was desired to make die at once. The prisoners have left numerous inscriptions and hieroglyphics upon the walls of their cells.

In 1894, the death of the old keeper of the prison called forth the following anecdote, taken from a daily newspaper of Marseilles:

"One day when Alexander Dumas was stopping at Marseilles, he took a notion to visit the place that he had rendered famous. The guardian omitted nothing, even pointing out the hole by which Dantès and the Abbé Faria communicated with each other.

" 'This hole,' said he, 'the Abbé scratched with a fish-bone. Mr. Dumas thus relates it in his celebrated romance of "Monte Cristo."

" 'Ah !' observed the visitor, 'this Dumas must have been well into the current of affairs. Perhaps you know him ?'

" 'I should say so,' replied the keeper ; 'he is one of my best friends.'

" 'He thanks you for that,' answered the famous novelist, grasping the man's hand, in which he left two 'louis d'or ;' a royal present for the poor guardian, who was so overcome with astonishment that he could not even express his thanks."

Rhymes in "if" are not very euphonious, but the following extract from the "Voyages Amusants" of Chappelle and Bachaumont may, perhaps, interest some of our readers :

Nous fûmes donc au Château d'If.
C'est un lieu peu récréatif,
Défendu par le fer oisif
De plus d'un soldat maladif,
Qui, de guerrier jadis actif,
Est devenu garde passif.
Sur ce roc, taillé dans le vif.
Par bon ordre on retient captif,
Dans l'enceinte d'un mur massif,
Esprit libertin, cœur rétif,
Au salutaire correctif
D'un parent peu persuasif,
Le pauvre prisonnier pensif,

À la triste lueur du suif,
Jouit, pour seul soporatif,
Du murmure non lénitif
Dont l'élément rébarbatif
Frappe son organe attentif.
Or, pour être mémoratif,
De ce domicile afflictif,
Je jurai, d'un ton expressif,
De vous le peindre en rime en if.
Ce fait, du roc désolatif
Nous sortîmes d'un pas hâtif
Et rentrâmes dans notre esquif,
En répétant d'un ton plaintif:
"Dieu nous garde du Château d'If!"

MAN AND MUSIC.

BY AGGY THOSS.

Did it ever occur to you to trace the similarity between certain musical instruments and the lives of men—the soft, pathetic wailing of the high-strung violin, the nervous sounding mandolin, the phlegmatic thrum of the guitar, the deep, deliberate tones of the 'cello, the quick, merry ringing banjo?

The lives of some men are pathetic and nobly inspiring, appealing to us like the softest strains of the violin at the touch of a master's hand. Highly strung lives are these, from which the rough touch of the callous world draws only pain and discord; but when surrounded by congenial spirits and touched by the master hand of an understanding mind, send out notes fraught with sweetest melody. These are the sensitive dispositions that preserve to posterity the wondrous beauties of nature, and embalm the tender feelings of the human heart in poems of exquisite completeness; who catch the beauty of the departing landscape and with the artist's brush set forth the glorious panorama of their fancy; who from heaven-given imaginations transform the shapeless marble to living images of beauty. These, indeed, embody the highest feelings and fancies of humanity.

And the mandolin typifies—who but the nervous man worrying himself with the adjustment of irreconcilables, eating life out in petty disputes, and making existence for himself and others unbearable, by the eternal worrying which continues forever, save when sleep intervenes? Something innate compels him, perforce, to keep on the go, and as he goes to nag. The mandolin never loses

its identity or individuality in any kind of orchestration, always keeping its own peculiar tone, which is audible distinctly from the rest; and so the nervous, worrying man never loses himself in any one thing, never becomes so completely enwrapped with one idea or enterprise as to forget that he is a man who must worry and nag.

It is said in the musical world that the guitar ranks next to the Jews-harp. But the man whom the guitar symbolizes holds a position in the scale of life far above that of the Jews-harp in the musical world. The man who resembles the guitar is familiar in every country, in every village. He is the phlegmatic, matter-of-fact sort of fellow who allows nothing to startle him, attends to his own business in a stolid sort of way, plods on through life making a comfortable living, and dies in the village in which he was born and which has probably been the burying-ground of his father and forefathers. He originates nothing, feels nothing beyond himself, and is but one of the bass notes in the vast keyboard of humanity. He is merely a very necessary accompaniment to the tune of a nation's progress. And just so with the guitar. Made for an accompaniment, doomed to the lower walks of musical life, it is but one of a lower order of instruments that makes the higher possible.

And the violoncello, the deep-mouthed 'cello, has its counterpart in life. In all orchestras, though not leading, the notes of the 'cello dominate the entire band, beat time for their music, and give volume to the tones. Who are the 'cellos? Those heavy-browed giants of thought, who too busy to lead, remain in the background, beating time for the progress of nations, uttering their thoughts in deep sonorous words, whose power all feel. They play on but few strings, yet each is a full rounded note in itself.

The merry ringing banjo, you have guessed at once, who he is? None other than the jolly humorist, native to all countries, brightening all lives with his genial humor and making others happy. That is the note of the banjo, and he has that merry ring, that jolly note that makes him always pleasant company. He fits any kind of a crowd, but those at churches and funerals, and he is welcomed by the most learned and the most ignorant. True the order of wit and fun may vary, but then so does the banjo, when played by the country bumpkin and by the college glee-club man.

And so the list might be extended indefinitely, contrasting mankind and music, the producer with the things produced. As the shape and size of musical instruments determine somewhat their tone, so—carrying on the analogy—circumstances and environment decide, in a large measure, man's note in the music of the world.

AN ENGINEER'S STORY.

BY W. A. WEAVER.

"You want to know some of my experiences on the road, eh?" said the veteran engineer as he took out his pipe and filled it with Virginia Twist. "Well, I could spin yarns all day if you were willing to listen to them, though my style ain't the best in the world. Let me see. There was that wreck at Peachtree Creek, and the one at Sharp's Curve, to say nothing of derailments and other things. But perhaps you might be more interested in how Jim Balder, my fireman back in the seventies, came to be killed. He was a hero, sir; but in the ranks a hero is never valued at his true worth.

"Railroad men were a pretty bad lot those days, and Jim was the wildest fellow on the road, with no thought of fear; yet I knew he had good raising from the way he talked; then in the presence of women and children he was always courteous and kind. Children know the right kind instinctively, and my little girl took to Jim from the first.

"I was running the fast mail then between here and A—. Many's the wild ride Jim and I took together, while danger and hardship bound us together in the closest of friendships. Coming down to the shed one day, I found him looking unusually blue, and concluding that he had been on another one of his sprees, I began to joke with him, when, quite seriously, he said:

"You know little or nothing of my past, and perhaps 'twould be better for me not to rake up old memories, but somehow I feel like we are not to have many more of our friendly chats. No doubt you have guessed

something of my past life, and believe that I was once in a different sphere from this I now occupy. You are right. My life is an example of what a bitter disappointment can do toward changing one's future. I was the only child of well-to-do parents, who seemed unable to deny me what I wished, and when, in time, I went to college, parental indulgence brought forth its fruit and my troubles began. To complete my list of escapades, in my senior year I fell in love with a daughter of one of our professors, and—I am what you see me now. She could have made a saint or a devil out of me, so unrestrainedly did I give way to my passion, though I know now that she didn't deserve my devotion. Swiftly passed my college days, and soon I left the dear old walls with the determination to make a name and a future for her to share. Bah! I was a fool. My dreams were too roseate, and rudely was I awakened when one day I received a short letter from her telling me that I was no more than—a friend. She had grown tired of waiting, and had accepted a wealthy suitor, leaving me to become an outcast. After this I went to the dogs fast enough, sending my dear old mother and father to an early grave. To-night, John, I saw her again, with her girlish beauty rounded into perfect womanhood, and I find that the old wound isn't entirely healed. I wish—'

"The coming of our engine interrupted us, and in the bustle of getting ready, his wish was never told. Somehow everything went wrong on the trip, for we started late, and in spite of all I could do we lost time all along. Beyond my house yonder on the hill there is a sharp down grade and several short curves which keep the engineer from seeing an object on the track until he is too close to stop, unless the train is under good control. I

wished to make up as much time as possible, so I didn't blow for brakes at the top, and went rattling down the hill towards the station. I remember every detail, as if it had happened yesterday, so vividly was the incident stamped upon my brain. Just as we were rounding the last curve, I saw something white on the track, and a little nearer and I saw that it was a child. Then I reversed the old 99 and blew for brakes. The engine under the strain groaned and swayed as if it were a human being trying to warn the child of its danger, but I knew we couldn't stop in time. Nearer and nearer we drew, and my blood seemed to freeze in my veins when I saw that it was my own child. Like one stupefied, I could only sit and watch the end. Balder, too, had seen her, and, leaning across the boiler, he said :

" 'There is only one way to save her. You have a wife and an aged mother to support, while no one depends on me. If I don't come back, just tell the boys that I did my duty. Good-bye, old man.' "

"Swiftly he climbed out of the window, along the running board, down upon the pilot, and braced himself for the shock. I saw him swing out before the engine and throw my child from the track, when the engine gave a jerk, his grasp loosened, and I closed my eyes to shut out the rest. He was breathing his last when we got back to him, and as I raised his head in my arms I heard him whisper : 'God bless —.' Death sealed his lips while her name was upon them, and the tired spirit of an unknown hero was at rest. Above his grave stands a plain marble shaft bearing this inscription :

" 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.' "

A BIT OF CRIMSON RIBBON.

BY DRYANDA.

One of the wealthiest homes in New York was glittering with the lights of a fashionable german. The palatial parlors, illuminated by delicately tinted globes throwing their pale amber light over the gay assembly, were thronged with the élite of the Excelsior State.

In the merry crowd, however, there were two people whose thoughts were serious. They were standing alone in the quiet conservatory. One was a tall, muscular man with a dark, sun-tanned face. His hands were large, and one wrist was tightly bound with a leather thong. On his brow there was a broad scar, partially hidden in disheveled shaggy hair. The other was a young girl still in her teens. She was not what one would call beautiful, but possessed a pretty and sweet face. Her figure was divine, and a delightful air of grace and *esprit* made her everywhere popular.

These two people, Richard Pack and Miss Pearl Robinson, were so much engrossed in conversation that they were unaware that the people were leaving, until Herbert Hardgrove came up and said, "Miss Robinson, it is time to go. Do you wish to remain awhile longer? If so, you will find me in the hall when you are ready."

The young lady thought a moment, and said: "I shall be ready to go in five minutes, Mr. Hardgrove."

Hardly had Hardgrove passed out of sight, when her companion began anew: "Pearl, you have just said that if Harvard wins to-morrow you will marry me; but suppose we lose, what then?"

"Then I shall marry Herbert Hardgrove."

The words came like a thunderbolt.

"So, then, if Harvard wins, you are mine; and if Yale wins, you marry Hardgrove."

"Yes," she replied.

"Do you realize," said Pack strangely, "that you are wagering the lives of two men on a foot-ball game? This does not seem just. But since you are determined, will you not wear Harvard colors? After the game you may take them off, if we lose."

"I will do so," she quietly remarked. "And now let us find Mr. Hardgrove."

With all the gallantry of a polished gentleman, Herbert Hardgrove assisted Miss Robinson with her wraps and conducted her to the waiting carriage. The drive home was short, and passed almost in silence. Each seemed to be thinking. In the vestibule Hardgrove paused a moment.

"Pearl," said he, "when I unfolded my heart to you three nights ago, you told me that I should have your final answer to-night. What is it?"

"Mr. Hardgrove," she spoke with firmness, "I told you three nights ago that the reason I did not give you my hand was because I have been since childhood very tenderly attached to another man. But I have thought over the matter quite seriously, and give this decision: If to-morrow Yale wins, I will marry you; if Harvard wins, I will marry ——."

"Who?" he asked eagerly.

"Richard Pack," she responded, and, holding out her hand, said "Good night. I shall wear your colors on one side of my cloak. If you win, I shall wait in the grand stand for you to take me home."

"Good night," he replied.

The next day dawned clear and cold, an ideal football day. Both young men, Richard Pack, Harvard's right half-back, and Herbert Hardgrove, Yale's right-end, practiced a little that morning preparatory to the great game of the afternoon. Shortly after dinner Richard Pack and Ned Harrison, his captain, took a walk in the park near by. Pack revealed to him his love affair, and told how much he hoped that Harvard would win.

"Well, Dick," said his captain, "I know it will be a close score, but I think we can beat them. We were victorious last year, and the team is stronger now than then. Do not trouble yourself, for I feel sure that we shall win. Old man, allow me to congratulate you on your fair bride. But it is nearly three o'clock. We must return and dress for the game."

The foot-ball ground was densely packed with spectators. The grand stand was one sea of blue and crimson ribbon. The Yale team suddenly came trotting on the field, while cheer upon cheer rose from the mighty crowd. But before this had ceased, Harvard's team had appeared on the scene, and again enthusiasm ran wild.

Quickly Pack flashed his eye over the grand stand along rows of beautiful women, until he found Pearl in one of the front boxes, sitting demurely with her aunt. On one side of her cloak he noticed the Harvard crimson, and on the other side the blue of Yale. She waved her handkerchief, and, smiling, pointed to the Harvard colors. He gallantly raised his cap, and then turned for a few moments' practice. The final moment had come.

"Are you ready, Yale?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Ready," responded Harvard.

"Play ball!" shouted the referee.

The words were soon followed by the dull thud of the ball, as Harvard kicked forty yards.

"Yale's ball. First down, five yards to gain," was the report that reached the frantic crowd. Then Yale made steady gains, one after another, small but sure, until she was within twenty yards of her goal. Suddenly they introduced a new play. Hardgrove was given the ball, the enemy was deceived, and he had a clear road to the goal ahead. But suddenly one of Harvard's men darted out in pursuit, and, with a desperate tackle, struck him with the force of a cannon ball. Together they fell within two yards of the goal line, while the other players piled upon them.

After the confusion was over, Hardgrove turned to see the senseless form of Dick Pack lying across his body. "A Harvard man hurt," was the cry which passed over the waiting crowd. In a few moments the surgeon has resuscitated him. "Did I get him?" he cried, when he opened his eyes.

"Yes, you got him," enthusiastically yelled a bystander, and immediately "three cheers for Pack" ran over the vast assembly.

But he was unable to return to the game. A substitute was called in, and quickly the opposing team lined up in two yards of Yale's goal. Twice the heavy team from New Haven struck the enemy's line without a gain. Then, in one mighty rush, they piled over the substitute for a touchdown. Pack sprang to his feet, but was detained by the physician. The crowd was wild, and bets were going two to one on Yale.

The goal being a very difficult one was missed, and so the first half ended—score 4 to 0 in favor of Yale.

Harrison came up to Pack and said, "Dick, old man, hope you are not hurt much."

"No," said Dick, "but this ankle is terribly sprained, and I can't play any more to-day."

At these words a wail of dissatisfaction ran over Harvard's men, for he was their star, the giant and main support of the team. Betting was wild, two, three, four to one on Yale.

Just before the ten minutes recess was out Harrison called his men together and said. "Boys, I simply want to say that all of you have been playing good ball. Every man on the team has done his duty, and more, and now that Pack is out of the game we will all have to play better ball. Boys, not one of us can go back to old Cambridge and say with hanging head, 'we got beat.' Let us play now as if it were the last time in our life, and let us carry back to Cambridge a cry of victory, and let us——"

But his words were drowned in wild cheers as he was carried on the shoulders of his team to the field. Time was called and the men quickly took their places. There gleamed a light in the eyes of the Harvard men which foreboded evil for their adversaries. A second time Harvard had the kick-off. Yale returned the ball fifteen yards, made a fumble, and the referee called "Harvard's ball." Excitement was at a high pitch. Cambridge team quickly lined up, and repeatedly struck the Yale line with a force that could not be resisted, and so with small but steady gains Harvard crossed the line to well-won victory. A goal was made, and now the score stood 6 to 4 in favor of Harvard.

Dick glanced happily towards the grand stand. He saw Pearl Robinson standing up and frantically waving

Harvard's colors. He started to go to her, feeling confident that the game was now won, but a twitch of pain recalled him. It were better not to go, thought he. If we should lose——

His attention was suddenly fastened on the game. Yale was making steady gains over the substitute at his place. His spirit chafed as he watched. Hardgrove was a tower of strength to the opposing team. His on-rushes were irresistible. Pack understood it all as he watched with sickening heart. Finally Harvard secured the ball on downs, but a fumble was made, and in the end Yale gained ten yards.

The game was now at its critical point. Yale was within fifteen yards of her goal, and with only two minutes to play. The first attempt proved futile. Then again Hardgrove is given the ball, a new end play was introduced, and Yale carried the goal over for a second touchdown. The crowd was wild. The score now stood 10 to 6 in favor of Yale, and time was called. Pack glanced towards the grand stand to see Pearl take off the Harvard colors and let them flutter to the ground. Hardgrove appeared immediately at her side, and together they left the field. The crowd was soon dispersed, and everything from then on was in confusion to Pack.

As the evening shades began to fall a large, broad-shouldered frame limped painfully among the rows of seats in the empty grand stand, and tenderly picked up a bit of crimson ribbon that had been trampled and torn by the heartless crowd.

THE OLD NORTH STATE FOREVER.*

BY HORACE EDGAR FLACK.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—To North Carolina belongs the honor of affording a home to the first English colony in the new world, and since the days of colonial dependence, she has been the refuge of the oppressed, the down-trodden, and the persecuted of every nation. No fabled fugitive from justice, no Norman tyrant with force of arms, no Pizarro bent on spoil and plunder, founded the first English colony of our country, but high-minded men.

The gallant patron who first sent a colony to our shores was the victim of tyranny and oppression; our first Governor was sacrificed in defence of popular rights, and such deeds could but produce goodly fruits. The story of the men who laid the foundation of North Carolina's existence as a State is full of the deepest tragedy. Sir Walter Raleigh, to whom, more than any other, is due the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon in America, closed his noble career in the shameful scene of his execution on Tower Hill, but North Carolinians will ever venerate him as the true founder of this State. Sir Richard Grenville died in the hands of Spaniards; Sir Francis Drake lost his life bravely fighting his country's enemy; and the bold Sir Humphrey Gilbert perished at sea. No State has ever had nobler god-fathers than these gallant though unfortunate men, and we may well be proud that such names are connected with our own history.

* Oration delivered by the orator from the Euzelian Society, at 66th Anniversary of the Euzelian and Philomathesian Societies, on the evening of February 15, 1901.

Our State was settled by the freest of the free; by men who would not endure the constraints endured by the other colonies. It has been truly said that no State of our Republic has, from the earliest period of its existence, shown a more determined spirit of independence and a more constant and firm resistance "to every form of oppression of the rights of man" than has North Carolina. This is evinced on every page of her history and on every American battlefield for freedom and human rights. The bold pioneers who settled our State tore themselves from the land that gave them birth, severed all the tender ties of kindred and home, rended asunder all the sympathies and associations which bind man to his fellowman, and trusted themselves on the bosom of an unknown ocean, to brave the fury of the elements and the thousand dangers of a wild and unsettled country, for the purpose of seeking a home where they could live according to their own desires, however few they might be. Such, indeed, were the founders of the Old North State, and we may with pride hail them as our ancestors.

Love of freedom, readiness to strike and bleed at any moment in her cause, manly resistance to despotism, however overshadowing, were the leading characteristics of that race which settled our State, whether among the Frisian swamps, the Dutch dykes, the beautiful hills and dales of England, or the pathless forests of America. The present generation of Carolinians look upon the men who drove the wild beasts from our forests and displaced the savages, as the founders of a commonwealth more blessed than the most favored kingdom of antiquity. That our State always resisted when her rights were trampled upon, was clearly shown when her

leading citizens boldly boarded the ship which brought those justly despised stamps to our shores and did not allow a single one to be landed, made the stamp officer swear never to try to sell stamps in this colony, burned him in effigy, and drove him away.

To the Old North State belongs the imperishable honor of being the first in declaring that independence which is the pride of every American. "Honor to whom honor is due." A century and a quarter ago, Charlotte was but a village, but it was the scene of one of the most memorable events in the political annals of the United States. On the 20th day of May, 1775, might have been seen assembled in this frontier village a small but heroic and determined body of men, under great excitement, for news had just been received of the battle of Lexington. An assembly had already been called by Col. Polk for the purpose of remonstrating against the abuses of the crown, and the news of the battle only lighted the firebrand and precipitated what was eventually inevitable. Those bold pioneers in that assembly then cried out with one voice: "Let us be independent! Let us declare our independence and defend it with our lives and fortunes!" Those words, for the first time boldly and publicly uttered, should make every Carolinian's heart swell with pride and gratitude. Ours is indeed a glorious inheritance and should be held sacred by every lover of freedom, and the names of Alexander, Brevard, and the other signers of that Declaration should be household words throughout the length and breadth of our State.

"All hail to thee, thou good old State,
The noblest of the land!
Who raised the flag of Liberty, in this
Our native land!
All hail to thee, thy worthy sons were
First to spurn the yoke,
The tyrant's fetters from their hand
At Mecklenburg they broke."

Not only was North Carolina the first to declare independence, but she also offered up the first victims as sacrifices on the altar of liberty at Alamance on the 16th day of May, 1771. The first victory of the Revolution was won at Moore's Creek Bridge by Lillington and Caswell. Moreover, within the borders of the Old North State are the battlefields upon which depended the freedom or subjugation of the colonies, and it has been truthfully said that the turning point of the war was the battle of Kings Mountain, which was won by the bold yeomanry of the mountains of our own State. The battle of Guilford Court House gave Cornwallis his first check in his victorious career, and led eventually to his capture at Yorktown.

North Carolina then possessed a galaxy of statesmen of which any State might proudly boast, and Harvey, Ashe, Moore, Harnett, Hooper, Caswell, Johnston, Avery, Nash, and a host of others whose names will be cherished as long as history lives. With devotion they entered upon that struggle which was to last seven weary years, and during which trying vicissitudes befell the people, and when peace came the sun of independence rose upon a land of impoverished families, of widows and orphans bereft of their natural support, and homes once bright with thrift and energy, now desolate. In framing and adopting the Constitution of the United States,

North Carolina always stood for State's Rights, and our own Constitution was framed upon this broad principle by the most far-seeing statesmen of those days, and when it was amended in 1835 this basic principle was kept prominently in view, and strengthened by such men as Macon, Gaston, Morehead, Swain, Daniels, and others who were in that convention. Macon was termed "the last of the Romans" by the "Sage of Monticello."

North Carolina is indeed the conservative State of the Union, and that is a fact of which we may well be proud. She was among the last of the States to leave her ancient moorings in 1861. With bitter regret at the disruption of the Union which was cemented with the blood of so many of her citizens, she would not go until there was no hope of compromise and until she was forced either to aid in the subjugation of her Southern sisters or cast her lot with them; and between the two alternatives she did not hesitate for a moment, and not for worlds would I have had it otherwise. Others were loud and boastful while danger was yet afar; the Old North State became sublime when her heavens were overcast and exulting foes were trampling her prostrate form.

On the 20th day of May, 1861, and the 86th anniversary of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independance, the ordinance which severed relations with the Union was adopted. When the last signature was fixed to the important document of secession, the artillery thundered forth, every bell in the city rang a peal, and with one mighty shout from her patriotic sons, North Carolina proclaimed to the world that she had again resumed her sovereignty.

Then amid the excitement of that period came the rapid preparation for the inevitable conflict, the marshal-

ing of troops and the gathering of supplies and arms. Never was there a finer display of patriotic ardor; never did peaceable plowboys more quickly don the soldier's garb, the fame of whose deeds of valor were to become world-wide. It was as if a common inspiration possessed the souls of the people and animated them to die, if need be, in defence of their traditional liberties.

As in the Revolution, North Carolina again furnished the first offering for the fair Southland, for Henry Wyatt was the first to fall at Bethel. In this great struggle between the States, when it was brother against brother, father against son, friend against friend, and, above all, Americans against Americans, who knew not what it was to be cowards, North Carolina furnished more than one-fifth of all the troops of the Confederacy, and from the first battle at Bethel to that sad closing scene at Appomattox, there were "tar-heels" on almost every battlefield. Every fifth regimental color swept by the storm of battle floated over North Carolina bayonets; every fifth man who dropped weapon from hand palsied by death left a desolate home in North Carolina; nearly every fourth wounded man wore a North Carolina uniform; and every fifth bullet which went to swell the Union casualties came from a North Carolina musket.

At her word 125,000 of her sons went to the front where danger was direst and death held highest carnival. How long they stood the bulwark of the South, let the great cemeteries of Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia open their crowded bosoms and disclose, for our grand old State was scorched and withered by the blasts of war. With a voting population of only 112,000 she sent 125,000 soldiers to the battlefields.

During those four years of turmoil and strife, the peo-

ple of North Carolina bore themselves with unparalleled heroism. No nobler spectacle of human devotion has ever been presented in the annals of mankind than that of our noble youth during this period, and especially of the patient and uncomplaining endurance of want and suffering of our fair womanhood. In the battles around Richmond our losses were greater than those of any other Southern State, and so indeed it was in every battle where Lee commanded.

At Gettysburg our veterans illustrated still more conspicuously their native heroism; if their losses were great on the first and second days of that great battle and their bravery peerless, yet on the third day they blazoned the pages of history in colors more brilliant with the gallantry of their magnificent charge under the chivalrous Pettigrew, who led his brigade further than any other in that last charge, and out of his 3,000 men only 835 were present for duty after the battle. Never indeed have any Anglo-Saxons displayed higher qualities than did the "tar-heels" on every battlefield. Never was greater heroism found united with a finer modesty, or splendid bravery with greater resolution, fortitude and endurance.

The history of that last effort of the Lost Cause tells us that General Lee seeing the last gallant but fruitless charge, asked: "What troops are those?" When told that it was a North Carolina division, his placid face brightened and he exclaimed: "God bless North Carolina! she is the first and last in every charge." I had rather have that eulogy from that bravest of the brave than the praise of any other man. From the hopeful 10th of June, 1861, when her First Regiment under Col. D. H. Hill, defeated General Pierce's attack at Bethel, to the despairing 9th of April, 1865, when

General Grimes' division fired into an overwhelming foe the last volley of the Army of Northern Virginia, North Carolina's time, her resources, her energies, her young men, her old men, and, above all, her fair and brave women were cheerfully and proudly given to the cause that she had so deliberately espoused.

In all the heat and stress of that great conflict, in victory as well as in defeat, when the enemy were afar off and when hordes were in our borders, law and order were still preserved in our midst. Never in all that struggle was the safeguard of liberty, the sacred writ of "habeas corpus," for one moment suspended.

When Lee surrendered, sorrow filled the hearts of those stern warriors who had battled for four years with the world in arms, and be it said to her honor, over half of those who laid down their guns at Appomattox, and with rough, yet tear-stained cheeks, bade farewell to that greatest of all generals, Robt. E. Lee, were full-bred "tar-heels." But the grief of surrender turned into sullen despair when they came back in the beautiful spring-time to their suffering families to find desolation everywhere; blackened ruins marked the sites of stately mansions of once lordly planters; the fields once white with the world's greatest staple were now fenceless and unplowed; grass was growing in the streets, now almost deserted, of once thriving villages; cemeteries now held in their bosoms the former companions of these weather-beaten and hardy soldiers in gray; the once lovely form, fair-face, and tender hands were now bent with suffering, wrinkled with care and anxiety, and hardened with toil; and the boys and men who left home flushed with health and hope and manly in form, now came back, maimed, haggard, diseased, thinly clad,

hopes fled, and aged ere their time. No wonder, then, that these people were shrouded with a pall of gloom and anguish, and, besides, starvation was imminent in many places. Then what awful experiences were crowded into those four years of heroic contest, and what grand sacrifice! How trying the vicissitudes! How calamitous the dire result!

The record of glory ends not here. When through sheer exhaustion the sword fell from North Carolina's grasp, and she had given up the hopeless struggle, the day of the State's real trial had but begun. If our people had sorrowed in loss of friends and ruin of homesteads, how shall be pictured their patience in the humiliation of succeeding years? Our State was called upon to up-root every landmark and to remove almost the last vestige of her character as a State. Strangers swarmed into our borders, and with the ignorant and incapable race so lately in servitude were put in control of the commonwealth's fortunes. Peace had been proclaimed, but fresh and more insolent dishonors were to be concerted against those Southern gentlemen who yet clung to their manhood. Into hands still trembling from the blow that broke their shackles was thrust the ballot. Carpet-baggers and scalawags filled our offices and robbed our treasuries, corruption was everywhere, life and property insecure, death rampant, and darkness brooded over the land, and there was none to protect or defend. Not content with the shameful and dishonorable legislation of '68, an army was raised and many of our leading citizens confined in reeking dungeons. That legal redress, the "habeas corpus," which had not for a moment slept during all the years of real war, was refused and the startling announcement, "the judi-

ciary has been exhausted!" came from the highest judicial officer.

When the women of our State, after years of tireless effort and energy to erect a State monument to the Confederate dead, had succeeded in erecting the beautiful monument which now stands on Capitol Square, they had chiseled on one of its faces the following words: FIRST AT BETHEL, LAST AT APPOMATTOX. And these words epitomize North Carolina's sincere devotion to the Confederacy.

Though that dream-nation, about which clustered so many beautiful visions, will never take its place among the courts and powers of this world; though the ideal which led the South through efforts of heroism not surpassed in all the annals of the world will never be realized, yet in the higher realms of thought, where the ideal has become the real, it dwells in transcendent glory which transmutes into a golden veil of light the war-clouds by which it was enshrouded.

While Virginia on one side and South Carolina on the other have presented to the world the glowing record of the patriotism, valor and virtues of their sons, North Carolina, equally rich if not richer in such reminiscences, and with traits of virtue, honor and sacrifice to patriotism deserving of record, allows this record to be obscured by time.

Those battle-scarred veterans came home and went to work to build up their broken fortunes, and in this work they illustrated their greatest heroism, and by their actions the world saw that the boys who had worn the gray were indeed men of the highest type as well as soldiers of the boldest daring. Men who had borne what they had knew not what it was to despair. They had to

submit to the most ignominious insult ever offered to an Anglo-Saxon—that is, to be ruled by their former slaves while they themselves were deprived of the right of citizenship—but they were weak and had to endure it, though determined in the near future to assume their own rights again. It was not enough to have defeated our armies, to have destroyed our chivalry, to have burned our homes and desolated our fields, but our foes struck the ballot from our hauds and enfranchised our slaves. But the minds of those men who had followed Lee and Jackson through such trying vicissitudes and dangers were not tethered—fettters could not bind them; tyrants could not enchain them; threats could not subdue, for they rose superior to the powers of fate, and the white man again obtained control in '76, and Vance, the great commoner, soldier, statesman and the War Governor of the South, will ever be loved by North Carolinians as the great leader in freeing our State from the humiliating and corrupting conditions imposed upon her while she lay prostrate at the victor's feet and was forced at the point of the bayonet to be ruled by foreigners, traitors and slaves.

From then till now has been a period of progress for North Carolina. Schools have been fostered, highways constructed, trade and commerce again established, and agriculture advanced. But there has ever been one great barrier to the investment of capital from other States, and that barrier has been the negro question. It were better for society to be dissolved into its original elements—better for the tide of colonial vassalage to sweep again over our extensive country from seacoast to mountain peak, than for our liberties and institutions to be

imperiled by an inferior race. This foul blot on the fair escutcheon of our State has been wiped off forever; the clouds which have long veiled our beloved State have disappeared and faded away like mists of twilight before the rising sun, and an ever blooming spirit has been communicated to all our slumbering and palsied energies.

The old North State is again emancipated from the thralldom imposed upon her by an ungenerous enemy, for she has broken the shackles forced upon her when weak and impotent, and the white man has again assumed his sovereignty.

The steady, reflecting, and determined portion of our State make little noise and show little excitement, for it is not in their nature to be clamorous, but when they saw the time had come to free our State from such bondage and disgrace, they acted and their action was decisive, and the names of Aycock, Simmons, Pou, Rountree, Waddell, Justice, and a host of others whose names will be revered by the noble womanhood of our State as the great leaders in bringing about this much-needed reform.

In the late war with Spain our State rallied heroically to our country's call for men, and as in the other wars, North Carolina again furnished the first offering for our country's common cause, and Worth Bagley will forever be considered as the first to cement again our country in ties of brotherhood with his life's blood. The gallant sons of heroic fathers who fell on battlefields North and South, now stood together to defend one great Republic. Side by side they marched against the foe; step by step they kept time to mingled notes of "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Dixie," blending

into the noblest battle hymn that ever thrilled soldier to deeds immortal. There is now no North, no South, but still we cherish the memory and heroic deeds of the boys who wore the gray, for he who is untrue to the past, is recreant to the present, and faithless to the future.

A new era has just dawned for our good old State as well as a new century. The gravest problem the State has ever had has just been settled, and with the scattering of those dark clouds has come a new impetus, a new zeal, a stronger determination to better the conditions of our people. Capital is flowing into our State from every quarter, factories are being built, and various enterprises are being established, but still there is much to be done. Her resources must be developed, her mountains must be tunneled, her rivers must be spanned, her fields must be cultivated, her factories must be built, her railroads must be constructed, her commerce must be advanced, and school-houses must be placed on every hill-top and in every valley.

There are yet many great and grave problems which are looming up and loudly calling for solution. Among these, one has already commanded a great deal of attention, and that is the factory problem. Since North Carolina is now rapidly becoming a manufacturing State, factories are being built in every locality, the country is being depopulated, and towns are springing up almost instantaneously; the question is, What regulations shall be made to protect the women and children?

Another perplexing but important problem which is calling for immediate solution is the educational question. Whether we shall have longer terms for our schools and

a compulsory system of education is largely going to determine North Carolina's position in the coming century, for it must be admitted that, notwithstanding all she has done, she is almost the most illiterate State of the Union.

Then on, brave and sturdy sons of Carolina, on to the work that lies before you! A great and prosperous future is in store for you, and if you will but grasp the present opportunities with a firm and steady hand, and a resolute and determined mind, yours will indeed be a great victory. Why linger ye here and tarry? The future with beckoning hand is calling you on, for this is an age which needs men—men who are not cowards, but men who have the courage and zeal which know not what it is to surrender or to be discouraged. On you depends the future of our State and the fate of the most precious heritage ever won by the prudence or consecrated by the virtue of our illustrious ancestry.

Many a spark of genius is now suffered to become extinct, which might be kindled into a bright and glorious flame; many an intellectual gem is permitted to remain buried in the caverns of obscurity and indigence, which might be raised to greatness and renown. Go ye forth and lend a helping hand in the uplifting of your fellow man. To you will be confided the institutions of our renowned and beloved State. Receive them with awe, cherish them with loyalty, and, if possible, transmute them improved to your children.

"Thou, too, sail on O ship of State!
Sail on, O Nation, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate.
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel;
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee."

TO AN OLD DINNER HORN.

BY C. L. GREAVES.

'Tis lying in the gloomy attic there,
The relic of a silent, vanished past,
Within the wasp has made his secret lair,
Across its mouth the spider's web is cast;
All choked with dust, forgotten and forlorn,
Is now that dear old battered dinner horn.

Not always was it thus the hapless prey
Of moth and dust and banished from its sphere,
Not always thus a victim of decay,
Doomed ne'er to sound its voice of pleasant cheer;
But oft, soft sounding over fields of corn,
I've hailed with joy the call of that old horn.

Let those who will be charmed by martial strain,
By throbbing, restless, drum and screaming fife,
By sobbing viol as it thrills with pain
Or stirs the hot blood into jocund life;
Not peaceful note, nor battles wild alarm,
Can thrill as thou, old minstrel of the farm.

They say that Orpheus with enchanting air
Made torrents cease, and mountains fly their base,
Called wild beasts, gently fawning, from their lair,
Made hell itself a sweet, entrancing place;
None did to him such prompt obedience yield
As I to thee, called from the sultry field.

Old horn, from thee the choking dust I'll shake,
And lay thee by, to blow thee I'll refrain,
Lest memories the ghostly sound awake
That cause my foolish heart to break with pain.
So lie there silent, with the voiceless past,
For silent are the lips that blew thee last.

A BIT OF HISTORY.

BY WALTER KEENER.

Among the old settlers of Lincoln County, there is a very interesting story connected with the battle of Ramsour's Mill. This battle took place between a large body of Tories that had assembled at an old mill on Clark's Creek and a body of Continental militia. The old battleground lies about a mile from what is now the town of Lincolnton.

At that time every community had its "hoodoo" doctor, who was always consulted whenever there was any important undertaking on hand. The most notorious of these "hoodoos" was one Michael Snow, an old man of Indian descent, whose power of foretelling events he was supposed to have received from a celebrated medicine man of a tribe that had in some time past dwelt on Clark's Creek.

It was rumored among the American troops stationed at Charlotte that a meeting of British sympathizers was to be held at Ramsour's Mill, and Col. G—— at once determined that he would be present, if possible. In order to verify the report, he immediately sent out an trusty young scout named Philip Reef, who, it is said, was familiar with every hare-path in the district.

In a short while Reef had secured the desired information, and having a few hours to spare before his return, he bade his mother good-bye, and set out cautiously toward the home of the rebel girl who had promised to be his as soon as the war should end. In order to reach the house as secretly as possible, he made a circuit through a lonely wood, near the further edge of which stood an old tobacco barn. On nearing the barn, he

perceived a faint ray of light through a crack between the logs. He eyed it suspiciously, and quietly creeping up to the house, looked in. About fifteen or twenty of the settlers, several of whom were Reef's neighbors, were seated within listening uneasily to the harangue of a man attired in the gaudy uniform of the British army. At times he displayed a large bag of gold, and was telling these simple Dutch peasants of the many pleasures and luxuries to be found in the army of the "Good King George," and of how the trained British soldiers were sure to overcome the inferior American troops. The glitter of his gold and the smoothness of his silvery tongue completely captivated these simple-minded people. They all agreed to his proposals, and began to make preparations for the meeting at Ramsour's Mill, and then for joining the army of Cornwallis. It happened that the old "hoodoo" doctor was present, and they inquired of him what would be the result of the meeting, and the outcome of a battle with the Americans. He bade them have no fear, for only silver bullets could pierce those who fought for the "Good King George."

After witnessing this scene, Reef set out hurriedly for his camp, which was soon put in motion toward the mill. How well the militia performed its work is a matter of history. In arranging the plan of attack, Reef had been given a squad of fifty picked men, with which he was to charge the left flank of the enemy, after the main body had crossed the stream at the foot of the hill. At the given signal, Reef, with his band of hardy frontiersmen, charged from the woods, and soon the deadly crack of their rifles was mingled with yells from the Tories. At the first volley the "hoodoo" doctor fell pierced by a ball from the trusty rifle of Reef. When the Tories saw the

doctor fall, they at once raised the cry of "silver bullets!" and fled pell-mell down the hill, hotly pursued by the victorious Americans.

The writer can not vouch for the truth of this story, but the "old-timers" put great faith in it, and declare that this was the cause of the easy victory of the Americans.

THE POLICY OF METTERNICH.

BY MARION F. HATCHER.

With those whose life, purpose and work antagonized the principles of social progress, history has enrolled Prince Metternich of Austria, for forty years the director, the dictator, and the uncrowned king of European politics.

The age in which this historic character lived and labored was preeminently a period of progress. The French Revolution had rudely roused the States of Europe from their slumbering apathy, had struck the iron shackles from thought and action, and avenged the repression of centuries in a long, wild delirium of fire and blood. Customs and castes, institutions and laws, centuries old, had been swept away by the resistless tide of popular revolution. Forces latent for generations had sprung to new and vigorous life. Napoleon had startled conservatism with the marvelous achievements of his genius; and with the arms of his conquering legions had borne from Spain to Russia the flaming firebrand of liberty and equality. France, emerging from oppression's gloomy shadow, was developing constitutional monarchy. The German States, awakening to consciousness, were clamoring for free constitutions, the delayed Magna Charta of German liberty. Italy and Spain had blazed forth in democratic revolution and were sweeping on to grander freedom. The popular mind of Europe, waking from the deafening sleep of centuries, was moving swiftly forward from the gloomy night of serfdom and superstition to the dawning day of broader possibilities. The long struggle for civil liberty, for social status, for race

recognition, traced through varying years of repression, revolution and reaction, seemed about to culminate in an era of rich results and wonderful advancement.

Metternich with his strange yet powerful personality now appears in European politics, a huge, dark form, the Mephistophiles of the nineteenth century. He was an imposter in religion, a servile flatterer, a fawning sycophant, an insincere suppliant at the throne of Papal indulgence.

Living amid public insincerity and private perfidy, he was Jesuitical in policy, unscrupulous in method, ambitious to reach the cold conclusions in his stern though logical career. A sagacious time-server, a cool, calculating diplomat, he equaled Napoleon in his court intrigues. In perception keen, in execution masterful, the strategists of Europe dreaded his subtle power. Metternich worshipped force, but dexterously concealed his iron hand in the silken glove of flattery. Proud and imperious, he fanatically adored monarchy and gloried in despotism stricken with the malady of hopeless decline. Arising unexpectedly in Austrian history, his life was typical of Mediæval culture, a product of centuries of courtly voluptuousness and kingly pomp. Strange figure!

Alone in the isolation of a stern individuality, he remained changeless and unchanged amid raging revolutions, while institutions vanished and ancient civilization tottered to its fall. Cold and passionless, carried beyond his age, he battled with mankind and seemed at war with creation. Untaught by history, unwarned by observation, hearing neither the murmurings of discontent nor the voices of revolution, he stood with obstinate though majestic firmness, while political storms were bursting with destructive fury about him.

Accoutred in such a panoply of power, Metternich planted his huge form in the pathway of irresistible movements battling the two mighty world principles of his age—the spirit of Democracy and of Nationality.

But Democracy has become a grand fact, a living, transforming power, as broad as civilization, as deep as the love of liberty in the human breast, as resistless as the surging ocean tides. Early expressed in Magna Charta at Runnymede, voiced in thunder-tones from the Reformation, it deprived Charles of his head, despotism of a throne, inspired American patriotism, and stirred the fiery mobs of France. Race spirit, that subtle yet powerful force in political evolution, was also augmented tenfold. The chariot wheels of war had ground Feudalism to powder. The barriers of caste, the distinctions of nobility, the thrones of petty monarchs had been ruthlessly razed to earth. States were welded together in the fearful heat of battle, peoples driven to unity by that conflict which made Europe a battlefield for twenty years.

To check these tremendous movements, Metternich saw that monarchy must be revitalized, liberal constitutions overturned, Austrian supremacy maintained and Italian and German national unity subverted. Lounging for ancient absolutism he would resolve right into might, found eternal justice on one capricious will, and plunge the world into slavery and decline.

The Vienna congress of 1815 witnessed the first master-strokes. His hand there readjusted European boundaries. His subtle craft defeated Talleyrand and Hardenburg, his oily flattery won Alexander. Amid the gorgeous voluptuousness of his capital, he intoxicated continental potentates and robbed them of their power.

Austrian supremacy was there established—Metternich made dictator of Europe. Metternich united the forces of Europe in his conflict with liberalism. He alternately flattered and frightened the sentimental Alexander into a course of tyranny. He suppressed the liberal German diets, and boldly summoned Europe to six continental congresses, where his word was law, his will supreme, despotism unchallenged, and liberty without an advocate. Startled by democratic enthusiasm in France, he corrupted the high-minded minister Richelieu ; forced Louis XVIII from a liberal to an ultra conservative policy, thus paving the way for the unscrupulous tyranny of Charles X. Counseling with the monarchist Wellington, he raged at Canning as a revolutionist, at the English people as a mob of Jacobins. He opposed liberal suffrage, combatted free speech, free religion and free press throughout the continent of Europe.

With equal vigor Metternich battled the national spirit struggling for expression about him. Political tendencies were toward unity ; Metternich bent his powerful energies toward disintegration. Disregarding national development, he ignored that law lying deepest in political evolution, the ethic principle. With consummate craft he saw that the suppression of liberty demanded Austrian supremacy; that German and Italian national unity antagonized both. Accordingly, he maintained petty kingdoms in Italy, while her demands for unity and order were drowned in the storms of chaos and disunion. He suppressed German confederations, determining to petrify into lasting forms those states struggling in weakness and belligerency. He crushed continental spirit, subverted every common interest, disappointed those national longings which Italy had cherished

for centuries, and which Germany had fostered since the Roman empire fell before the Mohammedan invaders.

Metternich's career arouses the wonder, if not the admiration, of the world. But startling genius, heroic fortitude, unflagging purpose, cannot immortalize a life fatally antagonistic to great world-laws and the underlying spirit of the age. Metternich maintained Austrian supremacy, dictated German politics, successfully combatted Russian power, and checked the ambitious aggressiveness of France. He quelled anarchy only to foster despotism. He smothered the spirit of revolution that liberty might die. He struggled against Nationalism, that his jealous ambition might gloat over his crushed and fallen rivals.

Although he did retard, he could not kill democracy, which has freed France from tyranny, lifted Austria into higher freedom, revolutionized Germany and overturned the barriers of Feudalism and of caste. He opposed Nationality, yet Italy had her Cavour, Germany her Bismark, and Hungary her Kossuth. History has forever falsified, the conscience of the age has condemned, the universal judgment of mankind attaches eternal obloquy to the policy of Metternich—a policy of oppression, repression, stagnation, whose tendency was destruction to the noblest interests and fondest hopes of mankind.

TIBULLUS—THE MASTER OF ROMAN ELEGY.*

BY R. E. SENTELLE.

The ancient poets made their distinctions and gave their names primarily according to the outward form—the particular metre which was employed. They paid little heed to the content of their verses. Modern writers, on the contrary, base their distinctions and terminology largely on the content, and pay comparatively little heed to the form; and yet they employ many of the old terms and impress upon them a new meaning—making the originally formal term represent a particular kind of content. The term “elegy” is a result of this process. To the ancient writer an elegy was simply a poem—*elegi*—elegiac verses—the combination of pentameter and hexameter. It might have any theme whatsoever. But finally the character of the metre, and the musical accompaniment made it evident that it was better adapted to the treatment of a mournful, plaintive theme, with less regard to the outward form. Gray’s “Elegy In a Country Churchyard” serves as the best illustration of the elegy in modern time. It is written in iambic pentapodies, and embodies a mournful theme. The development of the elegy has been slow, and many of the links in the chain of its progress have been lost; but enough remains to give us a general idea.

The history of Greek elegy began in the Ionian colonies on the southern coast of Asia Minor in the seventh century before Christ, when the Greeks awoke to a consciousness of their possibilities. Its first period began with Callinus of Ephesus, and ended with Mimnermus

* A paper prepared on Seminary Latin work.

of Colophon. The character of the elegy during this period was predominantly martial.

The second period of the elegy may be said to have begun with Solon in the sixth century before the Christian era. By him the martial character of the elegy was subordinated to the aim of conveying political and ethical truths. It then became didactic, and, its metre being well adapted to anything of an epigrammatic nature, was closely akin to the epigram. This political, ethical period closed with Antimachus of Colophon at the end of the fifth century, who turned it to the praise of love.

The third was the Alexandrian period, which gave the Roman elegists their models. During the three centuries before the Christian era there was a tendency among the rulers to encourage literature. It was an age of restlessness. A great reaction was taking place which resulted in a tendency to strive after originality. The old orthodox Greek mythology of the past was laid aside as worn out. In its place obscure local legends were used, and thus arose the *doctus poeta*. Music had now ceased to be the regular accompaniment of poetry, and for this reason the lyric measures decreased, and the elegiac, being admirably adapted to recitation, became more common.

This period began with Philetas of Cos about the middle of the fourth century before Christ, and closed with Parthenius about the year 73 B. C.

The Romans first used the elegiac metre in writing epigrams. Not genuine ones, but often with an erotic theme, and distinguished from elegies proper only by their brevity and general pointedness. Of the genuine elegists of this age we have only three names given:

Catullus, Atacinus, and Calvus. These men were the forerunners of the classic elegists of the Augustan age.

The elegy of the Augustan age was deeply affected by the peculiar environment in which it was produced. Rome was energetic and patriotic, and Augustus, mindful of these things, began the great task of reorganizing society. His rule had deprived men of the activity of politics, and he knew that some other activity must be substituted. He saw the great importance of having men to praise the past glories of Rome, and to stimulate the adoration of things Roman. And thus it came to pass that Tibullus was one of his court preachers, whose duty it was to pay homage to past Rome and to picture the old glories as being actually restored. Gallus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid, then formed what may be called the "canon of the elegy." They had different experiences in life, but their poetry is alike in that they all used elegiac verse, and the ruling theme of all their poetry was love. Tibullus treated the theme with simple directness, and made Delia and Nemesis the heroines of his poetry.

There is some diversity of opinion as to the exact birthplace of Tibullus, but critics generally agree that he was born about the year 54 B. C., in the neighborhood of Rome. From the many expressions of his passionate love for the country in his later life we infer that he must have spent his boyhood days in the rural districts. His love for the country was not merely a temporary desire for relief from the noise and the gayety of city life, but a fixed and steady longing.

At length he became a Roman knight, and was in possession of considerable wealth. But he lost his property by the triumviral proscriptions, when the farms

of Italy were distributed among the veteran soldiers. There was probably left to him a poor remnant of his estate near Pedum, which, though small, seems to have been sufficient to supply his moderate needs. Later on it seems that he had again come into the possession of considerable wealth, for Horace in writing to him in retirement, says:

"Di tibi divitias dederunt artemque fruendi."

It is possible that Augustus, probably at the intercession of Messalla, restored to the poet his patrimony.

This Messalla seems to have had great favor with Augustus, and was a firm friend of Tibullus. The chief external events of the poet's life are connected with his friendship for Messalla, to whom he was indebted probably for material support in carrying on his literary work, and certainly for many of the experiences related in his verses. He was in company with Messalla in Actium, in the year 31 B. C., and they made an expedition together to Aquitania in 28 B. C. After the victory at Atax they returned together to Rome. The constancy of his love for his friend is attested by many beautiful elegies, the best of which are those in which he celebrates Messalla's victories. In September, 27 B. C., Messalla celebrated his victory over the Aquitanians, which he had gained in the battle of Atax in the preceding year. A few days later, on his birthday, he received a poem from Tibullus which gave a glowing description of the triumph, followed by a sketch of the general's victories and travels. On another occasion, writing of the Roman festival of the Ambarvalia, he combines a compliment to Messalla with a eulogy of their country and of love.

The four great themes of all Tibullus' poetry are

Rome, the country, Messalla, and love. But the chief one is love. He treated it with simple directness, and it seems that his inner life was affected by his love affairs as much as was his outer life influenced by Messalla. He first lavished his love on Delia, and she furnishes the theme for the first book of his elegies. We learn from Apuleius that Delia's real name was Plania, and we gather from the poet's own words that she was married when he was paying his respects to her. She seems to have been a simple and a beautiful woman, and the poet felt for her a sincere affection which he expressed with simple pointedness in his verses. Let us overlook the little faults of the man and admire the graceful poet. Nothing can give a truer picture of affection than is contained in the following tender and exquisitely beautiful lines:

" Non ego laudari curo: Mea Delia, tecum
Dummodo sim, quaeso segnis inersque vocer,
Te spectem suprema mihi cum venerit hora:
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu "

Here is the same "linked sweetness long drawn out" which gives Gray's *Elegy* such a charm.

Tibullus is described as a man of great personal beauty, and of a candid disposition. But notwithstanding his devotion to her, Delia proved false to him, and then he sought comfort in heaping his affection upon another woman whom he called Nemesis. She forms the theme of the second book of his poems. We learn through Horace that this woman's real name was Glycera. She was avaricious and extremely fascinating. She aroused in Tibullus a fiercer and less enduring passion than that he had for Delia. His love for Delia was natural and naturally expressed; that for Nemesis was rather artificial and artificially expressed.

Next to his love for Delia was his love of nature and of the country. He was the most gentle of the Roman poets; a man of peace, and not of war; a lover of repose and not of the noise of the city. The melancholy vein of his poetry and his tendency to speak of his anticipations of death, indicates to us that he was physically weak. And there seems to have been a continual longing within his heart to go back to the lovely country where he spent his boyhood days, and to while away his time in some secluded place.

"Tunc operata deo pubes discumbet in herba,
Arboris antiquae qua levis umbra cadit."

And again:

"Rura meam, Cornute, tenent villaeque puellam:
Ferreus est, heu, heu, quisquis in urbe manet.
Ipse Venus latos iam nunc migravit in agros,
Verbaque aratoris rustica discit Amor."

These are some of the beautiful pictures he draws of quiet country places.

The influence of Augustus is accountable for his making Rome one of the themes of his poetry. He fails to express himself so naturally and simply when speaking of Rome, as he does when speaking of the country and his lovers. He was of a melancholy nature and seems to have had no ambition, and no natural patriotism; but his position compelled him to see some military service. Although he had comparatively little national pride, yet he could draw some striking pictures of Rome's greatness.

"Roma, tuam, nomen terris fatale regendis,
Qua de caelo prospicit arva Ceres,
Quaque patent ortus et qua fluitantibus undis
Salis anhelantes abluunt amnis equos."

His style is always in harmony with his subject-matter. It is simple and direct. Perhaps the greatest charm of his poetry lies in his quaint touches, as where the soldier illustrates his story by marking out the camp on the table with wine:

"Miles et in mensa pingere castra mero."

And again where he pictures an old man talking baby-talk to his grandson:

"Nec taedebit avum parvo advigilare nepoti
Balbaque cum puero dicere verba senem."

His vocabulary was not extensive, but he seems to have been careful in choosing his words. He did not use very many Greek words, and rarely ever used the colloquial expressions so often used by other poets. He was extremely careful in his use of verbs, giving them their proper and literal meanings, and varies from the other poets in that he does not use his verbs metaphorically. In the art of placing words he was a master. He seems to have a reason not only for every word, but for the place of every word in each line—placing them in such positions as to bring out the strongest contrasts. A great part of the beauty of his verse lies in the order of his words. He generally concludes his period at the end of the couplet, and closes the couplet with a dissyllable; but does not, like Ovid, make this an invariable rule. His rhythm is smooth, easy and graceful. The well-bred tone of Tibullus is far superior to that of the other elegiac poets, and may be compared with that of Horace.

Tibullus's literary career came to a close about the same time as that of Virgil; that is, toward the close of the year 19 B. C. His life was quiet and gloomy, but

in spite of his gentle unobtrusiveness his genius did not fail to gain the appreciation of his generation. Ovid, his contemporary, spoke of him in admirable terms. Fifty years later, Velleius Paterculus spoke of him as "most perfect in the form of his work." And over a century after his death Quintilian, in his criticisms, pronounced Tibullus a most eloquent poet, and justly, it seems, attributed to him the palm of Latin elegy.

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Academic
Liberty.

The modern university of America requires for its maintainance a vast sum of money. None are free from competition, and to be able to hold their own requires the latest and most improved equipment and the best teaching force attainable. This means extensive buildings, modern laboratories, expensive apparatus, and comfortable salaries for a numerous retinue of professors and instructors. To whom can they turn for assistance but to the wealthy men of our country?

Stanford is such a university. It was founded in 1891 by Senator Leland Stanford, of California. It was given millions at the outset, and since the death of Senator Stanford, his widow has devoted her entire fortune of \$26,000,000 to its endowment. In December last Dr. Edward A. Ross, head of the department of Political Economy and Sociology, was summarily dismissed at the wish of Mrs. Stanford because of certain utterances before his classes which met her serious disapproval. Her reasons, in the cable to President Jordan, which led to the dismissal of Dr. Ross, were: "He is too erratic

and too partisan for a professor, and he has called my husband a *thief*!" This action raised a storm of protest among the colleagues of Prof. Ross. Dr. George E. Howard, the brilliant head of the department of History, took occasion before his classes to criticise severely the action of the authorities. His resignation was thereupon requested by the President. The retirement of Dr. Howard was immediately followed by the voluntary resignation of Prof. William Henry Hudson, head of the department of English; Prof. Charles O. Little, head of the department of Mathematics; Prof. David Spencer, of the department of History, and the threatened resignation of several others.

This unhappy occurrence brings before the educational world an issue which has long been looming in the background—the university's obligation to its patron or patrons. Had Mrs. Stanford the right to interfere in a university which she had endowed to demand the dismissal of a distinguished scholar and teacher because of utterances that were objectionable to her? If so, then no longer does a professor's position in a university depend upon his scholarly attainments, but upon his tacit willingness to shape his teaching and his opinions according to the approval of his patron; and this is menial servitude which is incompatible with true scholarship. The management of Leland Stanford has many warm friends who claim that the dismissal of Dr. Ross was fully justified by his conduct and indiscreet utterances. But however that may be, it is an inexcusable fact, it seems to us, that the President of the University has the authority of summarily dismissing any of his subordinates, however high their position, without formal charges, investigation, or trial by trust-

tees, and that Mrs. Stanford has the same power to some extent. And, notwithstanding the many vigorous denials on the part of friends that there is an abridgment of free speech in the University, the absolute dismissal of the heads of two departments, the voluntary resignation of three others, and the threatened withdrawal of several, give strong reasons for believing that academic liberty is in real danger. The *London Spectator*, in commenting at length on the unhappy occurrence remarks *enfin* that it is better for Oxford and Cambridge to remain as now, "poor than shackled, free than rich."

An Isthmian
Canal.

The building of an Isthmian canal is one of the great tasks which confronts the new century. The people of the United States claim as their privilege its construction and control, and their unanimous call for the immediate prosecution of the work no longer admits of delay. Recently, at great expense, a commission composed of the most eminent of American engineers examined every possible route and explored every foot of ground. They reported to our government most favorably, as indeed have also all previous commissions, upon the well-known Nicaragua route.

The construction of this canal will be the greatest engineering feat attempted by any country of any age. The Suez canal, long regarded with such wonder, will fade into insignificance in comparison. According to the accepted plans the canal will be about two hundred miles long, crossing, by a wonderful series of locks, a continental divide of one hundred feet in height. It has been roughly estimated that fifty thousand men employ-

ing the best modern machinery and most improved methods of science, will be engaged eight years in its construction, entailing, in all, an expenditure of one hundred and fifty million dollars. Moreover, the harbors at each end of the canal are useless in their present state, and a marvel of modern sea engineering, involving great expense, is requisite to render them safe harbors for anchorage and shelter.

But though the task is so vast in design and complex in difficulties American engineers have never considered the work unfeasible. Man attempts all things, and we are confident that American skill, backed by American resources, is able to separate the two great continents and sail ships of commerce between them.

Already the House has unanimously passed a bill providing for its construction. The Senate, though equally propitious, delays action until treaty relations with England concerning the canal shall be more clearly defined; and this last and final step alone remains to be taken.

Edward VII. It is fortunate for the people of Great Britain that their new King, Edward VII, is a fully matured man with a character well fixed: there is, consequently, little doubt as to the kind of ruler he will make, and with this knowledge the empire rests quietly. The new sovereign has always been a man of the world. He has not chosen to spend his life as a recluse or an idealist, nor has he devoted himself to the pursuits of a scholar. On the other hand he has mingled freely with his subjects, learned their manners and conditions of life, and become thoroughly conversant with

their point of view. His was a well-known figure at horse-races, country fairs, theatres and all public amusements. During his long career as the Prince of Wales he well sustained his title of First Gentleman of the Kingdom. For many years it has been his duty to conduct the highest social functions of the court, and in them he has always borne himself with consummate skill and tact. Now in his fifty-ninth year he ascends the throne with the highest esteem and good-will of his subjects. He knows them and is known of them, and in the years to come, should he live to a ripe old age, will be honored as a worthy successor to his revered mother, Queen Victoria.

The United States also is fortunate in his succession. Edward VII has always been kindly disposed towards America. His visit of 1860 seems to have made a deep and favorable impression on his mind. For five days he was the guest at the White House of the courteous Buchanan. He made a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, and there stood silently with bared head before the humble tomb of Washington. With his own hands he planted before the vault a tree to shade the last resting place of the great hero, and in this tribute we see a mute emblem—the burying of past animosities and the springing into life of an eternal friendship.

No events so well mark the passage from the nineteenth to the twentieth century as do the passing of Queen Victoria and the accession of Edward VII. Thus always “the old order changeth, yielding place to new.”

LITERARY COMMENT.

WINSTON D. ADAMS, Editor.

Lord Roseberry has achieved the two greatest distinctions that can fall to the lot of an Englishman—he has been prime minister and winner of the Derby. Now with his inimitable "Napoleon" he has jumped into prominence as an author.—*Critic*.

One of the most popular of the many works that have recently appeared on the South African War is Major-General Baden-Powell's "Sport of War." The style is easy and the subject-matter exciting. There is no one more capable of writing such a book than this noted English hero.

With the gloomy and suggestive title of "Until the Day Breaks," Mr. Robert Burns Wilson has succeeded in writing one of the most mysterious and blood-curdling stories of recent years. This work distinctly belongs to the school of Poe, having many beautiful passages but, on the whole, is very depressing and disappointing.

A book which has been exercising a world-wide interest is the remarkable production of the Viceroy Chang Chih Tung, with the title "China's Only Hope." This work is a translation of the remarkable plea for progress and toleration presented to the Emperor, and is deemed by Chinese scholars to be the most important book of the century in their country. It is said to have a circulation of over one million copies.

From latest reports we learn that Mark Twain apparently intends to take life easy in the future. He has arranged for all the books that he has published and all that he will write in the days to come. His publishers are Harper Brothers, and Mr. Charles Frohman has arranged for the dramatic rights in all of them, whether they are dramatizable or not. Mr. Clemens is now in the very prime of his life-work and much is expected of him now that he has arranged himself so comfortably.

The Putnams have secured George Cary Eggleston to write a book on the twenty-nine men first chosen for a place in the Hall

of Fame. This work will consist of a series or twenty-nine monographs, intended to answer in each case the question: "Why is he here?" What has he done to entitle him to a place in the Hall of Fame? Reproductions of the best portraits obtainable will be given. The book will be published first as an elaborate subscription volume, and later in a more popular form.

Mr. Richard Mansfield will make the attempt to do next season something that one would not have to be a pessimist to say was a difficult thing to accomplish. He proposes to produce a play, founded on and embracing the "Rubáiyat" of Omar Khayyam. The author of this bold experiment is Mr. George Seibel, the Literary Editor of the *Pittsburg Commercial Gazette*. Whatever else a play founded upon the life and work of the Persian tentmakers may be, it will be a curiosity of dramatic literature.—*Critic*.

Those who years ago enjoyed the freshness and vigor of Mr. Crockett's "Stickit Minister" should read its sequel, which has recently been published under the title of "The Stickit Minister's Wooing." This, Mr. Crockett's latest, has received much flattering criticism, a prominent writer summing it up thus: "The quaint touch that made Mr. Crockett's Stickit Minister so popular years ago is equally patent in "The Stickit Minister's Wooing," which is a collection of sketches that get at the very heart of Scotch village life."

An announcement has been made of the immediate publication of a limited edition of a reprint of the *Dial*, Boston, 1840-1846. The sixteen numbers of the original issue will be reproduced in exact *fac simile*, including covers, announcements, and even errata sheets. Sets of the *Dial* in the original numbers are now very rare, and even bound sets are difficult to obtain. This reprint is a club publication, and the announcement should interest not only collectors but libraries and students of American literature as well. The first number is to appear this month.

We imagine that the forthcoming authentic history of Tammany Hall, by Mr. Gustavus Myers, will be an exceedingly interesting one. For over five years Mr. Myers has been mak-

ing a careful study of the subject, and he ought to be able to give a truthful account of this unique and mighty organization. It is said that when Mr. Myers completed the work, some time ago, he presented it to every publisher of note in New York City. Every one, without exception, rejected it; indeed many of them even refused to examine it, although all expenses of its publication were guaranteed. The book has been issued by Mr. Myers privately.

The red ribbon of the Legion of Honor has recently been conferred for the first time on a woman of letters. Mme. Daniel Lesueur is the happy mortal that is now enjoying this enviable distinction. For the past eighteen years she has been one of the foremost writers of France, having attained distinction, not only as a poet and novel writer but as a translator as well. Indeed her most valuable contribution to the literature of her country is her admirable translation of Byron's works, which is the best ever made in French. She is a member of the *Société Des Gens de Lettres*, officer of the Academy, officer of Public Instruction, and recently Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

The charming little volume entitled "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," which appeared some time ago from the presses of Doubleday, Page & Co., is exciting quite a stir in the literary world as to its authorship. The guessing continues and the mystery is far from being solved. The latest report, which comes from one who has recently returned from London, is that the book is the work of three men; one of them Mr. Arthur Symonds. Just in this connection we may state that another enterprising editor has announced "The Love Letters of an Englishman." This has been written to take advantage of the present boom in love letters and is said to be far below the standard set by its predecessor.

The tradition of the founding of Yale University is a most interesting one, and has been recently brought into prominence by the unveiling of a tablet to the founders on the corner of Branford Green. The tablet bears the inscription: "In the house of Rev. Samuel Russell was held in 1700, the meetings of the Ministers of the Colony of Connecticut, where they gave books for the founding of the collegiate school that now bears

the name of Yale University." The tradition is that ten clergymen, all, except one, being graduates of Harvard, met at New Haven and agreed to found a college in the Colony of Connecticut. This each one did at the next meeting at Branford by bringing a number of books and presenting them to the body. As each one gave them he did so with the expressed intention of founding a college in the colony. Hence Yale University. The tablet is a gift from the Connecticut Society of Colonial Dames to the town, and is said to be exceedingly beautiful.

With the retirement of Sir John Tenniel from the staff of London Punch, where he has long held first place, English art loses its foremost exponent. For over fifty years Mr. Tenniel has been a leading factor in directing the trend of public opinion, and the influence that he has exerted cannot be estimated. All told, he has contributed over 2,000 cartoons to Punch and all of them are master-pieces of art. The secret of Mr. Tenniel's success may be summed up in the fact that he has always been earnest, direct, and extremely similar, and in this line has done more than any other man of his age to dignify and elevate the political cartoon and transform it into a classic composite. For his distinguished services as a journalist, in 1893 the honor of knighthood was conferred on him, and since then he has been living in ease and luxury. It is with sincere regret that the demands of age have forced him to give up his work, in which he has so long stood head and shoulder above his contemporaries.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

C. G. KEEBLE, Editor.

Mr. Dixon, class of '74, is also an illustrious son of Wake Forest.

'93. Rev. W. C. Barrett is now associated in the management of Buie's Creek Academy.

'98. Hubert Evans is now taking a course of lectures on Philosophy in Leipsic, Germany.

'98. S. J. Honeycutt has succeeded O. F. Sams ('97) in the management of Marshville Academy.

'84. W. S. Splohn has resigned as pastor at Gainesville, to accept the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Bonham, Texas.

'99. T. C. McIntosh who has been teaching at Roland has been elected to take charge of Vine Hill Academy of Scotland Neck.

'93. Mr. J. W. Bailey will continue as editor of the Biblical Recorder, which has recently been purchased from Edwards & Broughton.

'84-'86. Rev. J. A. Campbell suffered a great loss in the burning of his school building at Buie's Creek; however, he has rebuilt and now has over three hundred and fifty pupils.

'99. J. Clyde Turner, valedictorian of his class, who has been teaching in the Durham schools, has accepted a position as assistant superintendent and bookkeeper in the Oxford Orphan Asylum.

'81-'83. Mr. Rean E. Folk has been elected State Treasurer by the Tennessee Legislature now in session. For some years Mr. Folk was engaged in journalism in a number of the largest cities in the south.

'77. Dr. Edgar E. Folk, editor of the *Baptist Reflector*, of Nashville, Tenn., is publishing serially a treatise on the *Plan of Salvation*. Dr. Folk acquired an enviable reputation as an orator and debater while at Wake Forest.

'98. Mr. Wade Reavis is ably filling a position in the Census Department at Washington. He expects to return to Wake Forest at an early date to pursue the study of law. Mr. Reavis made many warm friends while a student here.

A. C. Cree has resigned the pastorate of the Campbellsville church, as he has accepted the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Gaffney, S. C., where he expects to go about the first of March. It is said on good authority that Bro. Cree will soon alter his state of "single blessedness."

'81-'84. L. G. Broughton will have a Bible Conference in connection with his work in Atlanta, March 15-25. F. B. Meyers, London, Eng.; A. C. Dixon, Brooklyn, N. Y.; R. A. Torrey, Chicago, Ill.; S. A. Hadley, of the Jerre McAulley Mission, New York, are expected as special speakers. F. H. Jacobs, Moody's singer, will have charge of the music.

'91. The notice below is taken from the *Atlantic Messenger*, New Bern, N. C.:

"A marriage of unusual interest to our people was that of Mr. Samuel M. Brinson and Miss Ruth Scales at Salisbury on the 16th ult. Our readers know Bro. Brinson as clerk of the First Baptist Church of this city and Historian of the Association as well as a prominent figure in legal and insurance circles. The bride is a young lady of high accomplishments and has already many friends in her new home. She is a sister of Mrs. Thomas J. Mitchell."

'99. We give the following from the January number of the *Skyland Baptist*:

"At Fruitland Bro. W. F. Powell has recovered from his recent illness and resumed work. Powell does not make a great deal of fuss, but if Wake Forest can duplicate him, he can find employment in the west without any further questions being asked. A large boarding hall for girls is being built. It will contain more than twenty rooms and the prospects are it will be filled at once when completed."

'85. Prof. Kellogg, of Richmond College, comments at length in the *Religious Herald* on Prof. A. T. Robertson's New Testament Greek Syllabus. "The chief characteristics of the book are its vigorous freshness, eminent practicalness, and mar-

velous clearness of treatment. * * * It is among the most helpful and stimulating, and indispensable to any pastor or lay-student seeking a clear knowledge and grasp of the language of the New Testament."

We copy the following brief sketch, by Rev. F. W. Taylor, of the life of Rev. J. B. Solomon, a venerable and genial alumnus of our institution, from the *Baptist Argus*:

"Rev. J. B. Solomon, D.D., was born January 18, 1824, in Franklin County, N. C. He graduated from Wake Forest College in 1848, and was ordained in the college chapel the same year. Such men as Wm. Harper, Wm. Biddle, Thos. Crocker, and W. T. Brooks, made up the ordaining council.

"For a while he did missionary work in Yadkin County, N. C., then became pastor of the Warrenton church. From 1860 to 1865 he served the Leigh-street church, Richmond, Va. From here he was called to the Chair of English in the State University, West Virginia, then to the presidency of Monongahela College. He did not, however, allow college work to interfere with his regular preaching.

"In 1873 he became pastor of Sharon Church, Pennsylvania, and in 1880 he was called to First Baptist Church, Owensboro, Ky. This church experienced a great up-lift under his faithful ministry. He has filled other pastorates, as, Zion, Henderson County; Huntington, Ind.; and Hawesville, Ky. During his long ministry, he has baptized about one thousand people.

"Of course he did not work all these years alone; for early in life he took as a helpmate Miss Mary Malissa Burges, who has been to him a helpmate indeed.

"Dr. Solomon is still quite vigorous for a man of his advanced years, while his wife, with very few gray hairs, looks many years younger than the family Bible says.

"These saints of the Lord, rich in Christian experience, and approaching the sun-set of life, are shedding golden rays of influence on the First Baptist Church, of Henderson, where they now have their membership. They are making their home with Prof. J. W. Welch, superintendent of one of the city schools, and his accomplished wife, their daughter.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

E. W. TIMBERLAKE, Jr., Editor.

LA GRIPPE!!!

HAVE YOU joined the Buffaloes yet?

DR. SIKES has returned to housekeeping!

SENATORS WEBB and McIntyre spent Sunday on the Hill.

HAVE YOU had grippe yet? If not, get in the swim at once.

MR. WM. B. ROYALL, Jr., spent Sunday, Feb. 10th, in town.

SAY, ASK Newish Brown why he did not go to church Sunday night, Feb. 10th.

WHAT'S BECOME of that blooming newish who wanted a room in the *Laboratory*?

MRS. C. E. BREWER has recently returned from visiting relatives near Elizabeth City.

MISS MARGARET ETHREDGE spent several days after the Anniversary, visiting Miss Mattie Gill.

MISS DOSIA SCOTT, who has been spending some time with Mrs. Geo. Gill, left recently for Oxford Seminary.

MR. JNO. C. SCARBOROUGH recently spent a few days on the Hill, visiting his son, Mr. Hartwell V. Scarborough.

MR. JOHN PRITCHARD came up to the Anniversary and stayed over several days, visiting friends and relatives.

MR. D. M. STRINGFIELD, of the class of 1900, has returned to college to take law, preparatory to standing the Supreme Court examination in August.

WE UNDERSTAND that Mr. Lynch and Dr. Mitchell recently had a very heated discussion over which one could relate the most exciting baptizing experience.

THE POPULATION of Wake Forest is increasing, slowly, but surely. We are glad to welcome to the "Hill" Mr. Charles E. Gorrell, and Miss Elizabeth Peter Cullom.

IT IS WITH pleasure that we welcome back to Wake Forest Miss Bruce Brewer and Mrs. J. H. Gore, Jr. THE STUDENT desires also to make its best bow of welcome to Miss Arabella Gore.

THE SENIOR class is just now emerging from the maelstrom of Logic, and various mutterings of *Barbara, Barbara, post hoc ergo propter hoc* may be heard frequently from the campus.

TO THE delight of their many friends, Mrs. W. C. Parker and Miss Joy, returned to the Anniversary, and remained several days after, Mrs. Parker visiting Miss Louise Peed, and Miss Joy Miss Annie Dickson.

VERILY WAKE FOREST is becoming a political arena. The election for marshals is drawing nigh, and the constituents of each of the candidates may be seen in earnest conversation, forming plans for the coming battle. Here's to the success of each of the young aspirants.

THE SUPREME COURT examination is at last over, and as a result the following young attorneys are abroad in the land from Wake Forest: M. F. Hatcher, S. and M. Peterson, Norman Johnson, Green, Rosser, Harold, McCullen, and Garland.

A CIRCULATING book club has been recently organized with the following members: Professors Sledd, and Crittenden, Adams, J. and W., W. A. Dunn, Earp, Freeman, F. G. Hamrick, Keeble, Powers, T. R. Taylor, Timberlake, W. L. Vaughan, W. A. Weaver. Meetings will be held each month, and the books which have been read discussed.

THE WORK on the walls of the Euzelian Society Hall has been completed, and does credit to the committee who selected the design. It seems that there are continual repairs to be made in both halls, owing to the improper condition of the roof. Something ought to be done about it, and if the present roof cannot be fixed properly, a new one should be put on.

WHO SAYS Wake Forest is not an up-to-date institution? The days of both furnishing and "swiping" "faculty paper" are at an end, and examination pads are substituted for the "old reliable." For the benefit of those who have not found out, we will state that the pads are on sale at Holding's drug store. They are "two-fors and "four-fors."

THE MONTHLY meeting of the Missionary Society was held in the Wingate Memorial Hall on Sunday night, Feb. 10th. In the absence of Dr. Sikes, Dr. Royall acted as President. On account of sickness several of the speakers were unable to be present. Mr. B. A. Allen spoke first on Heathen Worship. Mr. Allen showed that he had studied his subject carefully, and made an interesting talk. Mr. Jordan followed with a talk on the Opportunity of the Hour. Short and appropriate speeches were made by Dr. Royall and Mr. Swain.

AT HER home, on Feb. 19th, Miss Elizabeth Allen entertained several of her friends at her birthday recep-

tion. Attired in a white silk, slightly *decoletté*, with a profusion of American Beauty roses Miss Allen received, assisted by Mr. John Brewer, Jr. Games of several kinds were played, and in the end Mr. Winston Adams and Miss Minnie Holding were pronounced victors in a contest of making the greatest number of words from the letters contained in the word *miscellaneous*. As a prize Mr. John Pritchard presented Miss Holding with a copy of the *Idyls of the King*, and Mr. Adams with *Reveries of a Bachelor*. The booby was won by Mr. Petty and Miss Anna Mills. At 10:30 the visitors were invited into the dining-room where an elegant repast was served. The evening passed quickly, and with sincere regret the guests departed, wishing their kind hostess many birthdays as pleasant for herself as she had made this one for them.

A MEMBER of the Prep. English class, becoming suddenly and forcibly struck by the Spring muse, brought forth the following lines just after an examination:

God pity poor boys! yes, pity us all,
At the last of May we again must fall.

I've stood an exam. oh, Lord! what a sin
Was the question put up on that book Evangeline.

For our class perhaps some sweet hope lies,
But I'll swear its buried from human eyes.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest of all is *Crittenden*.

Let us earnestly hope that kind friends may
In pity cast flowr's o'er our graves one day.

Bully for the Prep.

THE BASEBALL season has opened. The weather has been almost perfect during a large part of February, and the candidates for the team have put in some good prac-

tice. Boys get to work; we have good material; we have most of the old team back; we have pure college athletics, and there is no reason why we shall not win the championship of the State. Of course we shall miss Jim Moore, but we still have Hobgood, the left-hand twirler from Granville, and they say "Rip, the Newish" can pitch ball if he will wake up. Trantham will soon be here, and we have "Tubby Sprinkle" to take Jim Royster's place behind the bat. Boys, get some spirit in your bones, and go to the diamond!

ON THE evening of February 22d the Literary Club met at the home of Professor Sledd. The regular order of business was suspended and an entertainment given in honor of the birthday of George Washington. The parlors and halls were very tastefully decorated in the style of the early days of the republic, and the different parts of the rooms hung with "red, white and blue." Various photographs of Washington's home and early days adorned the walls of the parlor, and a large portrait of the General was suspended above the mantel. And above all, let us not fail to mention the cherry tree branch with ripe berries and the hatchet hung by the side of the portrait. The well gotten-up and appropriate programme was as follows:

Quartette: My Country, by Mrs. Sledd and Mrs. Poteat, and Professors Lake and Poteat.

Washington as General and as Statesman, by Professor Sledd, was most interesting and instructive. He pictured all the difficulties of Washington's career, showing his great force of character, and that only by the unparalleled diplomacy and personal magnetism of the man, could the American colonies have been freed from England and a government founded.

Solo: Serenade, by Professor Crittenden.

Tributes of the Poets to Washington, by Professor Poteat.

Father Goose's Version of the Little Hatchet, by Miss Miriam Sledd.

Medley of Old Airs, by Mr. Hubert Poteat.

Vocal Solo: Daddy, by Mrs. E. Y. Webb.

Solo: Lone Rock by the Sea, Miss Marye Purefoy.

Washington as a Lover, by Mrs. Cullom.

Quartette: Annie Laurie (Harmonized by Buck), by Mesdames Sledd, Riddick, Webb and Poteat.

The time for departure came too quickly, and each one left with a sincere feeling of gratitude for the very pleasant evening given by the hostess, Mrs. Sledd.

THE ANNIVERSARY has come and gone. For the first time in several years the weather was excellent; fair and cool, but not cold enough to be disagreeable. The crowd commenced to roll in on the trains Thursday, and as the last bell ceased to ring the following day, Wingate Memorial Hall was filled by an enthusiastic crowd, both old and young. Promptly at 2:30 the doors were opened and the debaters were escorted by the marshals to the rostrum. The proceedings of the last debate were read by the secretary, and approved. The query for debate was then read as follows: "Resolved, That, barring constitutional objections, we should not have an income tax as a part of our revenue system." The debate was opened by Mr. Rooke for the affirmative in a strong, argumentative speech. Mr. Jesse Williams was the first speaker on the negative. Mr. Sikes followed as second on the affirmative with strong and convincing argument, and with good oratory appropriately inserted in his speech. Mr. Hatcher came last on the negative and closed his

side of the argument with a strong speech. Five minutes were then given for rejoinder, and each speaker made admirable use of his time. At the close of the debate, the query was again read, and the audience decided in favor of the affirmative by a vote of one hundred and twelve to seventy-three. "It was an excellent debate, the best for years," was the general opinion of the people of the Hill, and we note with pleasure that all the visitors were especially pleased.

At 8 P. M. the exercises were opened by music from the Raleigh Band. As the bell ceased ringing, Gov. Aycock entered the hall with Prof. Poteat, and the building shook with rounds of applause. At 8:30 the orators were escorted to the rostrum by the marshals amid another roar of applause. Mr. S. G. Flournoy, of Rockingham, orator from the Phi. Society, was first introduced by Mr. F. Q. Barbee, the subject of his speech being, "Calviu Graves, Patriot and Hero."

After Mr. Flournoy finished speaking, Mr. Horace E. Flack, of Rutherford, was introduced to the audience by Mr. L. T. Vaughan, the subject of his speech being "The Old North State Forever." Both orations were masterly efforts, showing careful study and thorough preparation, and were highly pleasing to the audience. It is needless to say that both orators well maintained the glorious record made by our societies in the past.

After the orations were over Governor Aycock was called on for a speech, and it is needless to say that he responded in a manner worthy of the reputation that had preceded him. Short and appropriate speeches were then made by Messrs. Mr. H. Justice and H. A. London, and the audience adjourned to the Society halls and Library for social gathering. Seldom have those classic haunts

been adorned with such a freshet of loveliness as they were blessed with that night, and the arrows of Cupid could almost be seen darting from different corners of the "courting-gallery." The band was brought over to the reading-room, but stopped there, for, as a disconcerted Soph. was heard to remark the next day, "Ain't that faculty sharp!"

But with all the glorious success of the Anniversary of 1901, during the whole time there was a shadow of sadness cast over it. The cause was apparent—the University girls could not come. Misses Jessie Brewer and Janie Taylor were expecting friends to spend the time with them, besides many others whose coming was prevented. Many hearts were made sad by this misfortune, but we can not expect to receive showers of blessings always, for it seems to be decreed that though we can visit our "sisters" on Thanksgivings, they can not come to see us. The writer believes that he voices the sentiment of every man in college, in saying that we should have been willing to risk the smallpox in order for the University girls to come. If the Faculty of the University will allow a hint from an interested party, we would suggest that the girls be allowed to come out to the Senior Speaking, March 8th—to wear their new evening dresses, you know.

AT RANDOM.

IN STATU QUO.

As wearily I wend my way
Through soggy fields at break of day,
I ponder o'er my cruel fate,
And curse my God with bitter hate
That I was born unto this rank
Of menial slave. But soon I thank
Almighty God for this same fate:
For if it were to grand estate
I had been born, as sometimes wished,
Ne'er would I then thy lips have kissed,
Or known how sweet it is to be
Within the sight and touch of Thee.

—S. F. N., in *University of Virginia Magazine*.



LOST, A BOY'S HEART—A SONG.

Lost, lost a boy's heart!
Fled thro' the garden trees!
If any maid shall find it there
Won't she be kind to it, please?
For the boy never lost his heart before;
He never caused it pain,
And he grieves that it may be wounded sore
Ere it comes home again.

Lost, lost a boy's heart!
Methinks he saw it fall
At the feet of a—comely deary Dear
Over the campus wall.
And whether she found and has it still,
Or whether she cast it away—
The boy doesn't know; but if she will
She may keep it forever and aye.

—M. B. K., in *Georgetown Journal*.

A SUNSET IN PENOBSCOT BAY.

As I sit by the western portal,
 And gaze at the lingering sun
 Painting glory, in colors immortal,
 Till the earth and the heavens are one,
 I dream on, enthralled by the wonder
 Of nature's harmonious hand,
 In the colors reflected in water,
 And the deepening shades of the land,
 Till the twilight fades into the darkness,
 And the fire-flies flit o'er the lea,
 Till the islands merge into the mainland
 And the main merges into the sea.
 —W. B. W., in *Harvard Advocate*.

Lives of all students remind us
 We should pay no heed to looks,
 But on passing leave behind us
 Interlinings in our books.

Interlinings which another,
 Toiling hard midst grief and pain,
 Some forlorn and flunked-out fellow,
 Seeing, ne'er shall flunk again.
 —*Exchange*.

"She has asked me
 Would I help her
 With her Latin
 'Twas so hard.
 Would I help her
 Learn to conjugate
 That old verb 'Disco.'
 Pretty lips so near,
 So tempting,
 Tended strongly to beguile.
 'DIDICISSEM?'
 I should smile."

—*Exchange*.

THE SEA SONG.

Oh, the thrilling beat of the rolling surf,
The breezes wild and free,
That toss the spray
In caressing play
O'er the willful, witching sea!

In the red brown swale where the salt winds sweep,
And the swallows dip and flee,
The grasses shake
And the still pools quake,
Astir with the breath of the sea.

And saddened hearts long unused to sing,
Cry aloud in exultant glee;
They forget to sigh,
And in joy reply
To the call of the mystic sea.

—*Mary Danforth Dodge, in Vassar Miscellany.*



MYSTERY.

Like to a child that plays beside the sea,
And hears the rolling tide
Throb forth its deep-toned organ melody.
Who sees the waters wide
Blood-red with streams of the departing day,
And deeply marvels why
The light should vanish from the glass-like bay,
And stars inlay the sky:
So do we stand on the unpassed brink
Of things divine, and hear
The melodies of the universe, and drink
Their sound with eager ear.
But, though we break our hearts with deep desire
And listen year on year,
The eternal voices come to us no nigher,
Nor do they wax more clear.

—*Ludwig Lewishon, in College of Charleston Magazine.*

MY HONEY, MY DARLIN', MY SWEET.

When the moon begins ter shinin' and ter lighten up the way,
 Ter my honey, my darlin', my sweet;
 An' de noisy little tree-frog and de cricket seems to say,
 Oh my honey, my darlin', my sweet;
 When de owls begin to hootin',

An' de small boy's off a-scootin',
 From de ghoses he's a-sceered for to meet,
 Den my thoughts begin to turnin',
 An' my heart is jes' a-yearnin'
 For my honey, my darlin', my sweet.

—Richard P. Whiteley, in *Georgetown Journal*.



Mary had a little lamp,
 A jealous lamp no doubt,
 For soon as Mary's beau went in
 The lamp, you see, went out.

—Exchange.



LOVER'S LEAP.

Two lovers paused upon the cliff,
 In breathless pangs of woe,
 And gazed into the Bosque's face
 Two hundred feet below.
 All day before an angry chief,
 His child had swiftly fled;
 Close by the side of one she loved,
 A chieftain tall and red.

They paused but on the evening breeze
 There came the savage yell,
 As they pursued the lover's trail
 Those fiendish hounds of hell.
 To wait was but to wait for death,
 Alas! the horrid fate;
 To leap was death! O cruel death!
 Wilt thou no longer wait.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

Yet nearer still her father came,
 At last they caught the sight
 Of painted warriors grave and grim,
 Whose hearts were black as night.
 They started but they paused again,
 In love's last fond embrace,
 She leaned her head upon his breast,
 He kissed her love-lit face.

Then hand in hand they made the step,
 Alas! the fatal leap;
 Down! Down! to death they swiftly fell
 Into the river deep.
 As the chief approached the cliff,
 He paused in mad despair,
 To see the waves close o'er his child,
 A maid of beauty rare.

He beat his breast, he tore his hair,
 But all in vain, "Too Late."
 His child had sunk beneath the tide,
 To share her lover's fate.
 And thus the Waco maiden proved,
 With last departing breath,
 A story to all lovers old,
 The seal of love is death.

—O. E. Bryant, in *Baylor Literary*.



DAISY.

Sweet Daisy of the glade,
 Fair flower of the dell,
 Sweet, tripping, lightsome maid,
 Thou knowest I love thee well.

I look within your eyes,
 And see but shining deeps;
 No thoughts of love that rise
 To cheer the heart that weeps.

I look upon your cheeks,
A flash of dawn on snow.
Your heart the secret keeps,
Which I so long to know.

I gaze upon your lips
Where sunset meets the dawn,
And long for nectar sips,
The early due of morn.

But you are hard and cold,
A flash of fire and steel,
A heart of ice for gold
Can never work me weal.

—*Exchange.*



THE DREAM OF NIGHT.

All bathed in silver light
The dusky hillside lies,
And dark-robed spectres 'gainst the sky
In sombre silence rise.

The old oft-trodden path
That climbs the moonlit hill
Looks strange and lonely and untried,
The brook glides slow and still.

And all the world is changed,
And veiled with fairy light,
For lo! the glamour of a dream,
Has fallen on the night.

—*Exchange.*

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HOW WE MAY STIMULATE THE PRODUCTION OF LITERATURE IN NORTH CAROLINA.*

BY BENJAMIN SLEDD.

You have given me a difficult problem to solve. "How may we stimulate the production of literature in North Carolina?" You had almost as well ask me to tell you how we can make our young men honest and industrious and our young women amiable and beautiful. Of all things the production of literature is least subject to definite laws and conditions. And just here let us distinguish between the creation of literature and the manufacture of literature. Hundreds of young men and women in England and America are to-day manufacturing historical novels. Mr. Winston Churchill sits down and manufactures Richard Carvel on the model of Thackeray's *Virginians*, and sells half a million copies. But this sort of stuff is no more real literature than Jonah's gourd was a natural plant.

Then, too, I am not sure that I wish ever to see good, homely, honest old North Carolina made into a literary State. Heaven forbid there shall ever come a time when our young men prefer to write about noble deeds rather than to do them, and our Southern women choose New England old-maid-dom and the bubble reputation rather than the beauty of home-life and the prattle of little children.

* An address delivered at the organization of the Literary and Historical Association of North Carolina, October 22, 1900.

But to return to our question: "How may we stimulate the production of literature in North Carolina?" Let us briefly enquire into the conditions of the case before we prescribe the remedy. Why is it that North Carolina has had practically no part at all in the recent revival of literature in the South. The poverty of literary production in our State is certainly not traceable to any natural condition. We have a climate almost identical with that of ancient Athens; our scenery is unsurpassed, and our people are generous, patriotic, and the bravest of the brave. And yet we have no literature. We have no magazine beyond college journals, nor can we hope to have for years to come. The successful magazine must have thousands of readers and endless capital behind it. Nay more, we must confess that we have not even a single daily newspaper whose influence extends beyond the State. And in education we have no institution that can rank with the great Northern and Western schools with their swarms of students and their vast endowments.

Perhaps the greatest hindrance, both to literary production and to material prosperity, has been a vague unrest among our people; the longing for change for change's sake; the following after strange "isms" and innovations preached by brainless cranks and quacks. Even in the matter of national and State representatives we are always swapping horses. And in most cases we are like the old Danish farmer of Hans Andersen who went out in the morning determined to trade away his good old gray horse, and in the evening returned on foot with only a bag of half-rotten apples to show for his day's work. Let us hope that the recent political revolution will give us rest and peace for a while. I am speaking

plainly, and I sincerely hope I shall give no offense; for we must get down to the rock-bottom of truth before we can even lay the foundations of literature.

First of all, the production of literature demands broad and deep culture, together with a certain measure of freedom from work-day cares and worries. Those creatures we call the Muses are, like all their sex, fickle and exacting to the last degree. To serve them successfully we must have abundant leisure, and we must give them absolute devotion. We can not work all day at bread-winning, and then think to sit down and write a great poem or a successful novel. Some casual interruption in literary work can put to flight a whole train of thoughts as effectively as if you had thrown a stick among a flock of pigeons on the roof.

Moreover, literature has always clung to large cities. Our poets love to babble about green fields, and running brooks, and solemn forests, but with the first hint of frost the scamps go hustling back to town and plant themselves by the blazing ingle of some tap-house. We need not wonder that so few of our successful Southern authors remain in their native States. Literature, like every other commodity, follows the market. In large cities alone is found the rich publisher; and where money and fame are, there is always ye author. Carlyle may indeed have hammered out his greatest thoughts on the wild moors of Scotland, but it was to London that he must go to make these thoughts the common currency of mankind.

But, you will doubtless say, the case of our State from my point of view is hopeless. Large cities do not grow up in a day, and leisure and wealth are not soon to be hoped for here in our half-developed country. Is there

anything to be done? Yes, much can be done if we begin right; but the results will not be visible at once. We can not plant a tree to-day and gather fruit to-morrow. For us older toilers and fighters we can only expect the humble but noble fate lamented over by Matthew Arnold.

"Let the victors when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find our bodies by the wall."

If our Association is to accomplish anything it must begin its work modestly but earnestly, and it must begin at the root of the matter. I stand before you to-night to say, in all honesty, that I know of no new-fangled method of stimulating the production of literature. All the teachings of Holy Writ are summed up in the word "charity." And all the conditions of great literature are found in the word "life." Literature is only the flower of life, and to write well we must first live well. Just here is where the work of our Association must begin. We *can* help ourselves and our people to a higher and nobler life. The ways and means of doing this are endless. In the first place, we must join together in a relentless and determined fight for better schools. We all know where North Carolina stands in the scale of education. Incidentally, too, we might wake up our higher institutions to a keener sense of their duty to one another and to the State. We might tell them to clap their shoulders to the wheels more resolutely, and stop wrangling on the steep hillside of life about who has the finest team and who has most spokes in his wheel. Most of all, could we see to it that good literature finds its way sooner or later into every household, however humble. Good books are to be had so cheap now that

it is a shame our country people should know nothing better than the subscription book-agent's miserable stuff. The students of my College may indeed be lacking in many things, but every one that passes through the English Department carries away with him, if it is possible to give it to him, not only the love of books, but also the foundation of a good library.

And in our teaching we should be concerned less about putting pupils through the regular tread-mill of education, and more about developing their tastes and perception and discovering their latent talents and capacity. In New England we know how every spark of literary talent is cherished and quickened into flame, both in the home and in the school. Even in the rural districts the pupils are brought directly into contact with the writings of New England's greatest sons,—Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell and Hawthorne. The birthdays of these writers, moreover, are observed as regularly and reverently as is the 22d of February. When did we ever hear of the birthday of Poe being kept in the South? And I know of a college where the 22d of February passes unnoticed save for an annual growl of disapproval from the English lecture-room.

Our Association, then, must be a sort of hub with a spoke in every town. Clubs and circulating libraries have been the chief means of giving the West and the North their overwhelming predominance in culture and in politics. Now, we cannot hope to raise up for every town and village in North Carolina a Raney (all honor to the name!), but we can assist in forming clubs, in purchasing books and in guiding and directing the work of those who are feeling and striving after better things.

And, in conclusion, let me say a word of encourage-

ment to those who, like myself, are trying to travel, if not the proverbially hard road of Jordan, at least the still harder road of Parnassus. Let us struggle onward, patiently, persistently. Who knows when the dawn may break? In my own humble work, poetry has been not a profession but a passion. And to the young literary pilgrim I would wish a hearty God-speed. Only be sure that heart and head are all right and never mind the long hard way. It may lead you into the slough of despond; it will certainly lead you into the valley of humiliation; only take care that it does not bring you at last into the valley of dry bones. You may indeed fall by the wayside, but you will not have fallen wholly in vain. If you have eyes to see, you will always find around you

"The light which never was, on sea or land,"—

the light which has guided many a poet through years of neglect and scorn into a glorious immortality. Tennyson has given us his own confession in that hardly known poem of his later years, "Merlin and the Gleam." Make its heroic words your own battle-hymn as you pursue the gleam, which is

Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight.
O young mariner,
Down to the haven,
Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas!
And ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the gleam!

THE FOX-HUNT.

H. V. SCARBOROUGH.

"My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sauded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook knee'd and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tunable
Was never hallo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly."

Did you ever sit in the saddle upon the back of a fiery horse on a cool, clear, bright winter night, lit by the full moon, and listen to the wild, triumphant music of the hounds? You may have heard the music of the fat man's laugh; you may have heard the music of the operatic singer, of brass bands, of string bands and of orchestras; you may have heard the music of the bells, of the mountain stream, and of the long-leaf pine; you may have felt the excitement of a baseball game when the score stood two to one in the ninth inning in favor of the home team; you may have played in a game of football and the other side was in a few feet of their goal, when suddenly the swiftest foot on the home team broke around the line and made a "touch-down" at the opposite side of the field; you may have heard the sad news that the professor was sick when you had not the shadow of a dream of the recitation which he was to have heard: but all these things are nothing to the rider of that flying horse, whose ears drink the wild, weird music of those many-toned throats.

There are but few things among the pleasures of a young man that have the power to keep him by the fire when the sound of the hunting horn and the glad answer-

ing howl of the pack floats over his senses on a bright winter night.

But there may be one who can exert this marvelous power over us, which we can not understand much less tell with words. And since *she* is so far away that we can not see her, let me tell you about a chase we once had after an old grey fox which for five years past had escaped all steel-traps and laughed at every pack of hounds in the county that had tried their noses on his trail. He seemed to take especial delight in raids upon the young turkeys when they were about the size of partridges, and he had, on several occasions, been known to destroy as many as thirty-five in a single night. He had come into the county, so the old hunters said, five years before from across the river in order to escape from a famous pack which almost had his wind when he reached the water, plunged in, swam diagonally across at a wide angle, which landed him some two hundred yards below the place opposite to where he entered, and came up into the mouth of a shallow streamlet which flowed into the river.

Bill Thompson, the boldest, most reckless rider in the hunt, dashed up upon his smoking horse just in time to see him enter the shallows, shake the water from his long fur, cast one look over his shoulder at his panting pursuers, and trot slowly up the little stream. He would not leave the stream under a quarter of a mile, and which course he would then take and where he would go was as uncertain as the trail of a tramp. Bill knew it was useless to follow even if his pack had been fresh, and only three of his best dogs had yet come up, and these were now lying panting in the water with their great red tongues lolling from their jaws as at intervals they lapped the cool clear stream.

What that fox really did do was to keep up the stream where he accidentally found a stooping willow growing from the water which he climbed, and there he lay among some trash and leaves until night when two opossum hunters came that way, and one of them carelessly striking the tree with his axe, was scared almost out of his boots by the scrambling fox, whose rapid dash over the dry leaves showed that he was not exactly satisfied with the surroundings.

When Bill had seen him disappear that morning he placed his black ram's-horn to his lips and its clear ringing blast called up the scattered pack and announced to the men that the hunt was up.

The fox never recrossed the river, but went farther into the heart of the county, where he took up his abode and began his famous raids.

"I'm glad you've got 'im on your side," Bill told some of our boys who were guying him about being outwitted by a fox, "and I hope he'll stay and give you a chance to try *your* wits on 'm. He's too smart for me. There never was no satisfaction in runnin' 'im' nohow. He's '*edicated*,' he is!"

We boys claimed to have the best pack of hounds in the whole county. Fifteen thoroughbred fox hounds of the "Black-and-Tan" and "Speckled" breed, the ears of any one of which would lap in front of his nose; and if you had thrown a stick at one of them, even though it did not come within five yards of him, you would have been convinced by the noise he made and his limping that you had broken at least three of his legs and come dangerously near dislocating his neck; and he would not cease to whine about it the balance of that day. Ten of these were four years old and had already

run for three seasons, while the other five were only eighteen months old, and until this season had run only hares and a fox-skin dragged through the fields by a boy on a mule in order to teach them the scent of a fox.

Old Colonel Ringwood, who lived in the centre of this old fox's range, had invited us to come and try a race with the pack about which we had bragged so much, and promised that in case we were successful we should be awarded the palm. Our pack was in excellent condition, having already caught four pretty swift runners, so that the hounds might be well hardened when the test came.

After dinner on Friday evening, after light rains during the week, we saddled our horses and rode down to the Colonel's home. Fifteen hounds, six horses and as many men, including old Abe (the "nigger" who always came to see after the pack, the horses and the rough work), all for supper and entertainment. But the Colonel didn't mind that little crowd. He had often fed forty dogs and a dozen men whom he had never seen before, and would have been insulted if they had even mentioned "their bill."

About 9 o'clock, when the moon has risen so we can see well, we are in the saddle, and the blowing of the horns and the baying of the pack announces that old "Napper" is to have another race for his life. He was known to the hunters as "Napper" because he was never caught napping.

Colonel Ringwood is with us on his fine sorrel mare, and at his side is his little grandson riding a very small wicked looking black mule whose accoutrement consists of a sheep-skin for a saddle, a rope girth and a "blind" bridle with wire for a bit and a calf-rope as

bridle rein. But there isn't any "cray-fishing" in this mule when he hears those hounds, for he takes logs, bushes, swamps and fences just as they may happen to lie between him and that cry. The fences he takes, not by a clear leap, but throwing off several of the top rails with his nose and, climbing up so as to get his fore-legs over, he manages to get his fore-feet to the ground, and then by scrambling with his hind-legs and pulling with his fore-legs, the remainder is bound to come. This takes some time to tell, but little "Satan" would beat you over if you were not very quick. And that red-headed, freckle-faced lightwood-knot of a boy? Well, he was there when "Satan" got there.

"Do you really expect to get him Abe," the Colonel asked the old negro as he "harked" the dogs into the woods?

"Ef dat tarnal fox put his foot out side'n his hole dis night, his tail gwine ter be breshin' de dus' off'en Miss Lucy's churrs an' tables 'fore er fortnight done pass! Leas'ways, 'cep'n't Phœbe be tuck wid a monstrous bad cole in de head, er ole Joe an' som'er de res' un'um has a mighty sudden tech er p'ralisis. An na'er one un'um haint never showed no signs er dat yit."

"*Hu-e-e-e-oo--!!! Hark Phœbe!!! Hark gal!!! Fare ye well, king er Is'ral, you gwiner hear sumpen now!!!*" cries old Abe, excitedly.

Sure enough, Phœbe has struck, and her alto note rings out in the silence like a bell. Old Joe and Bevis join in, and after half an hour's trailing the fox is "up" and we "have a run on him."

All is excitement. The hounds have got together and are beginning to warm up to the race. The snorting horses dash away, carrying their riders in different direc-

tions so that one may be sure to get the course of the fox. "Satan," with his youthful rider, makes a beeline for the pack, and seems to have some secret way of telling which way the fox will take, and he is often right up with the dogs. The crying of the hounds and the halloos of the hunters wake the sleeping air and send it in rolling, living vibrations through the woods and hills. An owl is stirred by the strains, and he hoots and yells and laughs as if in wild glee, and the shrill, excited "hark-up" of little Jim can be heard as "Satan," with his ears lying flat on his neck, carries him almost into the midst of the pack. "Bevis" is leading, and his deep bugle voice sounds now like the wailing of the March wind, and now like the exultant yell of a savage. The young hounds are almost wild and rush on in the wild chase trying to outstrip the leader, but his body and his legs are too long, his muscles are too well trained, and he understands the trail too well, and with his head in the air and his nostrils alert, he keeps several paces ahead of his ambitious followers.

"Napper" sees that no common pack is after his life, and after trying in vain to throw them off by quick turns into briars and through the thick undergrowth of pines, he "flies the country" for a long run. On, on, on he runs, keeping just at a prudent distance in front of his pursuers, whose cruel voices ring a terror to his heart. Do what he will he can only gain a few seconds on that wonderful leader. Finally by a dodge into an old pine top lying on the ground he gains a few moments as the hounds rush past. He has already run six miles since he quit "circling" and "doubling," and it is telling on his wind. He realizes his peril, knows that some trick must be played to give him a breathing spell, and at the same time keep those pesky hounds at work.

He has gained some time by the pine-top ruse, and he hears the well-known "lost cry"—a long cry followed by several short cries in succession. But the leader is circling for his trail, as he knows by his eager snuffing and whining, so he watches his chance, and when the hound has completed over half the circle, the sharp fellow crosses that part already tried by the hound and makes straight away almost at a right angle to the way he came. He makes good of his time, and is a quarter of a mile away before old Phœbe strikes his trail. As her first cry reaches him he comes to a long fence, and, jumping upon it, pauses to listen. Yes, they are coming, and he must throw them off. He rises, balances himself on the fence, and runs along the rails, sometimes almost falling, but he succeeds in keeping this up for about seventy-five yards, and then jumping upon a leaning tree and climbing along the trunk, lies upon its body not more than fifteen feet from the ground. In ordinary cases you would be safe, but alas! old "Nap-per," no ordinary hound is leading this pack. The chiding draws nearer, and "Bevis," with red dripping tongue hanging from his mouth, dashes straight ahead over the fence, but the scent no longer fills his nostrils, and he zig-zags in order to strike it; but nothing smells like fox. He circles, but no new scent. He circles again, with same luck as before. He tries the old track back for a distance, but it does not "warm up." He takes it carefully back to the fence. He rears upon his hind feet and smells the top rail. "Yes, he came that far." He now tries each side of the fence in both directions, but no fox scent on that ground, and still he seems to get a faint whiff from somewhere. He now tries the top of the fence again, and now lower. "Hoo-hoo-

ho-o-o-o!" he cries with the exultation of a man. He is too large to walk the fence as easily as the fox, but he works that scent out and traces it to the tree, and tries eagerly to climb it, but he is too heavy and the tree is too straight. The pack have full confidence in him, and they all make the "welkin ring" about that tree, although they cannot see the fox. Little Jim and Abe are soon there, and after a short rest Jim goes up the tree while Abe fools the pack away for a short distance until Jim scares the fox out.

"Napper" strikes the ground and starts his run for his home under a big rock. He has no time for dodges now, for he can barely keep out of sight of the hounds. For five long weary miles he keeps his pace. Oh, such running! Oh, such music! One would almost be willing to be bound by old Abe's black skin just to hear that race once again.

But "Napper's" den is too far away for his straining muscles and short breath, and the wily old thief who has led so many long and fruitless chases has at last met his fate. He sees the end has come, and as he gives the last despairing cry the strong jaws of the old leader tighten upon his throat and the famous old raider is gone from his haunts forever.

We feel a little tinge of sadness for a moment, but it is only for a moment, and is passed. His brush now keeps the dust from Miss Lucy's "churrs en tables," and it was by the gallantry of little Jim, who sent it to Miss Lucy's little girl.

THREE RELIGIOUS POETS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JAMES FINCH ROYSTER.

During the reign of Charles I and the existence of the Commonwealth there were published no less than thirty volumes of religious poetry. First editions only are included in this number, and few of the divine poets passed with a single edition. Quarles' works, both prose and verse, enjoyed an immense popularity, and three editions of Herbert's *Temple* were published in one year. Taking into account second and third editions, hardly a year passed from 1620 to 1656 without one or more volumes of devotional verse falling from the press. It is the characteristic form of the second quarter of the seventeenth century, and culminates in the grand religious epic of John Milton.

No more striking illustration of the principle that literary movements follow after political and social changes can be found than this remarkable outbreak of religious poetry. Strictly speaking, literature is not contemporaneous with its own times. Before the year 1620 there is no undividedly religious poet in our language. Constantine, and several others in the reign of Elizabeth, had published divine sonnets, but they were only conventional verse exercises. Delia, Licia, and the "dark woman" of the profane sonnets are generally considered fictitious mistresses. Why are the divine sonnets more sincere? Religious poetry, it can not be denied, occupies a small space in the varied field of Elizabethan literature. There is nothing remarkable in this. In their gay delight in mere existence, and in their joy in sensual

beauty and pleasure, the gay Elizabethans were pagans. They were not absorbed in the deep self-questioning of the Puritans, nor in their quarrels with the world, its deception, its vanities, and its idleness; they were interested in larger themes; they wrote of the great problems of life and of existence, seemingly with little care for their own souls. We look in vain for the signs of a struggle between the desire for worldly advancement and pleasure and the conscience, such as are seen so often in Herbert's poems. God, to the Elizabethans, existed in the beautiful; to Quarles, as a "flaming rod" of chastisement. There was no doubt in the minds of Sandys, Wither and Crashaw as to the "undiscovered country." Of all the criticisms loaded upon Shakespeare, none is more absurd than a recent attempt on the part of some well-meaning divine to prove that "our ever-living poet" was a Puritan. Equally absurd are the efforts to assign Spenser to different degrees of Puritanism.

The transition from Elizabethan paganism to Caroline Puritanism is not so abrupt as it would appear at a glance. I would put down Francis Quarles as the first undividedly religious poet whom we possess. The date of his first publication is 1621, six years after the death of Shakespeare and twenty-two years after that of Spenser. Herbert's *Temple* appeared in 1633, Crashaw's *Steps to the Altar*, 1646, and Vaughan's *Silex Scintillans* (Part I), 1650. One Elizabethan spirit, however, has strayed over into this period. Robert Herrick, notwithstanding the fact that he wrote religious poems, is as complete a pagan as ever existed. The hereafter did not exist for him; men, like flowers blossom, bloom, show their pride, and then "glide into their graves."

The political changes required for this alteration in poetical attitude began in the preceding reign. The great struggle between King and Parliament did not spring forth full grown; the storm was long brewing. Elizabeth's reign was never free from religious disturbances; it witnessed the final break from Rome, the passage of the Act of Supremacy, the excommunication of the Queen by the Pope, the numerous Catholic plots, the attempt on the part of Philip. II to force England to Catholicism, and the frequent conflicts between conformists and nonconformists; but the Queen by a policy of moderation and accommodation put off the inevitable conflict for nearly half a century. During the whole of her reign religion had been a forced compromise, satisfying neither party. As soon as the good Queen passed away the gates were let down, and armed opposition was not long delayed.

The remarkable fact is that these religious disturbances had little effect upon the poets of the time and required many years to make any impression on poetry. Outside the realm of pure literature, however, the religious discussions, especially the attack upon the bishops and church government by Martin Marprelate in 1588, made the controversial pamphlet popular, and placed a powerful weapon in the hands of the opponents of the established religion. The name of John Milton is the most illustrious one connected with this form of journalistic literature. The genesis of the modern newspaper can be traced far beyond Addison and Steele to these political pamphlets. There is a close relation between these tracts and the numerous published sermons which exerted such a tremendous influence in the approaching crisis. Those of Jeremy Taylor, the most eloquent of

men; of Doctor Doune, Dean of St. Paul's, and the author of some of the most passionate love poems in the language; of Bishop Hall, the satirist, and of Bishop Andrews, are deservedly the best known. John Bunyan published his first theological tract in 1650.

The three poets whom I have chosen as representatives of this devotional school are George Herbert, the ascetic; Richard Crashaw, the enthusiast, and Henry Vaughan, the mystic. George Sandys should be remembered by all Americans on account of the fact that his translation of Ovid was the first book written in America, but the amount of his original work is so slight that I can not include him. His work was principally in paraphrasing the Psalms and other books of the Bible. If any one needs to be convinced of the excellence of the King James Version let him compare any of these paraphrases, from Surrey to Milton, with the translations in it. Francis Quarles was more voluminous than any of his fellows; he is quaint and in places charming, but his name lives in religious poetry rather than in pure poetry. Religious publishing houses have published his *Emblems* within the last quarter of a century. George Wither's profane poetry, on the other hand, is so far superior to his religious hymns that it would be an injustice to consider him. William Hobington's work is too insignificant to allow him to be included.

Before considering Herbert, Crashaw and Vaughan separately it would be well to say something in general of the two attitudes of poetry towards religion. The temperament of the first class is Calvinistic and Puritanic, exhibiting a great concern for the welfare of the soul and an implicit obedience to God; the poetry is moral and ethical; cold and harsh; the style is marked by a grossness of physical description that often becomes disgust-

ing, and by an overabundance of conceits and paradoxes. Herbert is the chief exponent of this class, and Vaughan is his disciple. The second is the emotional temperament, with its joy and rapture in the knowledge of man's relations to God; this is the Roman Catholic attitude. It appeals either to the highest or to the lowest intellects. In contrast to the frigidity and harshness of the first class, it displays warmth and tenderness of feeling; the poetry employs the same devices which are used in profane verse; it is fond of allegory, of which the Romanist's saints are but a form. It is not difficult to see why the Catholic Church has always encouraged art. Crashaw is the only English poet of any consequence who was a member of the Church of Rome.

George Herbert was the oldest of the trio, being born in 1593. His poems were published in 1633, two years after his death. It is well to remember that he was related to the famous Pembroke family. In 1619 he was made Public Orator at Cambridge, and it is evident from his constant attendance upon the court of James at this time that he had hopes for advancement at the hands of the King, and that at heart he was a courtier. His aspirations fell with the death of James and he took orders. The conflict between his longings for worldly advancement and the spiritual life is the most interesting note in Herbert's poems. He constantly repeats that he went into the ministry with his eyes open, but it appears to me a difficult resignation, and he often exhibits signs of his baffled ambition. He says in *The Pearl* that he knows the ways of Learning, of Honor, of Pleasure, and of Love; that he does not fly to the Church without experience in the ways of the world. *The Collar* and *The Tempter* describe his unsatisfied state better than any other of his poems. His longest poem, the *Church*

Forch, is a didactic moral poem, formulating rules of right living for a young man. The highest praise that can be given it is that it is sincere. Many of the stanzas begin with a pithy expression of moral law, "stabs of thought," as, "Lie not," "Beware of lust." They are all good precepts, but is this the province of poetry? He finds no joy in his religion. He loves the church, its monuments and music, holy days and baptisms, but only for the reason that they offer opportunities to him to moralize. Contrast his attitude with the burning devotion of Crashaw.

In his use of subtle conceits and fantastic expression he follows the fashion of the age and is a disciple of Donne. The eighteenth century critics would have called him "metaphysical." He is fond of crowded and crabbed figures, and is always as condensed as possible. In his directness and realism he is again closely allied to Donne. In the second *Jordan* he charges himself with having sought out "quaint words and trite invention" when he first began writing of heavenly joys, but now when he has crossed Jordan, with no desire to look back, he promises to write what sweetness directs. This is a reminiscent note of Sidney's,

"Fool, said my Muse to me, look in thy heart and write." *

The poem *Virtue* expresses Herbert perfectly.

"Sweet day so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

* * * * *

"Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal
Then chiefly lives."

* Sonnet I: *Astrophel and Stella*.

I find Henry Vaughan, Silurist, as he styled himself, less interesting than Herbert, because he is less personal. Examples of the internal struggle are fewer in Vaughan. The consecration of his life to God was through more impressive circumstances than in the case of Herbert, and his resolution was attacked by no such yearnings as Herbert experienced; the flesh did not rebel so easily. Vaughan never became a clergyman, though it does not appear that he was ever a loose liver; Herbert's letters to his mother, written when he was quite young, show a deep piety and interest in religious matters; they are overloaded with quotations from the Bible. Neither of them passed through any such period of loose living as did Donne. Vaughan spent his life in Wales as a country physician, and had his mind turned to religion by a serious illness. He had previously written some profane poetry, which he now wished to destroy, and would have taken from us such an innocent and beautiful thing as the *Song to Amoret*.

Mysticism is the characteristic note of Vaughan; he delighted in mystical problems. This is seen in *The Timber*, where he addresses a fallen tree: it once flourished, joyful birds lodged in its bowers, but it is now wasting; the winds cannot disturb it, yet it still resents the storms before they come; it is thus with a murdered man—his blood begins to flow at the approach of the murderer; and it is so with the spiritual life—true remorse works more within than any resentment, and there is no escape, however righteously one may afterwards live, from remorse for the sins of one's past life.

"Grief and old wounds make sore displeased
And all his life a rainy weeping day."

The *Ascension Hymn* strikes the same note. Some can die before death overtakes them and are able to walk to the sky in this life; the soul may aspire to heaven before it is released from "this dust and clay"—the favorite term among the religious poets for our bodies. He sings of eternity, "a great ring of pure and endless night," and of a country "far beyond the stars."

In *The Retreat* he has a Wordsworthian emphasis on the divinity of childhood,—

"Happy those early days when I
Shined in my angel-infancy.

* * * * *

"And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity.

* * * * *

"But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness."

This stanza from *Childhood* has more of the sentimental note of Goldsmith:

"Dear harmless age! the short swift span
Where weeping virtue parts with man,
Where love without lust dwells and bends
What way we please without self-ends."

Vaughan's most perfect and best known poem is *Departed Friends*, beginning:

"They are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here.
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear."

I cannot refrain from quoting just one more stanza:

"I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose lamp doth trample on my days;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays."

Richard Crashaw was born in 1612, and was educated at Charterhouse and Cambridge. The outbreak of the Civil War found him a fellow at Peterhouse, from which

he was ejected in 1644, with other royalists, for refusing to take the oath of the Covenant. Crashaw was at this time no Roman Catholic, but was an extreme High Churchman; he was the friend of Nicholas Terror, the ascetic and literary executor of Herbert. He fled the country, and in Paris met the young poet Cowley, who introduced him to Queen Henrietta. The Queen recommended him to Cardinal Palotta at Rome, and he was given the little church at Loretto, where he soon died under suspicious circumstances.

Crashaw was neither ascetic nor mystic. "Shadows of eternity" did not trouble him, nor did he care to preserve his rules of conduct in his poems. In the *Hymn of the Nativity* he says:

"To thee, meek Majesty *soft* King
 * * * * *
 Each of us his lamb will bring."

This illustrates his attitude toward God better than anything else that I might quote. To him Christ was a "soft King," never the harsh master of Herbert, the Taskmaster of Milton, nor the great Unknowable of Vaughan. The difference in attitude toward religion between no two men is more marked than between Crashaw and Herbert. With the one it is a devotion of the heart, with the other of the intellect.

Crashaw attempted to carry over the style of amorous poetry with its conceits and quaintness into religious poetry. It is agreed that the climax in the use of exaggerated and tasteless conceits has been reached in Crashaw's *St. Mary Magdalen, the Weeper*, where Mary's eyes are,

"Two waking baths, two weeping motions,
 Portable and compenduous oceans."

He addresses Christ as a sonnet-writing youth would write to his love, and in a manner that appears sacrilegious to us. We should, however, bear in mind his attitude of fervid passion for his Master, and that his is only a conventional way of expressing it. The language of the best of his profane poems, *Wishes to his Supposed Mistress*, is not as passionate as that which he uses in his sacred verse. It is wonderful how much warmth and passion he can put into a description of ideal beauty. His was a highly imaginative, emotional and passionate nature.

His *Hymn on the Nativity* was in all probability inspired by Milton's poem. It is far inferior to Milton's *Ode*, and does not possess the latter's gracious and sustained majesty, yet for warmth and earnestness it is not surpassed.

"Yet when young April's husband showers
Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,
We'll bring the first born of her flowers,
To kiss thy feet and crown thy head,
To thee, dread Lamb! whose love must keep
The Shepherds while they feed their sheep."

Contrast the smoothness of versification of this, its limpid and flowing movement, to the grand ruggedness of Milton's *Ode*—with stanza 19, beginning—

"The Oracles are dumb."

With the return of Charles II religious poetry disappears. The nation had tired of war, of theological discussion, and of religion itself; its interests were transferred to lighter themes, to love and to court life. *Paradise Lost* was published seven years after the Restoration. This fact is another illustration of principle first stated, that literary movements follow political changes.

A LOVE LYRIC.

BY S. G. FLOURNOY.

Thy face is like a day, Love,
Thy face is like a day
In the bright and joyous May, Love,
In the bright and joyous May.
A rose on either cheek, Love,
A rose on either cheek,
And dusky eyes that speak, Love,
And dusky eyes that speak.
Thine eyes are bright as stars, Love,
Thine eyes are bright as stars
That peep through murky bars, Love,
That peep through murky bars
When night has closed day's gate, Love,
When night has closed day's gate,
And the trooping hours wait, Love,
And the trooping hours wait.
O the fullness of the joy, Love,
O the fullness of the joy,
With a maiden shy and coy, Love,
With a maiden shy and coy.
Let the countless hours sweep on, Love,
Let the countless hours sweep on;
Let the star-lit dusk creep on, Love,
Let the star-lit dusk creep on.
What care we for fix'd time, Love,
What care we for fix'd time,
When spirits meet sublime, Love,
When spirits meet sublime
And whisper where the shadows sleep, Love,
And whisper where the shadows sleep .
In the woodland still and deep, Love,
In the woodland still and deep.

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

BY J. Q. ADAMS, JR.

You ask me to write you a story for *THE STUDENT*? I never was a good hand at stories, but perhaps an incident which came under my observation several years ago might interest your readers. For their information, allow me to state that in 1891 I graduated from the dear old college, and after studying medicine for two years at Long Island Hospital, I located as a practicing physician in the small and sleepy town of Calhoun, South Carolina. Here I hung my two diplomas, "A.B." and "M.D." on the dingy walls and watched the spiders spin webs across the door.

Now, in this very town, there lived a man of most peculiar habits. To the village sages his name was always a fertile theme for conversation. Many years before he had silently come into their quiet hamlet and taken up his abode in a small deserted cabin some little distance outside of town. Here he lived a hermit life, never mingling with men, a terror to the children, and an object of curiosity to all. His unkempt hair hung in light curls to his shoulders, which were broad, square and well formed. His thin face, tanned by the rays of the sun, showed distinct marks of culture and education. Most of his time was spent in wandering aimlessly over the fields, except when he strayed into the village to cut wood or procure provisions. Those who spoke with him found him well educated in all matters, except current events, in which he seemed to take no interest. The general opinion held that he was a harmless lunatic that had by chance wandered into their midst.

And thus for many years he had pursued the even tenor of his way unmolested. But finally, one day, the land on which he had for so long been living changed hands, and the new owner came to assert his right. The latter was a man rough in speech, and when he approached the dilapidated cabin to order the hermit off, he found himself suddenly assailed by a desperate lunatic. Precipitous flight alone saved his life. The hermit, known everywhere as Joe Hatcher, was soon arrested by a special levy of police and placed behind the bars. Here, chafed by the confinement, he raved for days. Finally he was exhausted and thought to be dying. I was hastily summoned to attend the case. After administering several large doses of an opiate he became calm. As I sat holding his pulse, he suddenly looked up and said:

"Where is she?"

"Who is *she*?" I asked in some surprise.

He rose up on his couch and looked around him.

"Where am I?" He demanded.

"You are at present in the prison of the town of Calhoun."

"Ah, yes! Prison! I understand."

He lay down for several moments with his eyes closed. Then opening them he swept the room. Suddenly he demanded,

"What year is this?"

"To be sure," I replied, "this is the good year 1894, *anno domini*."

He sprang up in bed as if touched by an electric wire. Again he sank down. After a few moments he said quietly,

"I have been ——"

"You have been sadly afflicted," I said.

Again there was a silence.

"And you ——?"

"I am a doctor," I replied, "and as such, I command you to remain quiet."

"How long can I live, Doctor? I wish to know the truth," he asked, disregarding my injunction.

I told him I thought he might live for several days.

"Doctor," said he, "I assure you I am in my right mind. Take me from this place. I am a gentleman—at least let me die as such."

I had become very much interested in this my first important case, and considering his cultured face and his appealing look, I had him removed to the hotel.

Late that night when I went in to visit him I found him sinking fast. He instantly gathered it from my face.

"Doctor," said he, "you have been very kind to me. I cannot repay you, but shall instead only give you further trouble. I wish to tell you a terrible history, and then ask a final favor."

I consented, and after administering another opiate, quietly took my seat at his bedside. After some time he began, and with frequent breaks told the following story, which I give in his own words:

"When twenty-one years old I had graduated from Harvard University with the highest honors. The world smiled, and all things pointed to my future success. But, like many a young man, I soon found that the ways of this world were not the flowery paths that I had fancied. A sudden reverse in my father's business sent his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, leaving me, his only survivor, a pauper. After a year full of bitter disappoint-

ment, I was caught in the sudden wave of excitement and swept along by the tide of emigration to the gold fields of the West. After much wandering and many hardships I finally secured a claim in the southern part of California which gave promise of rich yields. In a few weeks, as under the hand of a magician, had sprung up a town composed of bold emigrants and adventurers like myself. This rough pioneer life of the West was most exhilarating, and my youthful spirit was full of that keen enjoyment of existence which perfect health gives to every young man.

"Walking into the country one afternoon I was assailed by one of those wandering bands of Mexicans and half-breeds which infest every new settlement. In attempting to defend myself I received a slight flesh wound in the right arm, and being now forced to surrender was deprived of a gold watch and several dollars in change.

"My arm was bleeding profusely and I knew that in this state I would be unable to return to the town, so binding the wound as well as I could, I directed my course to the house of a wealthy ranch owner who lived not far distant. He was the proud owner of thousands of acres of land and his herds grazed the prairies for miles around. Before this new order of things had disturbed the rural quietness of his western home he had been the undisputed lord of this region. At his hospitable mansion my wound was carefully dressed by an old Indian servant skilled in the art. Under no conditions would my host hear of a return to town that night, although I protested that the hurt was but a trifle.

"It was here that first I met the beautiful señorita, the daughter of the wealthy ranch owner. She was the

most beautiful woman I had ever seen. Her eyes were dark and flashing, and her hair was raven black. The majesty of her carriage and the high instep of her dainty feet showed that in her veins, mixed with the milder Aztec, there flowed the passionate blood of old Spain.

"Some people are accustomed to scoff at the well known phrase 'love at first sight,' but they do so from ignorance. From the moment I looked into those large mysterious eyes speaking volumes of feminine solicitude for my trifling hurt, I well knew that my heart knelt a slave at her feet. Never shall I forget the delight of that first evening in her company. What man would, who felt for the first time in his life the soft, sweet joy of love stealing into his heart?

"In the early morning I had to leave the ranch with deep regret that my wound was not more serious—only, however, to become a frequent visitor. The father welcomed me with the warmest hospitality, for a visitor of education was rare in those parts; and the señorita, too, received me with kindness, for her only companion was a Spanish waiting-maid. Often we would spend the moonlight evenings sitting under the spreading boughs of a great oak which stood prominent in the shady lawn surrounding the house, while she, accompanying herself on a curiously wrought guitar, brought from Spain, she said, would sing to me old Spanish ballads and dreamy southern love-songs. Late in the summer I essayed my fortune and found that she returned my love. The world smiled again, and surely, thought I, the path of love is the path of flowers.

"But early in the autumn there arrived from the East a handsome and brilliant young man who had come to buy up the claims of the mine for his father's firm. He

possessed that bold, dashing air which always attracts people. Soon he, too, met and fell violently in love with the beautiful señorita. Well might I fear a rival who could thus with such personal attractions at once offer family, wealth and social position in that far famed 'East.'

"As his visits became more frequent and his attention, more marked, jealousy crept into my heart and made it bitter. One afternoon, under its influence, I imagined that she was growing cold towards me. Rashly I accused her of falseuess. Bitter, cruel words followed. What a sight she made—her flashing eyes, and hot cheeks burning with anger and pride, as she hurled my ring upon the floor! Ah, well do I remember that quarrel! The quick glitter of steel, a soft thud, a jewelled stiletto quivering in the wall at my side! My God, it made me stagger! Swiftly I snatched the villainous weapon from the wood and hid it in my breast.

"I left her presence a desperate man. Never had I felt as I did that night. The world was black and gloomy, and no longer did I have any cause to live. This free life of the West had changed my nature, and with cool indifference I plotted self-destruction.

"But some fate was guiding my career, and I could not die until I had seen her loved form once more. That night I silently crept up to the ranch and waited. Everything seemed quiet and peaceful. I concealed myself near the large oak so full of tender memories to me. In this place my loss seemed greater and the world blacker than ever.

"Soon, to my surprise, I saw them come out and sit beneath the spreading boughs. She was more beautiful than ever. Then I heard her sing to him the same

dreamy Spanish songs. Verily I believe she knew that I was watching.

"As I listened my jealousy grew until it completely overmastered me. In bitter silence I waited until I saw them leave. A large beam of moonlight fell across the path just in front of me. I saw her, as beautiful as ever, step into this shaft of light and then pass into the shadows. He followed, a merry smile still lingering on his handsome face. The sight drove me wild. In a second's time I had drawn my pistol and fired. The light was very uncertain and the shot wild. Unhurt he turned and looked towards me. Never shall I forget his despairing look of surprise and terror. Quickly I fired again, and saw him sink to the earth without a groan. Another load was wanting to end my own miserable existence, and I threw the empty weapon aside with a shudder of repulsion.

"Sadly I approached the oak and seated myself on the moss about its foot, a place so well known to me. My head rested against the trunk of the tree as I recalled the past. Then from my breast I took the stiletto. It was a curiously engraved weapon of Spanish make. Its blade glittered villainously in the moonlight. "Farewell, my señorita," I murmured, and placed the weapon to my breast ready to strike.

"But suddenly it was snatched from my hand and sent whirling through the darkness. I leaped to my feet to see the familiar form of my beloved sinking to the ground. I softly called her name, but there was no answer. Alarmed, I called again, but still no reply. I lifted her into the light. There was a bullet wound through her breast. I remembered then the uncertain light and the wild shot—I myself had been her murderer!

I whispered her name, and she smiled. I bent down to listen, and she said 'I was not false. I loved you. Live for my sake.' And then, '*adios*,' and she sank back into my arms and I knew that she was gone.

"I knew that she was gone, I tell you," he screamed. "I knew that she was gone." And again he was a wild, raving lunatic. But his long taxed strength was now almost exhausted. I quickly administered another opiate, and gradually his ravings grew weaker until they became mere mutterings. At last he became perfectly quiet. After a few moments he opened his eyes, murmured the single word "*adios*," and then sank back dead.

Often as I sit in my office late at night while the winds whistle drearily around the corner, I think of this story and wonder what would have been his last request.

A NEW ECLIPSE PHENOMENON.*

J. F. LANNEAU.

During the eclipse last May there was observed at Wake Forest College a peculiar and suggestive phenomenon which, as far as I know, has been noted nowhere else, nor on any previous occasion.

I hope it will be studied in Sumatra by observers of the great eclipse of next May.

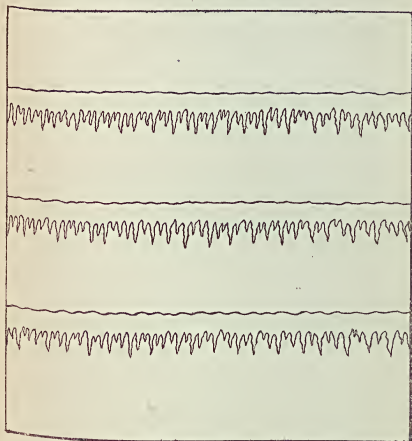
Last May a trivial addition to our outfit for the various observations made, was a number of neatly prepared smoked glasses for naked-eye views of the progress of the eclipse. Each of these eye-protectors consisted of a piece of clear glass put over the smoked surface of a like piece, the two held together securely by paper pasted along their edges.

These simple glasses made an unexpected revelation.

Soon after first contact, but more especially for five or ten minutes before totality, when a smoked glass was held somewhat toward the Sun, and tilting westward, there was seen on its nearer surface, as in a dull mirror, three fairly distinct, whitish or greyish bands extending horizontally across the glass. The bands were each about a quarter of an inch wide. Below them was a fourth band which was not distinct. The upper edge of each band was uneven if not wavy. The lower part of each presented a ragged outline—a series of pendent tongues variously pointed and differing in length, breadth and contour. Each band looked something like the familiar

* Published in *Popular Astronomy* for February. Credit for the facts observed is due to several student assistants, especially to Mr. J. Q. Adams, Jr., who first called my attention to them.

mirrored band of "manometric flames" produced by sound vibrations; only fainter, less regular, and also inverted, that is, the "tongues" downward.



REFLECTION BANDS ON SMOKED GLASS.

These bands appeared to be stationary on the glass, but changed in width as the glass was more or less tilted. When, however, the glass was steadied against some support, say a tree, the bands moved slowly downward,

toward the lower edge of the glass. Unfortunately, no attention was paid to either shadow or glass during totality. In that eventful minute (only 58 sec. here), who but the faithful photographer and the scrupulous contact-noter could forego feasting his eyes on the marvelous coronal splendors!

The phenomenon which, in the main, has now been described, was characterized in the outset as peculiar and suggestive.

It suggests some connection with that curious complication known as "shadow bands."

By way of distinction the "bands" in the phenomenon described may be termed *reflection bands*.

Since Goldschmidt's observation in 1820, some attention has been given to the parallel shadow bands which just before and after totality flit across the ground. They vary at different eclipses in many respects—in distinctness, width, direction, and rapidity. On one occasion barely perceptible, on another they are quite distinct: At one eclipse they are about a foot broad, with light intervals of several feet in breadth; at another, as in the eclipse last May, shadow bands and intervals are only the width of a lead pencil. They may flit by with the moderate speed of a pedestrian, or with the swiftness of a bicycle. At any eclipse, before totality, the shadow bands range in one direction, after totality in another.

They are seen only when the Moon nearly obscures the Sun; that is, always in the shadow cone's edge. Nevertheless, some think they are no part of the lunar shadow. Some hold that they are of atmospheric origin. Indeed, the shadow bands are an intricate puzzle.

But the reflection bands, as I have termed them, seem to be the Ariadne clue to this shadow band maze.

For a total eclipse, the cone of shadow tapers from the Moon to a point more or less beyond its dark section, or shadow spot, on the Earth's surface. Now allow an assumption, a seeming arbitrary assumption. Later on we may reasonably decide for or against its acceptance.

Assume about the shadow cone proper thin envelopes of light and shade in turn, capping, so to speak, the residual dark cone.

This shadow cone lowers from the west toward the observer as totality approaches. Lowering, and nearing the observer, the envelopes, dark and light in succession, meet the ground obviously in a rapidly broadening area (broadening north and south) and thus stripe the ground with bands of light and shade, "shadow bands," trending mainly westward; and seeming to flit either northward or southward as the observer may judge.

After totality, the envelopes of the westward side of the cone meet the ground in a narrowing area and with an altered trend—altered by the swing of the cone. Hence, the changed direction of the shadow bands after totality, and the seeming reversal of their flitting. As observed here last May, the shadow bands before totality ranged $5\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$ north of west; and after totality, $32\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$ south of west. Judgments differed as to their lateral motion.

Once more consider the Moon's shadow cone as it lowers from the west upon the observer. Of the assumed envelopes on its under side, now nearing the observer, some of the light strata should be imaged as whitish bands horizontally across the glass. This, seemingly, was the origin of the "reflection bands" noted last May.

Again, as the shadow cone lowers gradually, reflections of light strata in a glass should sensibly lower. The "reflection bands" observed here were seen to move slowly down the glass.

So far, the facts appear to warrant the assumption—the hypothesis of light and shade envelopes about the lunar shadow cone.

May we not concede that some such envelopes must be formed by the well known action of light when it grazes the edge of an opaque object—its diffraction—or diffraction modified by lunar conditions?

Doubtless, all around the Moon, grazing its ring of contact with the Sun's tangent light cone, curved sheets of diffracted, or pseudo-diffracted, light slant inward and converge to points successively short of the shadow cone's apex—thus forming conical envelopes of alternate light and shade.

If it were a smooth sphere casting the shadow cone, a section of the cone would doubtless show a series of concentric rings, light and dark in turn.

But the Moon is no smooth sphere. Ragged-rimmed, crater-like upheavals, and mountain ranges, and peaks innumerable crowd the visible lunar surface.

Necessarily, then, the Moon's rough ring of contact with the tangent light cone outlines, in profile, the semblance of a Titanic circular saw with mismatched, jagged teeth. These salient points all around the contact ring certainly give to the shadow cone and to its envelopes something like sharp flutings. And certainly these flutings crowd together and sharpen as they converge beyond the observer towards the relatively not distant apex of the shadow.

Clearly, then, a cross-section of cone and envelopes west of the observer, would outline concentric light bands with small, jagged teeth, or tongues, all pointing outward.

With this structure of the shadow cone, it is plain that

before totality light envelopes along the under part of the cone must image in a glass facing the apex something like "manometric" reflection bands with downward tongues: such as were seen here last May.

So, too, towards the end of totality reflection bands should be formed by light from the envelopes along the upper or westward side of the shadow cone, with tongues pointing upward.

This simple test of the envelope hypothesis remains to be applied.

YE BICYCLE BALLAD.

L. M. C.

Oh! a maid rode forth on her wheel one day,
When the sun did low decline,
And played around her slender form,
And bright in her hair did shine.

And I met this airily moving lass,
Mine eyes met hers so blue,
And staying my cycle-steed I asked,
"May I ride, fair miss, with you?"

She tossed her head with merry laugh
And said, "Why, perhaps you might;
You may go along a mile or two,
Till a handsomer comes in sight."

So away we went "that mile or two,"
And stretched them out to ten;
And ne'er were miles more quickly passed
Nor with merrier jests, I ken.

The sun is set, the ride is o'er,
Girl and her wheel are left,
And homeward hastening I ride alone,
Of heart complete bereft.

And I hardly know, poor lovesick fool,
With brain all full awirl,
Whether my wheel is more turned by myself
Or my head turned by that girl.

THE POETRY OF WORDSWORTH

BY W. L. E. ROY VAUGHAN.

Rest! 'twas the gift *he* gave; and peace the shade
He spread for spirits fevered with the sun.
To him his bounties are come back—here laid
In rest, in peace, his labour nobly done.

—Watson.

As one of Wordsworth's biographers has said: "Who is this musing Pilgrim of Poesy, wandering amid the lakes and mountains of Cumberland? For fifty years his name has been a centre-point of controversy and criticism in English literature. He has been in turns satirized and eulogized, scorned and worshipped, feebly imitated and flippantly assailed. How little that can excite us in the story of that calm career! How much in it to interest and instruct! For this man stepped aside from the stir and strife of the outer world to those romantic solitudes with which his name will be forever associated. Here he worked out his self-adopted mission, and toiled at his labor of love. To that long seclusion, and that laborious self-teaching, we owe all that he has left to us. To that steady self-reliance and cherished unity of purpose are due every beauty and every fault of that genius which has so much influenced the thought and changed the taste of our generation."

Wordsworth was first and foremost a philosophical thinker, a man whose great purpose in life was to think out for himself the questions concerning "Man and Nature and Human Life." He was a poet because the poetical gift had been thrust upon him and he could not fail, in one way or another, to exercise it; but in purpose he was a poet because it offered the quickest, most varied

and best method of giving his opinions and teachings to the world. "Every great poet," he has said, "is a teacher. I wish either to be considered as a teacher or as nothing." Not like other poets, writing to please or to give an outlet to their sense of the beauty or of the pathetic mystery of the world, or to invite sympathy to their sorrows or hopes, Wordsworth, with all his imagination, and in his moments of highest rapture, has practical sense of a charge committed to him. "To console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier; to teach the young and gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous," this is his own account of the purpose of his poetry. Picture such a man in life! If he sees a tree it is to meditate on human destiny; the drum-beat which leads the soldier to war calls to his mind, not the horrors of the struggle, but the heroic sacrifice; the sight of a silver cloud sleeping on the verge of a clear sky fills him with that melancholy calm so suited to nourish moral life. There is nothing which does not recall him to his duty and admonish him of his origin.

Wordsworth's poetry and his idea of the office of poetry must be traced to the influence of the French Revolution. But it would be idle to attempt to follow out the effects of that influence; for he has himself clothed them with their full force and meaning in "The Prelude." This record of the poet's mind told by himself was never popular. Macaulay criticised it severely, yet admitted that in it there are some fine descriptions. But apart from such beautiful descriptions as "Apparition on the Lake" or "Ascent of Snowdon," this remarkable poem is in its whole effect unique in impressive

power as a picture of the advance of a serious spirit from childhood and school-time, through close contact with stirring events, to that stage where it has finally found its strength and is prepared to put that strength to test.

Three Books describe the poet's residence in France. They show that the Revolution made the one crisis in Wordsworth's mental history—the time when nature took a solemn farewell of the genius which she had inspired. After six years of depression, mortification, and sore disappointment the old faith was given back.

"Nature's self,

By all varieties of human love
Assisted, led me back through opening day
To those sweet counsels between head and heart
Whence grew that genuine knowledge, fraught with peace,
Which, through the later sinkings of this cause,
Hath still upheld me and upholds me now."

This hour of darkness is the most pathetic experience in his quiet life.

We cannot follow Wordsworth in his various wanderings. We may mention some of the places where he received his deepest impressions of nature. Cockmouth, his birthplace, though beyond the hill country, stands on the Derwent, called by the poet "fairest of all rivers," and looks back to the Barrowdale mountains, among which that river is born. The voice of that stream, he tells us, flowed along his dreams while he was a child. In this vicinity he spent his childhood. At the age of nine he left home for school. It would be hard to conceive of a school life more fitted for a future poet than that in which Wordsworth was reared at Hawkshead. The village lies in a vale and not far from the lake of Esthwaite, and in sight of Kirkstone Pass, Fairfield, and Helvellyn. Hawkshead school, as de-

scribed in "The Prelude," was an ideal place for a future poet. High pressure was then unknown. Wordsworth was free to wander, in meditation, over the beautiful country. Early on summer mornings he would make a circuit of the lake and watch the first gleam of dawn kindle upon it.

"Oft in these moments such a holy calm
Would overspread my soul that bodily eyes
Were utterly forgotten, and what I saw
Appeared like something in myself, a dream,
A prospect of the mind."

This was indeed an important period in his life. It was here that he was smitten to the core with that love of nature which became the prime necessity of his being. All through his school days, he says, that in pauses of the "giddy bliss" he felt—

"Gleams like the flashing of a shield, the earth
And common face of nature spoke to him
Rememberable things."

Thus we see the poet laid the foundation for his love of nature. And thus during his many wanderings he kept in close touch with his first love, and stored up the matter for his future greatness.

One of the most beautiful and pathetic things in the life of Wordsworth is his love for his sister. Six years after his return from France, he entered upon that close and beloved companionship with her which remained unbroken to the end of their days. The character of Dorothy Wordsworth has long taken its place in the history of devoted women who have inspired the work and thoughts of great men. She is one of the most beautiful characters known in literature. She was as much interested in nature as the poet himself, and together

they made tour after tour, in which the poet found his chief inspiration. At such a time it may have been, when

"The earth
 did seem
 Apparalled in celestial light,
 The glory and the freshness of a dream"—

that the "Ode on Mortality" first came to him. During one of these tours with his sister he composed the poem on Tintern Abbey. Surely, never sister performed a more delicate service for brother than Dorothy Wordsworth did for the poet.

As a poet, Wordsworth is surpassingly great within that somewhat restricted sphere which he has made peculiarly his own. He is absolutely devoid of humor, and has little narrative skill. These limitations will always make him the poet of the appreciative few. To him his own words are strikingly applicable:

"He is retired as noontide dew,
 Or fountain in a noonday grove;
 And you must love him, ere to you
 He will seem worthy of your love."

Yet he is as truly the poet of that mysterious world we call nature—the poet of those who love solitude and solitary communion with nature—as Shakespeare is the poet of the life of man. As Mr. William Watson puts it:

"Not Milton's keen, translunar music thine;
 Not Shakespeare's cloudless, boundless human view;
 Not Shelley's flush of rose on peaks divine;
 Nor yet the wizard twilight Coleridge knew.

"What hadst thou that could make so large amends
 For all thou hadst not and thy peers possessed,
 Motion and fire, swift means to radiant ends?—
 Thou hadst, for weary feet, the gift of rest.

"From Shelley's dazzling glow or thunderous haze,
 From Byron's tempest-anger, tempest-mirth,
 Men turned to thee and found—not blast and blaze,
 Tumult of tottering heavens, but peace on earth."

Wordsworth has given us some of the most beautiful descriptions of nature in our language. What is more beautiful than the lines "Composed Upon Westminster Bridge :"

"This city now doth like a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
 The river glideth at his own sweet will:
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!"

Or those "Composed Upon the Beach Near Calais :"

"It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
 The holy time is quiet as a nun
 Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
 The gentleness of heaven is on the sea;
 Listen! the mighty being is awake,
 And doth with His eternal motion make
 A sound like thunder everlastingly."

He draws pictures as real as the brush of an artist, for he sees, in nature, what no other man has ever seen. He wanders among the mountains and sees there the old Greek divinities. The voice of nature was to him the voice of some hidden god. The deep silence of the hills became a beautiful music in his verses, and the articulate murmur of the mountain streams a reconciling and restful melody to tired spirits and sorrow-smitten hearts. In

childhood, youth, maturity, age, he saw the same noble masses of mountains; he heard the same music of running streams, and the same deep harmonies of the tempest among the hills. He looked upon the physical world, not as a mere collection of forms and objects, but as a grand, living organism, transfigured by the spirit that was in it. He saw God in everything. As he expresses it:

"A gracious spirit over the world presides,
And o'er the heart of man."

Thus he lived in quietness and confidence, and walked alone with nature. He rejoiced in the joys and sympathized with the sorrows of all mankind, and loved from his heart every creature of God. This is the strength and depth of his character, that his writings are both simple and sublime. Lines written by himself of another are perhaps more applicable to himself:

"Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

HOW UNCLE BEN SAVED "MARSE JEEMS."

BY WILLIAM HECK PACE.

It was a beautiful spring day in the middle of April. Captain James Willings had ridden from the Confederate army to pay a short visit to his mother. They were sitting together on the broad and spacious piazza, talking as only mother and son can talk after a long separation. James was telling how his father, General Willings, was loved by his regiment. He was relating an instance of their devotion shown in the last battle when a figure rapidly approaching the house caught his eye.

"Who in the world is this coming in such a hurry?" he exclaimed. "Bless my soul, if it ain't Uncle Ben running like the Yanks were after him."

Sure enough, Uncle Ben with his hat in his hand, and his bald head shining as if to rival the sun, was coming straight to the house as fast as his faithful old legs could carry him. Mrs. Willings and her son both went to the steps to meet him, knowing that when Uncle Ben did such a rash thing as to run, something extraordinary was about to happen. He almost ran into them before he saw them, and when he did stop, he was gasping for breath so that he was not able to utter a word.

"Mercy, Uncle Ben; I have not seen you show your athletic spirit in so long it seems rather ridiculous to think that you ever did such a thing. What's the matter now?" And as Mrs. Willings asked the words she let escape a low laugh, which seemed to bring Old Ben to his senses.

"Dey gwine ter kill 'im. I 'clare 'fo' gracious dey gwine to kill Marse Jeems!"

"Who is going to kill James? What do you mean? You must be crazy, Ben."

"I ain't foolin', Mistis. De Yankees is er coming, an' dey gwine ter kill little Marse Jeems."

James, who before had been silently enjoying the perplexity of the faithful negro, now began to show signs of alarm as he grasped the meaning of the old darkey's words.

"Dey is nearly here, jist 'bout mile an' er half down de big road. Marse Jeems, you an' me gwine fer ter hide in de Black Cave, down 'side de river. Dey never in dis worl' fin' us. To many of dem bull-rushes."

"Fine idea, Ben; the cave is the very place. Hurry now. Saddle my horse and the old mule and bring them to the back door as soon as you can. Don't lose any time, for every minute counts." As he finished giving Ben these orders, he turned to his mother and gave her a last embrace.

"Good-bye, mother. Don't worry about me, for those scoundrels are not sharp enough to catch James Willings. Detain them as long as possible, that Ben and I may get the better start. Now good-bye. Be brave and do not worry about me."

"Good-bye, son; carry ——"

"Marse Jeems, fetch yerse'f outen dat house. Dis horse nearly 'bout ter git 'way fum de ol' nigger."

"Hold him, Ben. I'll be there in one minute." And running through the dining-room, he caught up a lunch which had been fixed for one of the sick slaves. Glancing around the walls, he spied his old hunting pouch and a brace of pistols, both of which he took, since he had but one pistol and was almost out of cartridges. Seeing nothing else that would be of any pos-

sible use to him, he ran through the back door out into the yard, vaulted on his horse and was off like a flash, with Uncle Ben close behind.

For sometime they rode on in silence, listening to the merry tune of "Yankee Doodle," which was occasionally wafted to them from the approaching soldiers.

"Hold on dar, boss; me an' ol' Jake is 'bout give out. We is gitting too ol' fer ter git on at sich a run. We ain't mor' a quarter mile fum de place whar we is gwine ter hide, nohow."

"All right; I guess we can afford to rest our horses a little. This is nearly as exciting as some of the fox chases we used to take part in, eh Uncle Ben?"

"Dis ain't 'cording to my notiou much az dat wuz, bekaze twan't us bein' chased den, but de fox; wharas, hit am us now, an' de Yanks am doing de chasing. I don't hanker atter dem Yankees nohow, an' I pray de Lord dey ain't hankerin' atter ol' Ben more dan he atter dem. Turn ter de left' dar, boss, an' de place whar de cave ought fer ter be is dar 'fo' yer en plain sight; but I 'low you can't see it. Here's whar we git off. Lordy, what we gwine do wid dese horses?"

"Is there not some place to hide them? They might be of service to us."

"Dar is er place whar I used ter hide when de ol' 'oman git atter me good an' hot. Ef we can git 'em dar hit will be er good place."

When the place was found the animals were tied, and to keep them quiet, some leaves and grass were gathered and given to them. Uncle Ben then led the way to the cave. It was hidden by a thick growth of bull-rushes, which kept oue from suspecting in the least its existence. A better place for concealment could not have been found.

"Well, suh, here we is. Ef dey ever fin' us, den my name ain't Uncle Ben. Make yerse'f at home, suh, for dar ain't no tellin' how long we got ter stay in dis here cave."

Captain Willings, after exploring his new quarters, sat down near the mouth of the cave and began to eat the lunch which he had snatched from the table. He saw the old negro eyeing it with a hungry look and divided with him.

"Dis come in right smart an' good, boss. De ol' nigger wuz er kinder grub-struck 'fore you pulled it out, an' den hit seem like he gwine ter buss. Dey is keepin' powerful quiet up dar ter de big house. But dey is er huntin' fer you. What's dat? Seem like I hear somebody comin'. Bless de Lord, ef dey ain't er comin' ter dis cave ez straight ez any crow can fly, an' dat nigger Sam er showin' dem de way. Dese young niggers ain't no count nohow. What we gwine ter do?"

James crawled to the bull-rushes and parting them saw four "blue-coats" coming down the same way he and Ben had come and led by his own slave, Sam.

"I have an idea. Here is a fishing line that I found in my old pouch. You tie it to one of those rushes, get out in plain sight, and fish for dear life. I will mount my horse, double around to the bridge, cross it, and make straight for the open country."

"De Lord have mercy! Is you gwine fer to leave ol' Ben here fer dem Yankees ter kill? I's gwine back ter de big house."

He started out, but James, expecting this, caught him in the collar and gave him such a vigorous shake that it made his teeth clatter.

"You do what I tell you or I will send a bullet crashing through your brain."

"Yasser, yasser; I's gwine ter stay. Yasser, I wuz jest er foolin'," and out he crawled, followed by James.

As his pursuers were forced to pass through a stretch of woods to reach the river, James lay there until they were hidden in them. He then fixed Uncle Ben's line, and shaking hands with the old negro, hurried to his horse. He lost no time in mounting and getting away from such a dangerous place.

Captain Willings had not been gone long before his pursuers came out on the bank of the river and saw Uncle Ben there apparently asleep, but still holding to the fishing-pole.

¶ ¶ "Wake up, you sleepy-headed rascal, and tell us where Captain Willings is."

"Good-mornin', boss," said the old negro, removing his hat; "I ain't seed Marse Jeems dis mornin'. De las' time I seed him he wuz gwine ter bed las' night. Nar suh, I ain't seed him dis mornin'."

"Didn't he come down this way with you? Now don't you lie to me, or I will make it hard for you."

"Come down her', wid me? Nar, suh. Uncle Ben alway' go er fishin' by hese'f. He ain't gwine er fishin' wid nobody, 'kase dey kick up too much noise. Nar, suh, I 'clare 'fo' gracious I come her' wid nobody but ol' Uncle Ben."

Captain Willings rode hard and fast until he was stopped by the well-known cry, "Halt! Who goes there?" Stopping, he was surrounded by a scouting party from his own company. The regiment, by one of those quick marches for which his father was famous, had suddenly appeared in the community in pursuit of the enemy. He was soon recognized by his men.

"Hello, old boy! What's been after you? Have you seen a company of Yanks around here?"

These words came from a young man of splendid build, who was one of James' best friends.

"See them? No, I have not seen but four of them, but for the simple reason I left before I got a chance to see them. They are at home, and Lord knows what harm they are doing."

"At your home? Good; we have a company down here after them now, and you will have the pleasure of turning the tables on them. The company is just across the woods here. Now, tell me why you were running so," and as they rode along together at the head of the company James related to his friend the whole story of his escape.

"Well, old man, we will pay them for giving you such a scare. Is that your home yonder? By Jove, she is a beauty. Yonder are the 'blues.' See 'em? I wonder what the excitement can be?"

The whole company of Federals were gathered around somebody, but just whom James was not able to tell. He clenched his fist and gave his horse a lunge in the side, so anxious was he to be at them.

"We had better get in the woods to our left and approach through them, for we can get within fifty yards of the house without being discovered."

The company broke rank, and scattering through the woods approached as quietly as possible. They were nearly out of the woods when James recognized the voice of Uncle Ben.

"Nar, suh; I ain't gwine tell none o' yer whar Marse Jeems is. Yer kin hang me ez high ez dat house, an' I ain't gwine ter tell a'er one er yer nothin'."

"Well, if you don't, we will kill you, and a cruel death it will be," a gruff voice was heard to reply.

"Well, yer kin hang, for I ain't gwine ter tell."

"All right, swing——"

Here the charge of the Confederates cut short his speech. A short skirmish followed, in which the Confederates gained a decided victory.

"Hello, Marse Jeems! Dey did der best ter make me tell um whar you wuz. I ain't hankerin' atter dem Yanks nohow, an' now dey ain't hankerin' atter me," and old Uncle Ben, shaking his head knowingly, went into the house to "look atter mistis."

KING EDWARD VII.

BY FOREST G. HAMRICK.

With the beginning of a new era, and with the opening of a new century, the death of Queen Victoria brings into play a new and weighty character in the affairs of the British Empire. While the death of the great English Queen has been a world-wide topic of stirring interest, the accession of her successor, King Edward VII, has been the source of much comment, which is as diversified as abundant. The great funeral procession mourning the death of the Queen had hardly been dispersed when the mournful calm was broken by the enthusiastic shouts of "*Long live the King*," that resounded through all London. The grief for the great Queen once so prevalent has begun to lessen, while King Edward becomes more and more the subject of interest.

Albert Edward was born in 1841. As a child he had such beneficent training as seldom falls to the lot of an Heir Prospective. Indeed few sovereigns have had such advantages in surroundings, reared as he was, in a home so pure and elevating that it would do credit to the noblest divine, with a father ready to do anything for his son's preparation for the grave responsibilities that awaited him, and with a mother admired by her people for her noble and serene life. The Prince was not a very precocious youth, but early in life showed good common sense. He is described as a rather timid boy and as always wearing a serious countenance. He was under the direct supervision of his father, who considered the training of the Prince of Wales a very serious matter. Moreover, he was surrounded by the best tutors that

could be had in England. With such personages inspiring him with the noble conceptions of the life before him, we naturally expect much from him. Perhaps the parents were too careful in the education of the Prince, at least such seems to have been the general opinion, for he was decribed as "a prince at high pressure."

As to his literary education away from his home there is little to be said. He entered the University of Edinburgh about 1860, where he remaind for a year, after which he spent a period at Christ Church and Pembroke College, Oxford. Finally, he completed his school days with a stay at Trinity College, Cambridge.

A more potent factor in his education has been his travels. From them he gained a far deeper insight into human life than he would ever have acquired otherwise. He became familiar with the various peoples of the world and made an innumerable host of friends. After leaving the University he visited in succession Ireland, Scotland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Canada, United States, Egypt, Palestine, and other eastern countries.

His visit to America is especially interesting to us because of the political significance attached to it. In the United States he formed many delightful and lasting friendships. Here it was that he developed his admiration for American women and his respect for the democratic American gentleman, who at that time was regarded by many Europeans as a mere ultra-republican and offensively democratic. He soon became very popular with the American people, and, as at home, was at once the central figure in society. His friendships of forty years ago have not been forgotten. When his American friends have been in London they have always received the

most friendly and courteous treatment at the hands of the Prince of Wales. From time to time he has shown his friendly disposition toward the American people, and it has been his constant aim to perpetuate the friendly relations existing between the two countries.

While Albert Edward was still young, and at an age when he should have begun to realize his duty and take life more in earnest, the Prince Consort died. His death meant much to the Prince of Wales. He had done everything for his son's training. He had endeavored to prepare him to be a great English king, and at just that crucial period of the Heir Apparent's life the influence of such a noble father was taken away. Just now he might have taken his father's place; he could have become an associate and councillor of the Queen; he could have prepared himself for his present position, but he let the opportunity go by, only to realize, but not repair his mistake later in life.

With the death of the Prince Consort the Queen retired from social life, and the Heir Apparent became, as was his duty, the natural leader of society. It fell to his lot to represent the Queen on many public occasions. But if greater responsibilities devolved on the Prince at his father's death, he acquired more liberties. As a result, a reaction set in, and the over-carefully educated Prince for awhile seems to devote his entire time to amusement.

The next important event in the young Prince's life is his somewhat romantic marriage with the Princess of Denmark. It is told by his biographer that the Prince, by mere chance, was shown a portrait of the second daughter of the King of Denmark, and was so infatuated with the beautiful and plainly dressed young girl that

he refused to return the photograph, and immediately asked her name, vowing that he would marry her if possible, which vow he fulfilled in 1863, when he brought home the Danish Princess as his bride.

As is well known, the Prince has been always fond of the various sports. Yachting, horse-racing and shooting seem to be his favorites. His elation at the winning of the Derby shows the intensity of his enthusiasm over such sports. In addition he played many games and was a frequent visitor at the theatre. But in his fondness for the pleasures of a sporting life he never allowed his enthusiasm to get the better of his honesty. Such a life, to-be-sure, was far from attaining to the Cromwellian ideal of stern Puritanism. But we must not believe, as some ungracious persons have intimated, that his whole life has been devoted to such sports.

He probably has been lacking in the patronage and encouragement of great literary men; it may be that he has not been over zealous for reform; he may have seemed to be only an English gentleman, a leader in society, an arbiter of fashion, apparently devoting little thought to questions of State, and an Heir Apparent sadly deficient in appreciation of his position.

There are two Edwards—one as his intimate friends know him, a man seriously concerned about his accession to the British throne; the other as he is popularly known, a pleasure-loving, easy-going, good-natured English gentleman. Contrary to a very prevalent impression the Prince has, especially of late years, showed the deepest concern about the welfare of the English people. The Heir Apparent is to be commended for the interest he has shown in the establishment of hospitals and charitable institutions, and in the founding

of schools of almost every kind. The part he played as president of "the Fisheries" in developing the fishing industry of England and the beneficent results of his labors are well known. To him is due the credit of having done much to banish the ill-feeling toward the Jews. His aversion to swearing and drunkenness has had something, at least, to do with the decrease of these evils among the higher classes.

If family relationship be a criterion for judging a man's character, the life of the Prince of Wales cannot be questioned. His home life has been happy and altogether charming. His home presents us with a picture of unpretended kindness and a beneficence that is seldom seen, even in the best of homes. The wife of the new sovereign, whom the English prize very highly—almost more than her husband—has never lost the ideals inspired by her pure home life in Denmark. The Marlborough house has been the scene of many delightful gatherings of the kinsmen. More than once a host of nephews and nieces has gathered around their uncle to express their love for him. Probably his own children have not been educated in the same painstaking and ideal way as their father, still on the whole their training has been good.

In his relations with his mother he has shown a chivalrous disposition. For her he has always had a warm love, always ready to assist her in her labors, and never failing to treat her with all the respect due a mother. The Prince was able to excuse many of his mother's childish fancies in her old age. It is said that he, especially of recent years, has been very eager to share the duties of the crown with his mother, but the Queen had become jealous of her power, and even almost grudgingly permitted her son to act in her stead when it was absolutely necessary.

Along with King Edward's domestic relations may be mentioned some of the charges brought against him. That a great many false impressions about the new King have become common cannot be doubted. The charge that the King has been rather too intimate with ladies who received but little recognition from the best society seems to be a general charge. Some have declared the charge altogether false, arguing that the Princess is too spirited a woman to entertain such affectionate relations toward her husband if such were the case; others strengthen the Prince's claim to innocence by denying that there is any proof for the charges. His biographer, in speaking of his relations with women, tells an interesting little incident. The Prince while at Albert Hall, at a sort of fancy fair, called for a cup of tea, whereupon an immodest and presumptive beauty handed him the cup, after drinking from it herself, saying, "Now the cup of tea is five guineas!" The Prince paid the price without a word, gravely returned the cup and asked, "Will you now please give me a clean cup?" But the Prince's life has not, perhaps, been altogether blameless in this respect, and as the French say, he may have had his "*Les petits vices*."

First of all, the new King is thoroughly English and commands the affections of the English people. He has been preemiunently a man of the world, but as some one has said, probably not always the best world. If he never gained great stores of information from books, he did learn much from observing and studying men, and if he held aloof from public matters it was not because he was wholly indifferent. He has observed strict impartiality, since from the nature of his position it was the wisest course to pursue. Lord Salisbury said, in

speaking of him, "He has a profound knowledge of the working of our constitution and conduct of our affairs—that provision of security against mistakes which few subjects have."

He is not a brilliant orator, but is an effective speaker, especially noted as an after-dinner speaker. He is always very careful in the choice of his words, speaks to the point, and avoids either saying too much or too little.

As has been repeatedly said by nearly all writers he has tact—a many-sided, good-natured person, with the tact of understanding how to impress forcibly those surrounding him, capable of recognizing the rights of others and treating his friends with an easy familiarity that they would hardly dare to return to the Heir Apparent. His tact may be said to be the secret of his social success. Wherever he has gone, his personal attraction has commanded admiration whether among the aristocratic Indian Princes or the colonial commonwealths, as Australia and Canada, or among the democratic Americans. In France his popularity is of long standing. It was probably by his tact that he secured from the young Czar of Russia such a great victory in the Pamir boundary question. It was through his influence that reconciliation was brought about between the Queen and her grandson, the Kaiser. Another example of his tact and personal attraction is his ability to make friends. He does not hesitate to show affection for a friend; indeed he treats them with a familiarity not common to royalty. But in turn, he demands a certain degree of respect even from his most intimate friends.

In short, he is a liberal-minded man of affairs, with a wide range of practical information, not an intellectual dreamer, yet possessed of a chivalrous disposition and a

strong governing ability, truly loyal to his people, filled with that kind-heartedness and forgiving capacity so characteristic of his mother, at the same time having certain faults which, after all, may not prove very monstrous. It must be remembered in considering the career of Albert Edward that no Heir Apparent has had to play a more difficult rôle. He has been "the observed of all observers." For sixty years he has waited for the crown, during which time he has been forced out of politics and has not been permitted to perform any great share of the duties of the Queen.

Now we come to consider Albert Edward as actual King. He comes to the throne with his mother's nobility of character, wisdom in affairs of State, and her sincere devotion for her people still fresh in the minds of his subjects. The one question now is, will he attain to the high standard of his mother and will he be guided by her examples? His people seem to appreciate his ability as a sovereign and are expecting much of him. The great bursts of enthusiasm that thrilled all England on his accession to the throne, indicate that the new King has the good will and confidence of his people.

The editor of the *London Daily Mail* says: "As a business people we need a business King, and we have the man we want."

Another says "We weep for our Queen, but in truest sincerity and whole-hearted fervor we exclaim, "God save the King!"

It would seem that he is to pursue the policy of his mother as far as possible. In his speech before taking the oath of succession he said:

"In undertaking the heavy load which now devolves upon me, I am fully determined to be a constitutional

King in the strictest sense of the word, and so long as there is breath in my body to work for the good and amelioration of my people."

His friends declare that the former Heir Apparent is indeed no longer Prince of Wales, but a king. Even though the King be old, the change in position has filled him with a new life, and has resulted in a great difference in his manner. A member of the Privy Council said of him: "There was a dignity which we had never felt before, and we felt ourselves in the presence of a king."

He is the same man, but he is presented in a new light. The transformation was not as great as it was in the case of Prince Hal, still the words of Shakespeare's new king may be applied to King Edward VII with a great degree of truth—

"Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away from my former self;
So will I those that keep me company."

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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EUZELIAN SOCIETY.

J. Q. ADAMS, JR.-----Editor

W. D. ADAMS-----Associate Editor

PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY.

E. W. TIMBERLAKE, JR.-----Editor

G. T. BRANDON-----Associate Editor

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

J. Q. ADAMS, Jr., Editor.

Mr. McKinley's The recent Presidential inauguration First Admin- causes us to pause and glance back over istration. the past four years of Mr. McKinley's public service. Three events, massive in their far-reaching influence, stand out in bold relief from the many stirring incidents that crowd his first administration,—the sudden advance of our hitherto seclusive republic to a policy of territorial expansion and of imperialism; its début as a great power upon the troubled stage of world politics; and its recent final committal to the gold standard of value. Such events mark an epoch in our history, and Mr. Cleveland has truly said, "Our country will never be the same again." Time has led the American Republic by the forelock. In February of 1898, several letters of the Spanish Minister, De Lome, exceedingly disrespectful to the American President, were made public. With considerable ill-feeling his resignation was forced. In little more than a week the battleship *Maine* was blown up in the harbor of Havana. The President in his message called upon the public to defer their judgments and refrain from any demonstrations. Congress

at once voted \$50,000,000 for national defense. While the Naval Board of Investigation were holding their sessions off the island of Dry Tortugas this appropriation was being quietly expended. The unanimous finding of the Board that the explosion was from an external mine at once led Congress to demand the withdrawal of Spain from Cuba. This only preceded the formal declaration of war. On May 1st Dewey won his victory at Manila, and on July 3rd Sampson sunk the ships of Cervera off the cliffs of Santiago. These naval victories were succeeded by the fall of Santiago before the American troops. The humiliating surrender of Spain followed; and to Hawaii, already annexed, were added Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands; and the United States found herself suddenly a new nation, a potent factor in the sphere of world politics, with grave problems to solve, and strange policies to formulate.

But, with all the epoch-making events rendering his first administration illustrious, Mr. McKinley cannot be called great. A wonderful chain of exterior forces has brought about these crises upon the country during his executive tenure; he has met them with wisdom and prudence; but his frequent indecision in matters of the greatest importance, and his apparent leaning to party influence, has deprived him of the enthusiastic applause of the American public. A greater man, of great decision, with such a series of events coming under his hands, would have moulded an administration more seemingly heroic in its achievements, and would have won for himself an eminent place in America's roll of greatest men. But Mr. McKinley has allowed the opportunity to pass, and history will record the events, rather than the man, as great.

The paramount need at Wake Forest College is a library of the first order of usefulness. We have a large collection of books excellent in many respects; the departments of theology, law, travel, biography and history are perhaps unsurpassed in the State: but our library at present is not a factor in student life. To the average man it is little more than a name, and only when its use is occasionally demanded by some member of the faculty is it visited in earnest. What can be done to bring this valuable collection of books into close living contact with student life? The answer is—make it a library in the true sense of the word. We need a permanent, trained librarian, who should keep open the doors throughout the day and for a few hours at night; the books should be thoroughly classified and catalogued, and free access to them should not be denied the student body; proper quarters for reading should be provided, a comfortable temperature be maintained, and chairs and tables for literary work be supplied. With these improvements a student wishing to pursue some special line of study would have at his disposal a comfortable room, tables at which to work, all the books of reference at his side, and the whole library at his command. What an improvement upon the present method of taking two books to one's room! With such additions, we believe it possible to make our library a potent factor in the college career of each student, and a fountain-head of culture in our institution. We are aware that all this requires money and that Wake Forest has no millionaire patron, but the necessity is so crying, and the benefits to be derived so great, that any sacrifice to accomplish such an end could not be too dear. We, therefore, earnestly petition our

trustees, as soon as it may seem possible to them, to make an appropriation with this object in view.

**Long Distance
Telephony.** Prof. Michael I. Pupin, of Columbia University, has invented a simple device

for the transmission of electric waves over long distances practically unimpaired in character and volume. The invention has created quite a stir in the commercial world of electricity and has been generally accepted by the scientists of the day. With its aid a person in Boston may recognize the voice of a friend in the city of Mexico, and New York may converse at ease with London, Paris and Berlin. And not only for long distances, but over shorter lines it is of great value, rendering the voice exceedingly distinct. The simplicity of the device is as marvelous as the discovery, and being practicable in every respect will no doubt bring about a revolution in our present systems of communication.

The invention was not the result of a lucky accident, but was the outcome of long years of study. Dr. Pupin, still a young man, has led a somewhat varied and checkered career. Born on the Austrian frontier in 1858, he ran away from home and came to America a penniless youth, to win his way by working in shops. By some means he entered Columbia University and graduated. Soon after he entered and graduated from Cambridge, England, where he won the coveted John Tyndal fellowship, for the first time awarded to an American. Upon this fellowship he went to the University of Berlin and studied under the great physicist Helmholtz, taking the Ph.D. degree. Returning to the United States he sought in vain for a professorship in the realm of physical chemistry, and he was forced, of necessity, to accept an in-

structorship in mathematical electricity offered him in Columbia University.

It was while he was tramping through Switzerland that he began to read Lord Rayleigh on the Theory of Sound. He became especially interested in the part relating to the vibration of strings in a resisting medium. If a light string be suspended in a tank of water the most violent vibrations started at the lower end do not travel to the top, but rapidly die out. If, however, this string be loaded at intervals with heavy weights a very small vibration at the lower end is transmitted almost unimpaired to the top. Dr. Pupin began to investigate this little-studied subject and with five years' labor worked out many intricate mathematical formulas governing the movements of the waves. All waves are subject to similar laws, and so he applied the facts thus gained to the great problem of long distance telephony. And his device consists of loading, so to speak, the electric wire by means of small conduction coils, simple turns of wire about a hollow core of soft iron, placed at suitable distances. On land the coils are to be inserted every two miles. They are small and when placed on the poles are very inconspicuous objects. In a submarine cable the coils must be inserted every eighth of a mile, and must be enclosed in the insulating sheath.

The invention has been bought by the great Bell Telephone Company and has been put into actual practice. Over a line two hundred and fifty miles long, without the coils, only $\frac{1}{100000}$ part of the original current reached the receiver, while with the coils $\frac{1}{10}$ came to the receiving end. This simple fact in itself is sufficient to show its great value in promoting the world's work.

EXCHANGES.

E. W. TIMBERLAKE, Jr., Editor.

"Friedrich Schiller," in the *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, is an article of merit. There is a lack of fiction, though the verse is fairly good. "His Departure" and "Adversity" are both worthy of mention.

❧

The February number of the *Converse Concept* presents a very neat appearance, and contains some readable matter. However, it is lacking in fiction. We find only one story, "The Masterpiece of Genius," though this is interesting and does credit to the writer.

❧

It is with pleasure that we review the March issue of the *Mercerian*. "To Truth" is an excellent piece of college verse. In "Marse Henry's Courtship" the writer shows a good knowledge of negro dialect. "A Twice-told Tale" is an interesting story, though "A Witch Story" is rather improbable.

❧

The *Guilford Collegian* is woefully lacking in both fiction and poetry. However, it contains some other contributions of merit. "The Tannhauser Legend" is both interesting and instructive, while the "Fish Scrap and Fish Oil Industry in North Carolina" contains a good deal of information. But, editors, where are your poets and story-writers?

❧

The *Wofford College Journal* for February does not come up to its usual standard. "Lines to E. A. P." shows some talent, and "Burns and Nature" is an interesting article. "The Fat Freshman" and "Delaware's Revenge" are mere narratives of facts without any particular points. The editor might improve considerably on the fiction in this number.

The *Trinity Archive* seems to be running short on material for publication. However, in the March issue we find two very good stories. "Percy's Wife" is somewhat overdrawn. "My Escape from a Mad Dog" holds the attention of the reader well, and we trust that Jim will remember the lesson taught by the pig, that pride goeth before a fall.



As is the case with most of the magazines, the March number of the *William Jewell Student* has not yet arrived. However, the February issue, as usual, contains good reading matter. "Mr. Short" is a snappy little story, and we appreciate David Felton's position. The point in the "Misfortunes of Dick Stoddert" seems rather weak. The verse of this magazine is, as usual, excellent.



The *Pine and Thistle*, published by the young ladies of the Red Springs Seminary, is a very neat and attractive magazine. The February number is especially good. The essay "Recollections of a Visit to Mt. Vernon" is well written and interesting. "Constance's Valentine" is a charming little story with a unique and delightful ending. The writer has her story well in hand and the manner in which she develops the plot is admirable.



The *Seminary Magazine* contains contributions of high order. "Logic and Fact" is a very interesting treatise, showing, though logic has often attacked facts, how difficult it is to argue a fact out of existence; how logic, though it binds sometimes with an iron grip, is always defeated in the long run by fact. In the "Advantages of a Country Pastorate," the writer treats his subject well, showing admirably personal advantages, advantages to the cities, to the churches and to the general cause.



It seems to us that the *Buff and Blue* could be improved in several respects. As we glance through the pages of the February number, we find not one line of poetry, while the other contributions also are weak. The leading article, "Savanarola," shows that the writer has studied his subject, and while the

"Biography of a Fox" does credit to the fox, the article is somewhat puerile. One more criticism is its lack of poetry. We hope the muse will strike some one in Gallaudet College before the next issue.



We always take up the *University of Virginia Magazine* with pleasure. Like few college journals the *Magazine* always contains a good assortment of essay, fiction and verse. "The Youth of King Henry the Fifth" shows careful preparation. "Two Men and a Girl" and "The Ghost of Hatless Willie" are both interesting. "His Midnight Visitor" is a unique burglar story. "The Love of Money" falls below the *Magazine's* usual standard. The introduction suggests the conclusion, which, of course, destroys the effect. It seems to us also that a better title could have been selected.



The *Carolinian*, as usual, contains some good verse. "Wawonaissa" is a touching Indian story, but it is too bad the curtain should close over Don Ferdinand bearing the body of his betrothed from her watery grave. The one criticism we have to pass upon the *Carolinian* is the publication of a speech made on debate. We notice a tendency among several magazines to use these kinds of articles. Of course a college magazine is not expected to be by any means perfect, but it seems to us that enough good fiction and essay could be secured without resorting to the society debates. We always welcome the *Carolinian* to our desk.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

G. T. BRANDON, Editor.

Mr. B. G. Early has a good school in Brunswick County.

1900. Mr. W. O. Rosser is teaching at Philadelphia, Nash County.

'99. Mr. J. O. Wilson is pursuing a course in medicine at Richmond College.

'91. Dr. J. M. Parrott is one of the leading physicians of the eastern part of the State.

'91-92. Mr. S. W. Oldham is pastor of churches at Holly Springs, Wake County.

Mr. T. L. Smith is doing well in the practice of law at Sparta, Alleghany County, N. C.

Rev. J. D. Larkins has accepted the call to Clinton and will take charge in May or June.

'98. Mr. R. J. Biggs, Jr., is now pursuing a course of study at Braunschweig, Germany.

Dr. R. G. Rosier, Orator of his class, is now a prominent physician in Lumberton, N. C.

'90-92. Mr. C. V. Brooks is Principal of the high school at Holly Springs, Wake County, N. C.

'92. Mr. D. T. Oates is a rising young lawyer of Taylorsville. We congratulate him on his recent marriage.

Captain Cook, ex-Secretary of State, has been taking a prominent part in the Impeachment as one of the leading counsel for the defense.

Mr. Geo. Cheek is practicing law in Alleghany County, N. C. Mr. Cheek is a man of great ability, and we expect great things of him in his profession.

'92. Dr. E. B. Lattimore, a prominent physician of Cleveland County, recently married Miss Brevard of Shelby. THE STUDENT extends congratulations.

1900. Mr. E. J. Britt has been appointed on the Board of Education of Robeson County. Mr. Britt is a man of power and will make one of North Carolina's best citizens.

'91—92. Mr. P. P. Cannady was killed on Monday, March 26, 1901, by a cyclone. He was a good farmer and an esteemed citizen of Granville County. We extend our deepest sympathy to his bereaved wife.

'92. Dr. Rufus W. Weaver was a most popular young man while at Wake Forest. He took his Doctor's degree at the Southern Theological Seminary, being the only North Carolinian to take this degree. He is now a prominent minister in Ohio.

1900. Mr. F. C. Nye is Principal of the high school at Merry Oaks, Chatham County, N. C. Mr. Nye was a man of high standing at Wake Forest and an excellent student. He has the ability to become one of the foremost teachers of his class, and we predict great things for him.

There has been a good interest in our school at Sylva from the beginning, but it has been exceedingly good since Christmas. Prof. H. L. Sams is one of the best men I ever knew, and by far the best instructor. He has both the confidence and love of all the students.—*The Skyland Baptist*.

We take pleasure in the election of Dr. Hubert A. Royster, of Raleigh, to the position of Secretary and Treasurer of the Tri-State Medical Association. He is an honor to Wake Forest College. Though one of the youngest he is recognized as one of the foremost physicians in North Carolina.—*Biblical Recorder*.

We regret to record the death of Mr. L. Y. Montague, of Winston—one of the members of that family so well known to many of our readers by reason of their residence at Wake Forest. We did not know Mr. Montague, but the announcement that he leaves a gift of \$500 to our Orphanage and a smaller legacy to his church speaks in high praise of his thoughtfulness and Christian generosity.—*Biblical Recorder*.

'88. Mr. W. L. Carmichael, Superintendent of Public Instruction and Principal of a flourishing high school in Transylvania County, has been appointed on the School Book Commission of North Carolina. On this Board is also Mr. J. L. Kesler,

'91, Professor of Chemistry in the Baptist Female University, and Mr. J. C. Scarborough, '69, ex-State Superintendent of Public Instruction, now President of Chowan Baptist Female Institute at Murfreesboro. Mr. Scarborough is a man of strong moral character and of great force in the State. He gave us a stimulating speech at chapel exercises a few mornings ago.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

WINSTON D. ADAMS, Jr., Editor.

"DID YOU catch that?"

"IF NOT, why not?"

MR. AND MRS. J. H. GORE and daughter, Miss Arabella, of Wilmington, were visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Brewer in March.

MISS HULDA JOSE, of the the Baptist Female University, spent a few days visiting Miss Janie Taylor the latter part of last month.

MISS ETHEREDGE, who visited Miss Mattie Gill for several weeks after Anniversary, returned to her home in Selma, March 12th.

MISSSES JULIA BREWER, Mary Taylor and Jessie Brewer, of the Baptist Female University, gladdened the Hill with their presence a few days last month.

MISS MARGARET SCOTT, who has been visiting Mr. George Gill for the past few months, left Wednesday, March 13th, on a visit to friends and relatives in Warren County. Miss Scott's host of friends regret exceedingly her temporary absence.

MESSRS. FREEMAN, Charles, Alderman, Allen, T. Sprinkle and Page attended the inauguration of President McKinley in Washington, March 4. They report an exceedingly pleasant time. None, as yet, have turned "State's evidence" and consequently we are in the dark as to their movements while in the city. We predict something rich, however, "when the mists have rolled away."

DR. JAMES B. TAYLOR, of Georgia, spent a few days with his brother, our honored President, last month. While here Dr. Taylor occupied the pulpit for Mr. Lynch and preached a most excellent sermon.

MR. H. TRANTHAM, better known as "Harry," Valedictorian of the class of 1900, Associate Editor of the STUDENT, and first baseman of last year's ball team, returned the evening of the 23d last, to finish a post-graduate course leading to his Master's degree in May.

MR. W. A. DUNN, of Scotland Neck, one of the most prominent citizens of the eastern part of our State, was on the Hill the 23d of March. While here Mr. Dunn attended the morning chapel exercises, and the student body enjoyed from him a most excellent talk.

THE WAKE FOREST YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION was represented at the convention last month in Wilmington by Messrs. Scarboro, Chapman, Sherwood, Craven, Jordan and Bethea. We learn that a most gratifying report was made on the increase of Y. M. C. A. work in North Carolina.

PROFESSOR POTEAT recently delivered an address before the young ladies of the Roanoke Female Seminary, Danville, Va., on "Lucretius as an Evolutionist." Upon special request, Professor Poteat delivered this same lecture before the March meeting of the Scientific Society. It was most entertaining and instructive, treating the great Latin poet in all the various phases of his life and work—as a man, as a poet, as an evolutionist, as an atheist, etc., etc. Professor Poteat has gained for himself a wide reputation not only as a scientist but also as a lecturer, and this address was well calculated to increase that reputation.

THE ROYALL COTTON MILL will be in operation within a few days. Everything is propitious for a good and successful opening. This cotton mill, owned and controlled by Wake Forest men, is destined to be an excellent investment and no doubt will be a great benefit to the town in many respects.

PROF. J. A. LAKE delivered an address before the students and faculty of Trinity College on the 15th of last month. His subject was an interesting one, "The Advancement of Science During the Nineteenth Century." The faculty of Wake Forest are making for themselves reputations as speakers and lecturers.

THE FOLLOWING gentlemen have been elected commencement marshals. From the Euzelian Society—Messrs. W. B. Sawyer, Chief; P. W. Purefoy, second, and B. A. Fleetwood, third. From the Philomathesian Society: Messrs. P. R. Alderman, Chief; J. E. Hobgood, second, and R. M. Dowd, third.

IT SEEMS that Wake Forest is yet to become a railroad center. The latest addition to the depot is a very much lengthened and improved side-track which can now accommodate the company's utmost requirements. Heretofore there has been much delay on this account, which we are glad to say has been thus done away with.

ONE OF THE ablest and most inspiring addresses of the present session was delivered by Prof. Shailer Mathews, of the University of Chicago, last month. His subject, "The Duties of Educated Men in the Periods of Transition," was a well chosen one, and his treatment of it could not have been excelled. Those who did not have the pleasure of hearing Professor Mathews' address have some slight idea of what they missed from his short talk to the student body the following morning at chapel

exercises. All agree in saying that Professor Mathews fully upheld the reputation of Dr. Small, also of the University of Chicago, in his address here last Commencement.

THE NETWORK of pipes connecting the various buildings with the handsome new water-tank has at last been completed, and we are glad to say that there is now an abundance of that very necessary article. The water-tank, which is located in the rear of the Library building, is very patriotic in its bright coloring and, needless to say, is very beautiful.

THE EXAMINATION on Logic has come and gone, and that one study, which is always reckoned as the unknown quantity in every Senior's course, has been successfully passed by a large majority of the class. THE STUDENT extends its sympathy to the unsuccessful few, one of whom remarked, just after standing, that the examination was nothing but a dilemma, and whoever said it was not hard certainly committed the fallacy of equivocation. Our opinion is that any one who knew this much about the examination should have passed.

THE SENIOR SPEAKING of March 8 was most enjoyable and the speakers, without exception, did extremely well. Dr. Taylor was master of ceremonies, introducing Mr. E. W. Timberlake, Jr., as the first representative of the Philomathesian Society. His subject, "Citizenship, its Meaning and its Mission," was a broad one, and his speech was full of thought. Mr. F. O. Huffman followed with the all-important subject of "Federal Control of Elections." "The Future of the Anglo-Saxon Race" was the title of Mr. G. T. Brandon's address. Mr. W. W. T. Sorrells followed with the subject "The Danger of Conquest." The title of Mr. N. S. Gaskins'

address was an exceedingly suggestive one, "An Uncrowned Aristocracy." Mr. W. B. Renfrow's subject was, "The Industrial South," and that of Mr. S. B. Wilson, "The Storm-swept City of Galveston." It is the sentiment of all present that this Senior speaking was one of the most enjoyable that they have ever had the pleasure of attending.

EVERYONE IS discussing the prospects of a winning baseball team this year. The practice, so far, has been exceptionally good, and there is much promise of a team that will be equal if not superior to last year's team. According to the regulations of the State Intercollegiate Baseball Association, of which Wake Forest is a member, only bona fide students are permitted to play. The material for this year's team is far above the average, and the only thing which is now necessary is good, hard practice. Every student in college who has the slightest grain of college spirit should come out on the athletic field and encourage the candidates in their endeavors to make the team of this year a winning one. The management has arranged for the following games:

April 5th—Trinity at Durham.

April 8th—A. and M. at Raleigh.

April 17th—18th—Oak Ridge at Wake Forest.

April 24th—25th—Guilford at Wake Forest.

April 27th—Richmond College at Wake Forest.

April 29th—Furman at Greenville.

April 30th—Clemson at Calhoun.

May 1st—Techs. of Georgia in Atlanta.

May 2d, 3d, 4th—Mercer at Macon.

PROFESSOR AND MRS. CULLOM entertained the members of the Bible classes at their home on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, the 20th and 21st of last month.

It is seldom that we have spent a more pleasant afternoon. Mrs. Cullom, a most charming hostess, assisted by Misses Bruce Brewer, Marie Landford, Janie Taylor, Mattie Gill, Ethel Taylor and Eva Dunn, received. Delicious refreshments, ices and cakes were served. Beautiful music was rendered by Miss Janie Taylor and Mrs. Cullom. The time of departure came but too soon, and a certain young man, who was overheard to remark that he was going to fall through on Bible this spring, just to take it again next year, voiced the sentiment of everyone present.

As a side remark we should like to make the suggestion that the other members of the faculty follow the example set by Professor Cullom in having their classes visit their homes.

THERE ARE many things which are calculated to increase college spirit, but nothing more so than the characteristic Wake Forest annual Marshals' "Set Up." Indeed, this is, perhaps, the one event which has the hearty approval of every student, and is characterized by a sense of general good humor to which nothing else can compare. On March 23rd the Commencement Marshals of 1901 treated the student body most handsomely. Paper bags containing candy, nuts, apples, peanuts, raisins, cigarettes and five cent "Ad Valorems" were distributed to every student. The inspiring noise of cracking peanuts, and the clouds of smoke from cigarettes and cigars must be heard and seen to be appreciated.

Dr. Sikes called the house to order. The most enjoyable feature of the evening was the speeches. The efforts of Messrs. Flournoy, Duun, Dickinson, Tyler and Spruill were witty and amusing. In behalf of the student body we thank the Marshals for this most enjoyable evening.

AT RANDOM.

MUTE POETS.

Deem not, oh wise men of this later day,
Because a man be slow and plain of speech,
That poetry, and all the arts ye teach,
And all the golden thoughts that ebb and sway,
And sing and laugh and sob and melt away
Within your minds, be far beyond his reach.
All fruits have not the luster of the peach,
Yet some there grow more honeyed far than they.

To some men God gives thoughts, but does not add
The rhythmic word to body forth the mind;
But, think not that they never have nor had
The sense that hears a music in the wind.
Thoughts rise and die away in human wit—
Your grandest lines are some ye never writ.

—*W. F. B., in Georgetown College Journal.*



HUNTING SONG.

Hail to the merry hunters!
With hearts so light and free,
Fast speeding away at the dawn's early gray
For tangled brake and lea;
Cheering our dumb companions
With lusty shouts and clear,
With horns all a-knelling, and deep-mouthed hounds yelling,
We chase the fleeing deer.

Diana's eye beams on us,
As through the fen we tour,
Glad hearts all are singing, and hoof-beats go ringing
Across the frozen moor.
Come ye, and join the hunters,
Drink deep the pure, sweet air,
And speeding away at the dawn's early gray
Be free from pain and care.

—*Hampden-Sidney Magazine.*

KISSIN' AT THE GATE.

When I sit alone and ponder,
 O'er the doin's of the past,
 When the sands within the hourglass
 Didn't run away so fast,
 Then I smile, all sad an' tender,
 When I think of bonny Kate
 An' of how I used to court 'er—
 An' the kissin' at the gate.

Good an' well do I remember
 When to school I went away,
 With my grip-sack full of apples,
 An' a cake jist baked that day.
 How the ol' horse was a-prancin'
 Jist as if he couldn't wait
 'Till I'd done my partin' greetin's—
 An' the kissin' at the gate.

Now I'm gettin' old an' feeble,
 Fer my race is nearly run,
 An' it surely can't be long, now,
 'Till the goal is reached an' won;
 But when I git to Heaven,
 To the friends gone on to wait,
 'Twill be Heaven, sure an' sartin—
 If there's kissin' at the gate!

—William Jewell Student.



BEAUTY'S MASK.

In gazing on thy mischief-loving face
 Where wit and humor sparkle side by side,
 'No faintest sign of conscience can I trace,
 So well does Beauty mask what she would hide.

Yet in thy soul some tenderness must be,
 Like flowers which in hidden valleys grow;
 For little deeds that people tell of thee
 Reveal what lies beneath that "outward show."

—M. P. J., in *University of Virginia Magazine*.

UNCLE'S CHRIS'MUS.

O dey's gwine ter be a scrumpshus time
At dis hyar Chris'mus dinner,
Kaze dat possum's been a-roastin'
Wid de sweet pertaters in 'er;
En de chillun on de flo'
Ez a-sniffin' mo' en mo,'
En de wishbone ez a-hangin' on de beam across de do'.

O dey's gwine ter be a feastin',
En it's comin' in a minute,
Kaze de turkey in de uben
En de stuffin's sho'ly in it;
En de good Lawd know
Dat de pone's jes' so,
En de wishbone ez a-hangin' on de beam across de do'.
—Richard P. Whiteley, in *Georgetown College Journal*.

THE QUAIL.

Down in the swale I hear him call,
Down in the swale, 'mid the grasses tall;
Where cat-tails are growing,
And mallows are blowing,
And shy summer asters their pale flowers are showing
He's piping his clear "Bob White! Bob White!"

For whom, shy bird, do you vainly sigh?
For whom, I wonder, your eager cry
With tenderness freighted
And longing unsated,
O tell me, wee Blondel, for whom have you waited
To answer your lone "Bob White, Bob White?"

All the long day his pipe sounds clear,
All the long day, now far, now near,
As plaintively singing,
Wild, limpid notes flinging,
Afloat on the breezes with echoes a-ringing,
He whistles his sweet "Bob White, Bob White!"

—In *Vassar Miscellany*.

THE VIOLET.

[From the German of Goethe.]

A violet meekly bowed, unknown,
Stood in the meadow all alone.

It was a loving violet.
A shepherdess, light-hearted, young,
With fairy footfalls tripped along
Adown, adown
The mead, and sang in glee.

"Could I," the violet sighed, "could I
All nature's beauteous flowers outvie—

But no, I'm but a violet—
Until my darling plucked and prest
Me, faint for joy, upon her breast,
But one, but one
Brief space of ecstasy!"

But no! the heedless maiden came,
Perceived the violet not—for shame!—

But crushed the violet sweet.
It sank and died, with latest breath
Rejoicing: "This the sweetest death
Thro' thee! thro' thee!
To die beneath thy feet."

—*Ex.*

LOVE WILL FIND A WAY.

Once, Cupid wandering aimlessly
About a shady wood,
Approached a mossy fern-clothed oak
'Neath which a maiden stood.
Her golden hair was streaming loose,
Her little shoes were torn ;
And weeping like her heart would break
The maiden stood forlorn.
Now Cupid hath a softer heart
Than people oft believe,
And so his manly little breast
Was stirred to see her grieve.
He went with courtly grace and said,
"Fair lady, tell me, pray,
What ails you that you weep alone
This lovely summer day ?"
She raised her violet eyes all wet
With dewdrops trembling there,
To meet his sympathetic glance
And answered silver, clear,
"Oh ! Cupid I am truly glad
You've found me here at last ;
I've wept with hunger and with fear
Till all the day is passed.
"I've lost my way, I've wandered far ;
Point out my path to me.
My father is a baron rich
With rich rewards for thee."
Said Cupid, "I will bring the youth
Who knows this forest o'er,
And he will lead thee, lady fair,
To Baron Percy's door."
There came a shepherd's son to her
And took her lily hand.
Oh ! shepherd boy, thou ledest home
The fairest in the land.

But not less fair art thou than she
 Tho' lowlier thy lot,
 And not less tenderly you lead
 Tho' Percy knows it not.

And Cupid, wicked, wicked boy,
 He followed light behind
 While they, unconscious, targets made
 For darts of his to find.

He heard them speak a sad farewell,
 For this poor shepherd boy
 Knew well there was a social gulf
 That marred their mutual joy.

* * * * *

A week had gone. It chanced one day
 That Cupid had to pass
 That self-same oak beneath whose shade
 He'd seen the weeping lass.

And lo! to Cupid's great surprise
 She stood there once again;
 She heard his step, sly little maid,
 Then she to weep did feign.

"Oh! fairest maid, what ails thee now?"
 And guilty Cupid's thought
 Goes back to darts, to youth and maid,
 To mischief he had wrought.

With heavy sigh she raised her head
 And smiled with purpose plain,
 "It's you! Oh, where's the shepherd youth?
 I'm lost. I'm lost again."

—Anita M. Harby in *Converse Concept*.

✱

The Greek professor sat in his chair,
 His brow was marked with dire despair;
 "When," quoth he, "in this horseless age
 Will the horseless student come on the stage?"

—Ex.

TWO SIDES.

Said the mouse, with his tail all a-quiver,
If only I dared
Just to run in that room there and nibble—
But oh, I'm so scared!
There's that terrible person in bed, and
The scrap-basket's dreadfully high,
The papers will rattle and crack, but
That cake looks so good that—I'll try.

Said the maiden in bed, all a-shiver,
If only I dared
Just to reach for my slipper, to throw it,—
But oh, I'm so scared!
There's that terrible mouse in the basket,
What if he should *come in my bed!*
I'll never eat cake again, never!
Oh—*Scat!!* Now I'll cover my head.

And the mouse on a far-away rafter—
As to calm himself vainly he strives—
And the girl in her bed are so thankful
To think they've escaped with their lives.

—*M. B. T. in Vassar Miscellany.*

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SILVERWARE, Etc.

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AT RANDOM.

MUTE POETS.

Deem not, oh wise men of this later day,
Because a man be slow and plain of speech,
That poetry, and all the arts ye teach,
And all the golden thoughts that ebb and sway,
And sing and laugh and sob and melt away
Within your minds, be far beyond his reach.
All fruits have not the luster of the peach,
Yet some there grow more honeyed far than they.

To some men God gives thoughts, but does not add
The rhythmic word to body forth the mind;
But, think not that they never have nor had
The sense that hears a music in the wind.
Thoughts rise and die away in human wit—
Your grandest lines are some ye never writ.

—W. F. B., in *Georgetown College Journal*.



HUNTING SONG.

Hail to the merry hunters!
With hearts so light and free,
Fast speeding away at the dawn's early gray
For tangled brake and lea;
Cheering our dumb companions
With lusty shouts and clear,
With horns all a-knelling, and deep-mouthed hounds yelling,
We chase the fleeing deer.

Diana's eye beams on us,
As through the fen we tour,
Glad hearts all are singing, and hoof-beats go ringing
Across the frozen moor.
Come ye, and join the hunters,
Drink deep the pure, sweet air,
And speeding away at the dawn's early gray
Be free from pain and care.

—*Hampden-Sidney Magazine*.

KISSIN' AT THE GATE.

When I sit alone and ponder,
 O'er the doin's of the past,
 When the sands within the hourglass
 Didn't run away so fast,
 Then I smile, all sad an' tender,
 When I think of bonny Kate
 An' of how I used to court 'er—
 An' the kissin' at the gate.

Good an' well do I remember
 When to school I went away,
 With my grip-sack full of apples,
 An' a cake jist baked that day.
 How the ol' horse was a-prancin'
 Jist as if he couldn't wait
 'Till I'd done my partin' greetin's—
 An' the kissin' at the gate.

Now I'm gettin' old an' feeble,
 Fer my race is nearly run,
 An' it surely can't be long, now,
 'Till the goal is reached an' won;
 But when I git to Heaven,
 To the friends gone on to wait,
 'Twill be Heaven, sure an' sartin—
 If there's kissin' at the gate!

—William Jewell Student.



BEAUTY'S MASK.

In gazing on thy mischief-loving face
 Where wit and humor sparkle side by side,
 No faintest sign of conscience can I trace,
 So well does Beauty mask what she would hide.

Yet in thy soul some tenderness must be,
 Like flowers which in hidden valleys grow;
 For little deeds that people tell of thee
 Reveal what lies beneath that "outward show."

—M. P. J., in *University of Virginia Magazine*.

UNCLE'S CHRIS'MUS.

O dey's gwine ter be a scrumpshus time
 At dis hyar Chris'mus dinner,
 Kaze dat possum's been a-roastin'
 Wid de sweet pertaters in 'er;
 En de chillun on de flo'
 Ez a-sniffin' mo' en mo,'
 En de wishbone ez a-hangin' on de beam across de do'.

O dey's gwine ter be a feastin',
 En it's comin' in a minute,
 Kaze de turkey in de uben
 En de stuffin's sho'ly in it;
 En de good Lawd know
 Dat de pone's jes' so,
 En de wishbone ez a-hangin' on de beam across de do'.

—Richard P. Whiteley, in *Georgetown College Journal*.



THE QUAIL.

Down in the swale I hear him call,
 Down in the swale, 'mid the grasses tall,
 Where cat-tails are growing,
 And mallows are blowing,
 And shy summer asters their pale flowers are showing
 He's piping his clear "Bob White! Bob White!"

For whom, shy bird, do you vainly sigh?
 For whom, I wonder, your eager cry
 With tenderness freighted
 And longing unsated,
 O tell me, wee Blondel, for whom have you waited
 To answer your lone "Bob White, Bob White?"

All the long day his pipe sounds clear,
 All the long day, now far, now near,
 As plaintively singing,
 Wild, limpid notes flinging,
 Afloat on the breezes with echoes a-ringing,
 He whistles his sweet "Bob White, Bob White!"

—In *Vassar Miscellany*.

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If only I dared
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But oh, I'm so scared!
There's that terrible person in bed, and
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The papers will rattle and crack, but
That cake looks so good that—I'll try.

Said the maiden in bed, all a-shiver,
If only I dared
Just to reach for my slipper, to throw it,—
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NO. 8.

ISAAC.*

—
BY BENJAMIN SLEDD.

—
"Gathering kindling wood for Master."—*Negro Melody*.
—

Where the pine-woods in the twilight murmur sadly of
the past,
Singing goes he, with the fagots o'er his bended shoulder
cast,—

Poor old Isaac, of a vanished time and order, best and
last.

And his song is of the master, many a year now in his
grave,
Loved as brother loveth brother,—worthy master, worthy
slave.

"Gathering kindling wood for master,"—oh, the mem-
ory of the days
Blessed with more than ease and plenty, freer hearts and
gentler ways.

Once again 'tis Christmas morning, and I watch with
sleepless eyes
Where the phantom of the Yule log 'mid its ashes glim-
mering lies.

* This poem is published by permission from Professor Sledd's
forthcoming volume, "The Watchers of the Hearth."

Isaac's horn, without, is sounding day-break summons
unto all,—

Mansion, cabin, byre and sheepfold, waken to the mel-
low call.

And 'tis Isaac's noiseless shadow starts the pine-knots
into flame ;

To the trundle-bed then stealing, whispers low each
sleeper's name,—

Loving forfeit of the children, who but Isaac first to
claim?

And he tells of many a secret Santa Claus alone should
know,—

Mysteries that will not wait the morning's tardy light
to show.

And the treasures without number fashioned by the dear
old hand—

Childhood's inmost, sweetest longings, who so well could
understand?

Christ, who so loved little children, bless him in that
better land!

For no more the aged figure comes at sunset down the
way :

Yonder stands his empty cabin slowly yielding to decay.

Weeds and creepers now are struggling where we played
before the door,

And the rabbit hides her litter there beneath the sunken
floor.

Trees are springing where the pathway to the master's
mansion led,

And the feet which trooped along it, all are vanished,
some are dead.

"Gathering kindling wood for master,"—comes the old
remembered strain.

Hush! 'tis Isaac softly singing by his cabin door again!

—Only swallows in the twilight round the chimney
twittering go,

Mournful token of the hearthstone cold and tenantless
below.

In the old forsaken garden, sleeps the master, sleeps
the slave:

And the pines to-night are sighing o'er each unre-
membered grave.

FREEDOM AND UNITY.

W. L. POTEAT.

I.

The dominant note of the higher life of the nineteenth century is the note of freedom. In literature, music, and other art forms, individual tastes and aptitudes assert themselves in spite of long-established conventions. In theology the spell of authority is broken, and the thinker's first concern is to report the thing as he then sees it. In society the individual "counts one," and to the sphere of duties has annexed the sphere of rights. In all the provinces there has been a general rising against usage as being in itself decisive and final.

The rebellion appears to have broken out first in the province of science. There the collision with authority, whether scientific or theological, was emphatic and square. The rebels won in every encounter. Success insured success. The suggestion of rebellion caught in contiguous fields, success fanned it to flame, and in time the whole realm was free. Free, that is, in theory. Practice follows many paces behind theory, but it follows. Freedom of thinking and freedom of speaking are universally prized and lauded, but are seldom actually realized. Behold, we all wear shackles! But the order of release has been issued, and our redemption draws nigh.

It is perhaps extravagant to give to science all the credit of the larger liberty with which the individual sets out into the twentieth century. The factors involved in all social phenomena are numerous and variously multiplied into each other. Of the factors in the individual-

ism of the time, one can hardly doubt that Christianity itself is most important. For Christianity discovered the individual, recognizing as it did his intrinsic worth and his unmediated responsibility. Moreover, the general advance of culture and the widening of intelligence by travel and intercourse with varied types of men were breeding discontent and making the yoke intolerable. The times were ripening to the issue, which science had the honor to join and to decide.

II.

The modern mind perceives relations where the mediæval perceived discrete facts; it discovers interdependence and unity where to the older conception there was isolation, if not discord. For us the law of gravitation binds the myriad worlds of space into a harmonious universe; the law of evolution unifies the totality of nature as it exists to-day by supplying the one method of its origin; the law of the correlation of energy obliterates the territorial boundaries which formerly divided off the phenomena of nature into distinct sections.

After the discovery of the unity of external nature, the moral and spiritual sphere could not long withhold the secret of its inner life and consistency. Here also boundaries took themselves up and off, and the separate and warring provinces of the spirit fused into one realm under one law. So that, after twenty-five centuries of suppression, the primitive conception is reinstated, and the natural and supernatural no longer threaten and confound one another across an impassable chasm. There is no chasm between them. The supernatural is natural, and the natural is supernatural. Even the inveterate antithesis of matter and spirit shows signs of dissolving.

In some of the seers of the race, as Plato and Dante, matter and spirit compound for their differences and draw near to blending: the spiritual acquires visibility and the material drops its earthiness. But with a new stress and inflection we are now asking whether matter be not but the signal of the spirit's activity, the theatre where the spirit disports itself, the word in which the spirit seeks expression, the garment of beauty in which the spirit arrays itself.

Moreover, the Divine and the human nature draw into a close fellowship, the human nature showing itself divine in origin and aspiration, and the Divine nature finding fit expression in the human. No longer does the Divine nature sit apart in cold clouds, a *deus ex machina*, concerning itself with man only in the imposition of an arbitrary legislation from which it is itself exempt and exacting the last farthing of the penalty of its violation. On the contrary, community of nature necessitates one law. There is not one righteousness below and another above the clouds. The coinage of the moral realm must pass current in heaven and on earth alike.

CAVALIER COURT POETS.

BY JAMES FINCH ROYSTER.

Literature and royalty have ever been close friends. It has been the general practice for monarchs to encourage literature. Their patronage has not always been justly distributed, and worthy poets have doubtless suffered from want while poetasters were revelling in the king's bounty, but the advancement and protection of literature was once considered a function of government. That remarkable outburst of English literature in the reign of Elizabeth, which has not been equalled since, is responsible in a large measure for the halo of glory spread around her reign, and without court protection a national literature would not have been possible at this time. The servile praise bestowed upon the queen in all this literature, and the extravagant compliments paid to patrons, is disgusting and would not be tolerated to-day; this was the price that had to be paid, and there is no doubt but that it was a good bargain. Comparatively few men of high birth have become famous as authors, but kings have been always ready to honor those who have attained a high place in literature. The practice of knighting famous authors has not entirely disappeared, but the poet-laureatship is the only remaining reminder of that former intimate relation between court and literature. Court life as the Tudors and Stewarts knew it, has disappeared, and along with it has gone that interesting figure in English literature. *The patron was usually a nobleman to whom an author dedicated

* Dr. Johnson thus defines a patron in his *Dictionary*: "Commonly a wretch who supports with insolence, and is paid with flattery."

his plays or poems, and from whom he received a hundred pounds or less, as the case may be, for the honour of the dedication. Under Queen Anne the glory of the patron reached its height. To the men of the later eighteenth century belong the glory of disposing of the nobleman who distributed his patronage and his shekels for gaining borrowed renown.† Yet the patron is a considerable stone in the great building of our literature. We could not tolerate him to-day with our democratic ideas, but when the reading public was so small that an author could not look to the sale of his books for support, the patron was an invaluable aid. It is not clearly established that it is more revolting to cater to and flatter one man, who in many instances was worthy the praise, than to bow down to the mob for the sake of a twentieth edition.

The courtier, though foppish and trifling, was in many cases a man of ability, capable of leading an army or conducting the affairs of state; he often had a genuine appreciation of literature and was willing to reward those who exhibited any excellence in literature. Further than this he occasionally attempted to write poetry himself. Sir Walter Raleigh, the typical man of action of Elizabethan England, in whose mind there lay great schemes of an over-sea empire, has given us some of the most charming verses in our language. Edward Dyer, ambassador, is remembered in literature for a single line—

“My mind to me a kingdom is,”

Elizabeth's Essex exhibited in his poetry the personal

† Especially to Johnson's famous letter to Lord Chesterfield and to Burke's *Letter to a Noble Lord*.

charm which was so well recognized by his contemporaries. The Earl of Oxford is of some small account as a poet. The greatest example of the courtier and the poet combined in equal proportion in one man is Sir Philip Sidney. Recognized as an adornment of the court, trusted as a soldier by Elizabeth, deified in his romantic death, he represents all that was good in the life of a courtier. This man wrote the first perfect sonnet in English and has an undisputed place in literature. In poetry these men were amateurs—dilettanti, if you choose—but there is always more interest in an amateur in any art than in a professional. The tyro's work may not be as good, but his individuality is more interesting.

Lovelace and Suckling are the best known of the courtier-poets of the succeeding age. Courtiers they always were, poets occasionally; they are, however, typical representatives of the courtier-poet. Some of the same school may excel in gallantry and some may be superior as poets, but none as court poets. Their characteristics may be taken as those of the whole school. Both were men born to considerable fortunes, which they spent in the King's cause, and both died miserably—Suckling by his own hand in 1642, and Lovelace two years before the Restoration. Loyalty to their King they carried to their graves; it is attested in many of their poems. Lovelace says of Charles I:

“ When like committed linnets, I
 With shriller throat shall sing
 The sweetness, mercy, majesty
 And glories of my King;
 When I shall voice aloud how good
 He is, how great should be—”

Both wrote much that is inferior to doggerel, and each

contributed at least two songs that can not be surpassed for beauty—Lovelace's "To Lucasta on going to the Wars" and "To Althea from Prison," Suckling's "Why so pale and wan, Fond Lover" and "Out upon it, I have loved." As examples of "art for art's sake" these songs cannot be bettered. This is all that can be claimed for them, and is it not enough?

Their style in general is marked by a disregard for studied excellence in versification, but in spite of themselves their "cherry-stone engraving" is often exquisite. They believed that a gentleman should not trouble himself about his verses. This doctrine sometimes carried them to depths of degradation from which it would seem impossible for them to rise. Lines which can be scanned by no rules are of frequent occurrence, and clipping of syllables to attain correct metre is often resorted to. They rioted in conceits—the conventional conceits of the day. Suckling's *Siege* is one huge continuous conceit. He applies the language of sieges to the description of his attempt at his lady's heart: his tongue was the engineer; he used great cannon oaths—nothing availed; he would then starve the citadel by "cutting off all kisses" and by withdrawing his batteries—still he made no progress; he found Honor to be the commander-in-chief there and gave the word for his forces to march away. Night is the "loathed jailor of the locked up sun," and is dispersed as soon as Lucasta awakes; the sun, "the soft handkercher of light of the inamor'd god of day," kindles his fires in Lucasta's eyes. This tendency to speak of small things in a grand manner and this love of exaggerated comparison are characteristic of Caroline poetry, the ruling conventionalities of the times. Their work was all occasional; Sir

John Suckling never put aside four hours of each day for writing poetry, as some modern poets are said to do. Some trifling circumstance usually prompted their poems—something a woman had said or done. The circumstances prompting Lovelace's best song, "To Althea from Prison," cannot, however, be called trivial. These were men in court society and they wrote of the things around them, and wrote of them in an imitative manner. It is not to be supposed that these dilettantes would be innovators. Amateurs are usually imitative, and the moods and style of the court poets were borrowed.

They were seldom sincere or serious. Their themes were narrow; the same notes are constantly recurring. Women and love are their chief topics. It is highly interesting to notice the difference between their way of looking at love—a studied indifference—and the attitude of the Elizabethan sonnet writers—a studied passion. The mood of each is feigned. Suckling says :

"He shows himself most poet that most feigns,
To say she's fair that's fair this is no pains." *

This is his conception of the poet, and he sets himself to live up to this ideal. He is a braggadocio in love; he is a professional beau; the heart to him is a foolish trifle; he brags of his dozen dozen of loves. This cynicism we cannot help but feel is feigned and borrowed. It is expressed in this :

"There never yet was woman made,
Nor shall, but to be cursed."

or is better shown in the song beginning,

"Out upon it I have loved
Three whole days together;
And am like to love thee more,
If it prove fair weather."

* "An answer to some verses made in his praise."

or again—

"If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her;
The devil take her."

Less mock cynicism and more sincerity are usually awarded to Lovelace by the critics, but everyone must decide for himself. Critics often go too far in saying this is sincere and that is affected in order to prove their point. But there seems to me a note of sincerity in this :

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage :
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above
Enjoy such liberty." *

But he also says :

"Have I not loved thee much and long,
A tedious twelve hour's space?" †

Which is the characteristic mood? It is safe to say that Lovelace was, on some occasions, constant and sincere, and that Suckling never was.

As we would naturally expect, they are thorough advocates of the *carpe diem* philosophy. Herrick has expressed this doctrine for all time :

"Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
Tomorrow will be dying." ‡

* Lovelace, "To Althea from Prison."

† Lovelace, *The Scrutiny*.

‡ "To the Virgins, to make much of time."

In some of his poems of free language, Suckling insists with realistic comparisons that the expectation is greater than the performance. These moods, however narrow in range, are broadcast over the world, and carry an appeal to the whole human race. This is the cause of their survival in literature.

Some points of difference between Lovelace and Suckling have been pointed out, but a complete differentiation is difficult. Suckling never wrote as bad doggerel as Lovelace sometimes did, and he never ascended as high as the latter did in "To Althea from Prison." Suckling was never sincere as Lovelace probably was on occasions; he had wit and humor which Lovelace did not possess. On the whole, Lovelace was the finer spirit.

Thomas Carew, not as typical a cavalier poet as Lovelace and Suckling, was a more successful poet. He was a conscientious artist and his sincerity of workmanship was rewarded. His themes are practically the same as those of Suckling and Lovelace; he differed from them in execution. His *Persuasians to Joy* is a type of the cavalier lyric—

"If the quick spirits in your eye
Now languish, and anon must die;
If every sweet and every grace
Must fly from that forsaken face:
Then, Celia, let us reap our joys
Ere time such goodly fruit destroys.

"Or if that golden fleece must grow
For ever, free from aged snow;
If those bright suns must know no shade,
Nor your fresh beauties ever fade;
Then fear not, Celia, to bestow
What still being gathered still must grow:
Thus either time his sickle brings
In vain, or else in vain his wings."

This is an example of complete organization and unity of composition; it shows an artistic touch that Suckling never knew, but it lacks his spontaneity. Carew's production was very scanty and Suckling attributes it to his over-care in polishing his verses. * This shows that he possessed a critical turn of mind that was distasteful to men of the mould of Lovelace and Suckling.

Robert Herrick, by the force of circumstances more parson than courtier, had his heart turned toward the courtier's life. In 1648-'49, he had the courage to dedicate his works to King Charles, and he would, by his literary affinity to the cavalier court poets, be properly included here but that he would require as much space as can be given to this whole paper.

* In the *Sessions* Suckling says:

"Tom Carew was next, but he had fault
That would not well stand with a laureat;
His muse was hide-bound, and the issue of 's brain
Was seldom brought forth but with trouble and pain."

MY MISTRESS' EYELASHES.

BY W. R. S.

Silken veils that hide the heaven
Where my whole life lies,
Clouds that hinder still the morning
Are the lashes of thine eyes.

Surely, when I thus stand pleading,
Thou wilt gracious be!
Lift the veil and let the lovelight
Burst its bliss on me!

Many a land I've wandered over,
Drawn o'er many a sea
By thy magnet heart-calls hither,
Hither, love, to thee.

Wouldst thou, then, reward my coming,
My great love for thee?
Let thine eyes betray their secret,
Give thy soul to me!

UNCLE SAM'S FURLOUGH.

BY W. EDGAR WOODRUFF.

"Talkin' o' gettin' a furlough 'minds me of a 'sperence I had onct durin' the wah," said uncle Sam Cockerham as he stood in the cross-roads' store, bakin his shins by the large stove. These words were addressed to a group of mountain fellows, who, after the crops were gathered and especially on rainy days, would flock to the country store to exchange views on all matters of importance.

The store is their social club, and the "store-keeper"—that encyclopedia of wisdom, that Cræsus of wealth—is their historian, their lawyer, their daily paper, and their arbiter in matters of dispute. For, does he not take both the "Lipville Gazette" and the "Atlanta Constitution?" Does he not go to town every two weeks to get goods? And brings he not back the latest war news? Can he not calculate what seven eggs will come to at eight cents per dozen?

On this special evening there were gathered around the store some six or seven grizzly veterans and the district school master. There was only one chair, which was given up to the "Fesser," as they called the school teacher. The rest of the party found seats on stools, nail kegs, and dry-goods boxes.

But to return to uncle Sam's war story. When he had begged a "chaw of store terbaccer" from the "Fesser," he pulled up his breeches' legs; squatted, leaning his back against the counter and proceeded with his story—"As I wuz jest a-gwine ter say, we war then away up in the mountains of Verginny. I belonged ter the calvary and had bin in the army nigh onto three year.

I tell you what boys, I wuz a-gittin mighty tard on it too. I was mos' bar-footed and hadn't narry rag of a overcoat. My britches war tore till they wouldn't a-held shucks, and what wuz wust, I wuz home-sick—powerfully home-sick. Thar wuz three reasons why I wanted to go home. Fust, I knowed that we war goin' ter meet them Yankees as soon as we struck the valley, and besides, I knowed that a Yankee wuz no purty sight ter a feller that wanted ter live as bad as I did. Aud, secondly, I wanted ter see the old folks, and lastly, I wanted to see some folks that warn't so plaged old. Now Suzie Goodson and me had bin promised for a whole year afore the wah cum up, but when I left home she 'clared she would wait fer me till I cum back. So you see instid o' watin' three months she had bin a-waitin' three year and I wuz a-feard she wouldn't keep a-waitin' allus.

"Well I had bin a-studin' and studin' ever since we lef' Bristol, Tennessee, how ter git off. Ter save the life of me I couldn't skeer up a simple 'scuse. Lots en lots o' times I had studid 'bout lettin' my gun go off axidently jest so it would wound me a bit, but my heart allus failed me. I prayed fer my old flea-bitten gray hoss ter die soze I could go home ater anuther, but old Charley wuzzent one of them sort what dies evry day. Old Charley had bin a-gittin' mighty pore here o' late. He wuz so bad that he could scasely keep up.

"So as we war a-gwine up the mountain, away up in Verginny, Charley kep' gittin' fudder en fudder behine till at las' my company wuz clean out o' sight. I belonged ter the hind company, and I knowed that me and my old gray wuz fast bein' left. So I got down ter walk. I put old Charley in the road afore me. At fust he

wouldn't cent ter go in front, but I suaded him with a big swich. I hadn't gone fur till my feet war finally ruint. Them old scuffs wuz wuss en no shoes at all. So I stopped the old hoss and aimed ter git on him, live er die, keep up er no keep up, twuz all the same fur we war two miles behine them. But woup sir! When I tried ter git on him he gine a whee, like a mule, and bit at me. I soon seed what wuz the matter. I had finally ruint his pore old razor back. It wuz ten times rawer en any piece of beef you ever seed—rawer en that beef Sam Freeman's gal tole 'bout gittin' away down yander whar she went to school.

"Then what wuz I ter do? I couldn't ride ner I couldn't walk. I tell you, fellows, I wuz in a fix. Right then and thar I tuck the coff—that kind of a coff that a fellow takes when thar is grounds in his coffee, when the bread is burnt to a cole and the meat to a cracklin, and when his wife poligizes without givin' a good 'scuse.

"Well, I sot down on a rock to rumigate. Purty soon a idee struck me. Sez I ter myself, 'Now, Sam's yer time. If yer ever a-gwine ter get shed of old Charley, do it right dah now. Then 'port to the commander and he'll give you a furlough for home. I jumped up and tuck old Charley by the bridle and led him on up the road till I cum to a deep holler in the bend of the road. Then I led him out of the road and up that holler till we cum to a openin' in the woods. I tuck off the bridle and saddle and got ready to put an end ter him, when great scotts! whar wuz my gun? I then 'membered leavin' it in the camp-wagin that mornin' afore we started. I had no pistil, so I felt fer my knife—it wuz not thar. I had lent it to Bill Calloway and he never

would give back anything when once he got his big mall-busting fist onto it. Thar I wuz agin. I gin ter feel mean. But I war 'terminated on gwine home. I looked around and thar wuz a big rock 'bout the size of my head. I didnt't know ezackly whather a feller could kill a hoss with a rock er not, but I decided ter try the 'speriment.

"With the rock in both hands, I backed up the bank 'bout ten steps and let drive. That old hoss didn't do a thing but jest dodge his head ter one side and let the rock strike his shoulder. Thinks I, "I'll git yer this time," and I tore two holes in my saddle-blanket and stuck his years through the holes—that blind-folded him—and then I tuck and pinned a ivy leaf on the blanket fer a targit. I then got back on the bank and throwed agin. It staggered him, but didn't bring him. I got the same rock and next time it shore foch him. I gin it ter him agin ter make shore. He kicked a little and stretched out.

"I picked up the bridle and saddle and hurried on to overtake the rest. The very thoughts o' gittin' a furlough home made me forgit my sore feet, and I farly flew up that mountain till I cum ter the top.

"Now, I allus thought when you go up a mountain that you had ter go down the tother side. Well 'twant so in Virginny. Instid o' that the country stretched out afore me like a medder. Away out about four mile our men had pitched camp fer the night. It wuz near sun-down then. It peered ter me as I run onto the camp that I uever, in my whole life, seed the sun set so purty. It 'minded me of Suzie's red dress thet she wore the day of the muster, when we boys jined the army.

"When I had eat a bite I made a blue streak fur the

General's tent. He axed me what I wuz ater. I sez, 'Well General, my hoss is dead and I want a furlough fer home soze I kin git anuther.' He then axed me how it happen, and right thar I tole the fust lie that I had tole since sister Jane wuz burried. I tole him that my hoss fell offen a steep place and broke his leg and I had ter shoot him. I splained all about it and inshored him that the hoss wuz good en dead. He then sez ter me, sez he: 'Well cum 'round in the mornin' and I'll give you a sixty days' furlough.'

"Shore thing I went ter my tent one happy man. We boys sot up late that night talkin'. I tole them if I ever cum back ter the wah, I would shore be a married man, fer I 'tended ter marry Suzie, fer fear she wouldn't wait allus. I went ter sleep thinkin' about her and how glad she would be ter see me.

"Away long 'bout day, as I wuz a dreamin' about Suzie, I wuz waked up by the beatinist kickin' and squealin' among the hosses that I mos' ever heerd. I run out to see what wuz ter pay, when—what do you think! thar stood my old flea-bitten gray hoss jest a-kickin' every thing offen the deck. He had cum to. His head wuz bloody but he wuzzent half kilt. That teetotally ruint my gittin' a furlough.

"What become of the horse at last, and did you marry Suzie?" inquired the Professor.

"As ter the hoss," replied uncle Sam, "he wuz kilt with a bum-shell close to Richmond, and Suzie, she like all gals, got tard o' waitin' and married anuther feller about two weeks afore the wah broke."

CALVIN GRAVES, PATRIOT AND HERO *

S. G. FLOURNOY.

"The issues of all human actions are uncertain. No man can undertake to predict positively that even virtue will meet with its full reward in this world; but this much may be said with entire certainty, that he who succeeds in marrying his name to a great principle achieves a fame as imperishable as truth itself." The thought conveyed by these words, forming an introduction to the life of a celebrated American, shall be my theme to-night.

We are standing in the gateway of a new century, a-tiptoe with expectancy, on the eve of what promises to be a startling era in the annals of national development. Calm and unconcerned we stand, while round us unseen and mysterious agencies are shaping our destinies whether we will or no, and plunging us into a whirlpool of new activities to be swamped or succored at the will of the fates.

On foreign territory an American dictator stands erect and traces with his iron stylus strange sentences upon the sandy shores of the Phillipines, which give us new possessions, puzzle and perplex our statesmen, enslave peoples, shiver constitutions and shatter nations. Abroad the sword, that sharp and supreme arbiter of international disputes, is hewing away, striving to sever the gordian knot of our foreign complications.

At home, greedy corporation, Briareus-handed, reaches

* Oration delivered by the Orator from the Philomathesian Society at the 66th Anniversary of the Huzelian and Philomathesian Societies on the evening of February 15, 1901.

out and throttles individual enterprise. At home, the Republic halts in her marvellous march of progress to listen in stern silence to the clash of diverse interests. At home, some of the professed leaders of the people, by ill-merit raised to that bad eminence, forgetful of affairs of state, soil their patriotism in the selfish strife for gain. In our own State there is a lull in civic conflict, the clash of parties has closed, and the Anglo-Saxon freeman has once again asserted his supremacy, and has recorded a vow that strange and dusky hands shall not be laid with strangling grasp upon the fair throat of our liberties. In the midst of foreign turmoil and confusion, in the midst of national chaos and conflict, in the midst of this calm in our own State affairs, let us face about and look backward.

We do not have to peer far into the past to discover that North Carolina has not always been prosperous. Prior to 1848 we find her with divided interests, jealous factions, bitter rivalries, without prosperity and steeped in ignorance. Fully to comprehend her poverty and to appreciate the herculean tasks of him who attempted to remedy it, let us take a cursory glance at her history and condition. In 1776, when the Provincial Convention met at Halifax to organize a government, to draft laws and frame a constitution, war was at hand and sturdy patriots were hastening toward the north. So many were the avenues of thought, and so powerful was the concentration of attention upon the war with England, that our people modeled their constitution after the constitutions of the various Colonies without cavil or criticism. Consequently our State was fettered with old and obnoxious customs. In order for a man to be eligible to the governorship he must own property valued at five

thousand dollars. There was a property qualification of three hundred acres of land for State Senator, one hundred acres for the Commons, and every voter for the Senate must own fifty acres of land. So read the old constitution. In 1790 North Carolina ranked third of the thirteen Colonies in wealth and population. The small counties lying around Albemarle Sound, by constitutional division, dominated, for over sixty years, the politics of the State, and the Middle and West could do nothing but bow gracefully at the shrine of the East.

In 1835 a vacancy occurring in the Supreme Court, William Gaston, of Wilmington, was chosen by the people to fill the vacancy. But though elected, he was ineligible according to the constitution, because he was a Roman Catholic. A convention was called at Raleigh to consider this matter. Among the prominent men at this convention were Gaston, Macon, Meares, Fisher and a young gentleman just rising into prominence—Calvin Graves. This convention annulled the section of the constitution disqualifying Catholics from holding office, and many other obnoxious sections were stricken out, but the fifty-acre qualification remained to rankle like a thorn in the flesh of the people. The State was improving, but the leaven had only begun to work.

The panic of 1837 flooded the country with a depreciated currency, and prostrated the feeble interests of the State. The hardy settlers, following the lead of the gallant Boone, were peopling the wilds of Kentucky, while many others emigrated to the fertile fields of Louisiana and Mississippi. It was at this time that Caleb Smith, a congressman from Indiana, told a congressman from North Carolina that one-third of his constituents were North Carolinians. In 1840 North Carolina had

declined from her place of eminence in the rank of States and, shameful to say, she stood eleventh in the columns in wealth and population. In a period of fifty years she had not doubled a single time in wealth and population, while Georgia had doubled nine times, as shown by the census reports. For one half a century our Old North State had been standing still in graceless indigence, while Kentucky and Tennessee, uninhabited wildernesses, barren territories in 1790, had fairly distanced her in progress and improvement, in wealth and population.

The politicians of the period, instead of being broad-minded, instead of counselling noble action and tutoring an unlettered people, pandered to the caprices, whims and petty jealousies of the masses ; instead of standing four-square in the right, heedless of the storms of popular disapproval, "they crooked the pliant hinges of the knee that thrift might follow fawning," and bowed with servile adoration at the shrine of the multitude. With selfish politicians, who were too low in moral stature to peep over their prejudices, small wonder it is that our State slumbered under the influence of the soothing potion administered to her by sloth, and that decay was written upon her institutions. Close following the financial crash, came the drought of 1845, so terrible in its nature that the crops of the entire Piedmont region were destroyed, and the people were driven to want and destitution, while corn rotted, unused, in the fields of the East, and there was no market for an over-abundance of fish. Railroad connection was too poor to transport produce from one section of the State to another. In fact, but two lines of railway had been constructed, the Wilmington and Weldon and the Raleigh and Gaston.

Both of these lines were practically worthless, unused, untravelled and unprofitable, the State was in debt for both, and local politicians were cautioning the people against such investments. State pride seemed to have vanished. Industry was paralyzed. With plenty of mineral wealth, unharnessed water-powers, vast forests, valuable fruits and genial soil, North Carolina was in a deplorable plight in the autumn of 1848.

In November of this year the two houses met. The late political contest between Whig and Democrat had been close. Hon. David Reid, the Democratic candidate for Governor, had alarmed the aristocratic and conservative East, by proclaiming upon the hustings the doctrines of "Free Suffrage" and "State Reform." Manly, the Whig candidate, had triumphed in the election, but his majority over Reid was so small as to point to the final triumph of Democracy, provided the Democratic leaders made no mistake in party manipulations. Strange to say, the two houses were evenly tied. After several days' balloting, the Whigs captured the Commons, and chose as their leader Robert Gilliam, of Granville. The Democrats were in greater force in the Senate, and elected as Speaker Calvin Graves, of Caswell.

Before retiring from office, Governor Graham commented upon the need of State improvements, and declared "that the transportation facilities of North Carolina were the worst of any State of the Union." He advised the extension of the Raleigh and Gaston road through Salisbury to Charlotte, and recommended the ultimate extension of this road to connect with the South Carolina railroad, which, advancing through Charleston and Columbia, was nearing the North Carolina border. At this time it was rumored that the city of Richmond

would extend one of her numerous lines of railway by way of Danville to connect with a proposed line to be run by the Charlotte and South Carolina Railway Company. It was known that this company only asked for a charter, and did not petition for a cent of State aid. The advocates of the proposed line, led by Mr. Ellis, of Rowan, introduced a bill to grant a charter for this road the day after the organization of the General Assembly. Every member of the Commons from the county of Mecklenburg along the line of this road to the county of Rockingham, espoused the project, and were eager to vote for a granting of the charter.

The most outspoken opponent of this measure was the Hon. Edward Stanley of Beaufort. Formerly a Congressman and later a Speaker of the Commons, he stood forth pre-eminent as a man of talent, ability and influence. Governor Graham's suggestion in regard to the enlargement of the railroad system was introduced into the House in the form of a bill, but found little favor. Hon. W. S. Ashe, Democratic Senator from New Hanover, was asked to formulate a bill for improving the railroad system. This plan was a business scheme. He proposed the building of a line of railway from Charlotte to Goldsboro, a distance of two hundred and twenty-five miles. In order to do this there was to be a State appropriation of two million dollars, provided one million dollars of stock was otherwise taken. The main measures before the House were the "Danville Bill" and the "Ashe Bill." But every member of the House with whose subtle fancy the phantom of fame was playing a game of hide-and-seek, felt it his bounden duty to draw up a railroad bill, until several hundred bills were drafted, and the Speaker's desk was fairly topped with a

large pile of little bills. It was early seen that the "Danville Bill" could not be easily railroaded through the House. On January 15th it came up for discussion. Mr. Stanley took the floor in opposition to the measure, which he characterized as the "Danville Sale." Richmond, one terminus of the road, he declared was only a "great slave mart," and "Charleston, the other, existed solely upon past pretensions."

In reply, Mr. Barringer, of Cabarrus, arose and declared that he would favor any bill, of a substantial sort, providing sufficient State aid to build and control a railroad. Immediately upon hearing this, Mr. Stanley sprang to his feet and holding aloft the "Ashe Bill," asked Barringer if he and his friends would agree to support such a measure. Barringer nodded his assent; the proposal was cheered; the "Ashe Bill" came up for consideration and was defeated by a vote of 49 to 56. But the staunch advocates of the measure, unappalled by defeat, undiscouraged by opposition, canvassed the House and on the 17th a reconsideration was moved and the bill came up before the body again. After some discussion it was passed on its second reading by a vote of 60 to 49. On the 18th it was formally passed by the House on its final reading by a vote of 60 to 52. But from first to last the members of the Commons, Courts and Keen from Rockingham, and Harrison and Davis and Walker from Mecklenburg, stubbornly and steadfastly resisted its passage. How will the Senate regard the "Ashe Bill" was the question of the hour? The popular pulse beat with feverish interest, the people were stirred with unwonted excitement. And it was a matter for serious contemplation, for the sentiment of the Senate would be determined by a majority of Democrats who were opposed to radical

reform, and who clung with a mistaken zeal to the tenets of a former time and to the faith of their fathers. It numbered among its members such sturdy yeomen as Cameron, Drake, Hawkins, Berry, Bower, Thompson and Walker—men of decision and integrity, slow to grapple with experiments and cautious of new schemes.

The presiding officer was Calvin Graves, tall, graceful in form, serene and courteous in his manner, of unimpeachable integrity and strictly impartial in his decisions. The bill was supported by Judge Romulus Saunders and W. W. Holden. Both Senators made stirring appeals in its favor, but apparently to no purpose. Without jar or interruption the "bill" passed its first and second readings, but the clenched hands and compressed lips of the opponents of the measure told too plainly that on the third and final reading the issue would be joined and woe to the vanquished! On the 25th of January the hour for deciding the fate of the "bill" was at hand. The Senate chamber was crowded with visitors who sat in charmed silence in the midst of that historic proceeding, scanning with eager eyes the countenances of the ranged Senators, as if they would fain know, without suffering the suspense, how the vote would terminate.

Speaker Graves calmly announced: "The bill to charter the North Carolina Railroad and for other purposes is now upon its third reading. Is the Senate ready for the question?" Feeble responses said "question," the roll was called, and, as feared, nearly every Democrat voted "No." The tally was kept by hundreds, and when the Clerk announced twenty-two yeas and twenty-two nays there was an awful silence. Senators and visitors awaited alike with bated breath for the Speaker's casting vote. Mr. Graves knew full well that his constitu-

ents in the county of Caswell were opposed to the "Ashe Bill." He knew that many of the people of the State believed that the Legislature had no right to pass such a measure. In our day of progress and improvement it is difficult to believe that sensible people would have been opposed to internal improvements, and prejudiced against the building of State railroads. But such was the stand taken by the generality of people in the State. Intelligence for them had not brushed away the filmy webs of superstition. They felt awed and affrighted when scientific improvements were discussed, and railroads and steamboats were mentioned; they regarded that man as a wizard and necromancer who dared advocate such improvements, and such an one was sure to fall into political disfavor. But there was method in the madness of the people, and amid the bulwarks of their superstition there nestled a bit of reason, for the building of a great State railroad, meant a tax upon the people, and whenever that little word was even casually mentioned, the countenance of the Carolinian "was sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Mr. Graves knew the attitude of the people, that they were opposed to the building of a State railroad. He knew further, that the Democrats who had chosen him Speaker had spoken against and voted against the measure. He knew that conservative men of both the Whig and Democratic parties looked with no friendly eye upon the measure, yet the passage or non-passage of the bill rested with him—what must he do?

On that famous 25th of January Calvin Graves stood at the parting of the ways. Along one avenue signboards with pointed fingers warned him which route to pursue; the shades of party domination, of political pat-

rouage, of fame and fortune, the forms of friends who had stood by him in conflict and crisis, traversed the way with lingering footsteps, wooing him to follow. The other avenue was narrow, solitary, lonely; but one figure moved along this road, it was the Genius of North Carolina, who had hitherto failed to command the obedience of her wayward children; sadly the lone figure moved along, offering no inducement for her hesitating son to follow her, but elevating high above her mighty form a glittering banner on whose surface was blazoned in letters of gold that simple but sublime motto: "Duty to State." In that supreme moment Calvin Graves, sacrificing friends and civic honors, and followed the fortune of his State. For one instant there was silence and hush in the chamber, expectation played upon every face. "Then the slender form of Speaker Graves arose, and leaning slightly forward, gavel in hand, he said: "The vote on the 'bill' being twenty-two yeas and twenty-two nays, the Chair votes Yea. The bill has passed its third and last reading."

"I happen to know," says Mr. Barringer, "that Mr. Graves was appealed to on every side to follow party tradition, even to resenting the personal hits of Mr. Stanley, always at heart an anti-slavery-man. But Mr. Graves stood nobly for duty." Just as Coriolanus, yielding to the tears and entreaties of his mother, Volumnia, saved Rome at the sacrifice of himself, in like manner did Calvin Graves, obeying the stern behest of Duty, sacrifice himself upon a political altar that he might save his State. Somewhere in the unfathomable depths of this man's character must have been cherished and preserved that simple but sublime thought, which sentiment has moulded into speech and the State has made her motto: "I would rather be than

seem to be." Moore, our State historian, himself an Eastern man, pays worthy tribute to the man and the deed when he declares: "Noble, ay thrice noble, was Calvin Graves in this his latest and greatest discharge of public duty. Such men are as rare as angels' visits, and they deserve every honor a wiser posterity can bestow. In the herd of baser natures who surrounded him in that day, his stood forth in all the simple majesty of a Greek statute."

The grant of the charter in 1849 was a step taken by intelligent leaders in advance of the thought of the people. In 1850 Hon. David Reid, citizen of Rockingham County and member of Congress from the old fifth district, was renominated for Governor, and after a sharp campaign of skillful manœuvre and wily stratagem, a conflict between Western patriotism and Eastern prejudice, he led the embattled legions of Democracy to deserved victory, the fifty-acre qualification was rescinded, the people were free, the long nightmare of sloth had ended in civil regeneration. Mr. Graves was appointed by Governor Reid Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and, in company with Governor Morehead, he was instrumental in raising the private funds to meet the demand of the State and aid in the building of the road.

The grant of the charter had infused new energies into the people. They entered actively into the plans and work necessary to the successful completion of the road. Companies were organized, canals were dug and plank-roads laid. But up to January 1, 1850, the one million dollars of private stock had not been secured. In July, 1850, an immense assembly congregated at Salisbury to talk the matter over and strive to raise the remaining funds. Eloquent speakers pleaded with the

people, but fanciful figures and metaphorical expressions proved unavailing. Finally, a patriotic and sensible citizen of the city of Raleigh, Boylan by name, arose in the assembly, and, trembling with age, declared that before he died he wished to see North Carolina, his native State, stride forward in home improvements; his appeal touched the people, and the stock was taken. In July, 1851, in the city of Greensboro, Speaker Graves, in the presence of a large assemblage of people, performed the ceremony "of breaking ground." The work was delayed for various causes, but on January 30, 1856, the first train of cars ran from Goldsboro to Charlotte. The great "Central" road, erected upon the pride and fear of the people, was complete. The casting vote of Speaker Graves had made him a political outcast, his constituents swore the vendetta against him; never again did he enter the legislative halls of his State, his political horizon was ever afterward circumscribed by the bounds of his humble home; but he was no less a hero though merged in obscurity, for time has proved the wisdom of his work, which stands to-day "the shadow of a mighty name."

From the passage of this bill North Carolina began to be prosperous. Across the chasm of prejudice and partisan feeling which the individual heroism of Graves had closed, East and West clasped hands in love and amity, sectionalism was annihilated, interstate commerce revived, the thoroughfares of trade and traffic teemed with enterprising people, busy and hustling towns sprang up in response to the touch of industry, mill wheels were set whirling on countless streams, and soon the shriek of the factory whistle was to add its dissonant music to the din. From three-quarters of a century of total do-

nothingism, of spasmodic effort and foundered enterprise, she threw off her chrysalis condition of inactivity, awakened to a sense of her obligation to the country, and began with new step and martial air the march of progress. With no railroads of consequence prior to 1848, to-day there are four North and South through lines, and three East and West through lines, and roads have been built connecting remote points, until every portion of the State is directly benefitted and inconvenienced by enjoying railroad facilities. And now that old jealousies have been hushed and internal conflicts have closed, a simple but grateful people search the archives of the past and learn the name of that man who, by his casting vote in 1849, set the great system of internal improvement in motion.

There is a lofty sentiment growing in the breasts of Carolinians that public services faithfully performed and duties done to the State shall not go unrewarded. In proof of this, I cite you to that jubilee day of August last when the statue of North Carolina's great Tribune was unveiled to the admiring gaze of her proud and happy people ; proud that the State could boast a son so noble ; happy in that they might honor the man who had done honor unto her. Then from the green sward of the capital let the statue of Graves rise and take its station by the side of Vance, his great compeer. Let the mute marble be the silent and impressive teacher to the young manhood of the State, that merit, however modest, and though long forgotten, will not escape ultimate recognition. Let it be as towering as his virtues, as enduring as his reputation, as stainless as his character ; let it be representative of his official integrity ; let it be commemorative in the annals of statecraft of one illustrious example of noble self-sacrifice ; let it typify calm, delib-

erate, intentional self-abandon to the interests of the people ; let it be like the man ; let it recall from the past the memory of him who lived,

“ The applause of list’ning Senates to command,
Th’ threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o’er a smiling land,
And read his hist’ry in a nation’s eyes.”

THE HERMIT THRUSH.

BY J. A. J.

When high noon looks down straight and hot, and pipers
pipe their best,

On a shady twig, alone and cool, I rest.

My song is brief: why spend it when the woodland
chorus rings?

Until the hush he wastes his song who sings.

The shadows lengthen; far o'erhead the wild geese
northward steer;

The very leaves hang still my voice to hear;

Then loud and clear as silver flute and deeper than all
art,

The liquid lyric springs to help my heart.

O language of the life of life that only means the whole!

O speechless love, O sorrow, 't is thy soul!

For one wild quivering moment does the tale of passion
throng—

New passion throbbing through a world-old song.

Then, lo, the darkness gathers, while the fire-fly, torches
glare,

And honeysuckle odors climb the air.

Unto another thicket now my song betrays my flight,

Up hill, down vale, "Good-night, good-night, good-
night."

CASILDA.

BY E. W. T.

It was a dreary February morning that all America was set awry with the news that the "Maine" had been blown up in Havana harbor. Cries of treachery! treachery were heard on every hand, and in answer to the President's call volunteers flocked to the recruiting stations from all parts of the United States, eager to avenge the country's flag and fight for Cuban Independence.

Eager to take part in the approaching conflict, I at once enlisted in Col. Roosevelt's regiment of Rough Riders, with the rank of lieutenant. My home was in Waco, Texas, and my father was a lawyer of that city of the firm of Stewart & Bailey. My whole family was bitterly opposed to my joining the army, but I was always known as "hard-headed Jack," could not be turned from my purpose. What pictures of future greatness I painted to mother, of my triumphal return home after having thrashed the Dons, avenged the "Maine," and given Cuba her freedom!

The spring passed in drilling the troops, and in securing supplies and ammunition for the invasion of the enemy's territory. May arrived; again the world was startled by Dewey's signal defeat of the Spanish fleet at Manila, and again every man in the Rough Rider regiment was set wild with the desire to beard the lion in his den.

It was not until June, however, that we finally broke camp, and after an expectant voyage, under the escort of the "Indiana," we landed on hostile soil. With the exception of some slight skirmishes, General Shafter

succeeded in easily disembarking his command, and to the tune of "Dixie" we at once proceeded to draw our lines around General Linares at Santiago de Cuba. Day by day, in co-operation with Admiral Sampson's squadron, the dark clouds of destruction began to thicken around the doomed Spaniards.

Being an aide and personal friend of Colonel Roosevelt, I was taken into his confidence and was often intrusted with important commissions. About ten days after the siege was begun, I was ordered to General Shafter's quarters with the dispatch that the Spaniards were fortifying a block-house recently demolished by Captain B——'s battery. Having accomplished my mission, I determined to scout around to the north, in the direction of the Cuban forces under General Gomez. Ingratitude, thy name is Cuba! In spite of what the United States was doing for them, the miserable creatures never ceased to eye with suspicion every movement of our troops. Instead of co-operating with us, they proved rather a hindrance than a help, for they were lazy and indolent, and cared only to remain in the background, and devour the provisions placed before them.

As I was nearing the northern end of the city, I turned into a wood to avoid meeting any sentinels, and after proceeding some distance, I was suddenly startled by an appalling shriek, and hurried toward it. Soon I came in sight of a handsome villa, and beheld a band of Spanish ruffians in the act of dragging an elderly gentleman and a young lady from the door. I rushed among them, and after felling two with my pistol and stabbing another with my sword, was knocked senseless from my horse. When I awoke, I was in the house, and the lady was bathing my head with cold water. I hur-

riedly inquired where I was, why I was there, and who my charming nurse was. She told me her name was Casilda Alvarez; that her father was a Spanish nobleman, commander of a troop of cavalry, and that they had come out from the city to visit their country residence. That they had been grossly insulted by the band I had scattered, which was led by a discarded suitor of hers. Just as I was knocked from my horse a troop of Cubans came up and captured several of the ruffians, and her father narrowly escaped.

"Well, Señorita," said I, "the best I can advise is that we go immediately to General Shafter's headquarters, where you can procure an escort to your father under a flag of truce."

She willingly agreed and began to prepare for the ride. This was the first time I had had an opportunity of observing her closely. She was a handsome brunette, possessing a superb figure, very dark hair and flashing black eyes and well-rounded features, with a slight expression of *hauteur* about the mouth—in truth, an ideal Spanish beauty.

We had gone only a few steps when I was accosted by Captain C——, of the Cuban force, who offered to act as our escort. I thanked him and informed him that we wished to go at once to General Shafter's headquarters. It was now sunrise, and I could see that instead of taking a direct route to the camp, he intended making a detour of the western end, in the direction of Havana.

"Captain," said I, "Excuse me, but I desire to report at once to General Shafter, as I have been out last night on a very important mission."

He responded politely that he had orders to go into the province of —— on a likewise important mission

and would be compelled to take us with him. Seeing no alternative, and distrusting the suspicious company of Cubans, I agreed to accompany him on the condition that he would immediately restore me to my command on return. On the march I noticed that the Captain was very attentive to my fair companion, and soon the truth dawned upon me that it was for her sake that we were thus forced to partake of his unwelcome hospitality. We spent the following night in a Cuban shanty, and after a meal of extremely mediocre quality, my captive was given a room by the mistress of the household.

We resumed our journey in the morning, and after a wearisome day, stopped at another Cuban home, scarcely better than the former. After supper, as I lighted a cigar, Mistress Alvarez said to me: "Señor, you have not yet told me the name of my brave preserver."

She spoke English—and admirably, too—that the Cubans might not understand. I told her my name and all about my family and home, also the sentiment of the Americans regarding the Spanish rule in Cuba. We were here interrupted by the solicitous Captain, who also spoke English, coming in to inquire if the lady desired anything. She thanked him, and then told him that when she needed his kind services he would be informed of the fact.

"Señorita," I said after the Captain's withdrawal, "are you willing to risk an escape early in the morning?"

"Oh yes," she replied, "anything to get rid of these horrid creatures."

"Very well," I said, "there will be only three soldiers on guard, and I think I can dispense with them. Be prepared when I call for you, and as we have a perilous journey before us, I think you had better assume the guise of my sister."

"All right, Jack," she said, "and as such you will please address me as Casilda."

We were again interrupted by the Captain, who desired to speak with me privately. I went out with him, and before he began I guessed the trend of his remarks. As I surmised, he began by expatiating on the lady's charms, launched out into an eloquent discourse on beauty, and finally desired that I inform the lady of his feelings and request her hand for him.

"Captain," I replied after a brief pause, "I suppose you are not aware that this lady is my sister, and while I am separated from my Spanish family in the desire to secure Cuban independence, I cannot allow her thus to enter into a marriage wholly uncongenial, certainly while the island is in such an unsettled state, and I tell you positively that I will see her safely home in Santiago."

He then resorted to argument, expatiating on the advantages that would accrue from such a union, as he expected to hold a high position in the future Cuban republic. I gave him to understand that my answer was final, and was then confronted with dire threats of vengeance if he should not secure a favorable answer on the morrow. I returned to Casilda's apartment and told her of the Captain's ridiculous proposal, at whose expense she had a hearty laugh. I was about to retire, when she said: "Wait, Jack; I think I can save you the trouble of a fight in the morning." She then stealthily took from her grip a bottle of French brandy, and quickly emptied into it the contents of a small box. She then went to the door and called the three guards. With a bewitching smile she presented them with the bottle, with the suggestion that they might need some stimu-

lant on such a rainy night. They took it eagerly and retired.

At the appointed time I secured the horses and called Casilda. She was ready in a moment, but as we rode out of the yard of course we met the ubiquitous Captain with a pistol.

"Up early, my friends," said he.

Without replying, I felled him with the butt of a Colt's revolver I had secured from one of the sleeping guards, just as his own was discharged. We set out at full speed, and rode until morning, when we came to a farm house where we secured breakfast. We rode rapidly all day without being intercepted, and as we neared the province of Sautiago, and our destination approached, I began to fancy that I felt more than a passing interest in my fair charge. However, she was so thoughtful and sisterly in her zeal for my welfare, that I spurned the idea of taking advantage of our situation by mentioning my now too fully realized affection.

We were fortunate enough to discover a log cabin toward midnight, and as I sat smoking, Casilda suddenly said, "Jack, my dear friend, how can we ever repay your disinterested kindness!"

I was sorry she said disinterested, for since I had first seen her I was not disinterested. "I am sure," I answered, "I have been more than repaid in having secured the friendship of the most charming of women, and the little service I had the happy fortune to render you, I consider slight in comparison."

"Pshaw!" she said, with a twinkle in her eye, but immediately resuming her air of sobriety, "Jack, my own brother could not have done more for me, and if this terrible war is ever ended, I want you to come at

once to my home, that my father and I may express to you our appreciation of the great service you have done us."

There she was talking in her "sisterly" way again—galling enough to me. "Don't mention it," I said, and growing restless continued, "Casilda, I am getting tired and worn out with assumed brotherly feeling. All I have done was entirely for your sake, for since the first time I—,"

"Jack," she said, "what time do you think we will get to Santiago?"

"To-morrow night, if our horses hold out," I answered sullenly. "I will be so sorry to part with you, and oh, I will be miserable at every battle for fear my kind protector will lose his life," she said after a pause.

"Casilda," said I impetuously, "to lose my life, battles, explosions, bombardments, nothing can equal the torture of being sep—,"

"Jack, I think I hear the sound of horses." In another moment the door opened, and a squad of Spaniards come in.

"Hello!" said one in Spanish, "a d—ned American, and a good-looking lass. My friend, you're a prisoner."

I told him I would surrender, but warned him against any insult to the lady. At this point an officer came in and suddenly fell back with, "My God, Casilda!" She introduced the officer as her cousin and I recognized the villain from whom I had saved her. I gave up all hope, but was surprised to hear him say, "Casilda you are safe; have no fear of me." I was at once bound to a tree outside the door.

I was just beginning to doze—I never did like to go to sleep, because I always hated so badly to wake up—

when suddenly a great noise of tramping feet awakened me. I noticed that my guard had disappeared, and almost immediately Casilda ran to me, cut my bonds, and with a "God bless you," ordered me to be gone.

"But Casilda," said I, "how can I leave you with that monster?"

"They are bringing in some prisoners" she answered hurriedly, "and, besides, I am safe now."

As I was still delaying, she ordered me again with an imperious gesture, "Go!" I mounted a trooper's horse and was off in a moment. I rode rapidly, and by the following night was safe within the American lines. I reported at once to Colonel Roosevelt, and was surprised to find everybody in a state of great rejoicing.

"Well, old fellow," said the genial Colonel, after I had told my story, "you have had a romantic adventure, but you have missed the fun here."

He then told me of the "Oregon's" celebrated voyage, the bottling up of Admiral Cervera's fleet, Hobson's daring exploit, the various land skirmishes, and the gradual but effective closing in of the American lines. "On day after to-morrow," he continued, "we intend making an attack on the San Juan forts, and you will have an excellent opportunity of distinguishing yourself."

On the morning of the —, the attack was begun in full force. By a feint on the right with Captain Caffrey's artillery, the attention of the enemy was drawn from the left where the main charge was to be made. Suddenly the Rough Riders dashed out, and ascended the slope. From all sides the Mausers fell like hail; men tumbled from their saddles, and horses sank under their riders. The slaughter was appalling. With clip-pers we cut the entangling wire fences, and continued

to advance. As I rode around the left, I espied General Wheeler sitting in a tree, and heard him yell "Charge the damned Yankees, boys; give it to them: I mean Spaniards." As I looked, Colonel Roosevelt's horse fell, but waving his sword frantically above his head, he led the ascent on foot. One more plunge brought us to the top; I saw the Spanish flag fall, and knew no more.

After many dreams of battles, charges, strange adventures, all mere jumbles of ideas, I finally regained consciousness. Where was I? At home? If so, where were mother and sister? Why such pain in my breast? I slowly opened my eyes, and beheld a female figure sitting by the window reading. As I moved she came to the side of the bed and said in a low tone, "Go back to sleep: you will feel better directly."

"Where am I?" I asked feebly.

"You are safe," she answered, "now go to sleep."

Where had I heard that voice? I could not collect my scattered thoughts, but under its soothing influence soon lost consciousness. When I next awoke, a surgeon was sitting by me.

"What is the matter?" I asked abstractedly.

"You are pretty well broken up, old fellow; but thanks to a tender nurse I believe you will pull through," he replied with a genial smile. "Now you must rest, or you will never know."

The next morning I was allowed to ask a few questions, and among the first was, might I see my kind nurse. Just then the door opened and a sweet voice said, "Jack, how are you feeling to-day?"

"Casilda!" I gasped.

"Be quiet!" the doctor interposed sternly, and I was compelled to obey. She came to the bed, gave me some

dainty nourishment, and retired. Some days after she came in cherily and inquired about my health. "I feel like a two-year-old," I answered.

"Well, you have had a narrow escape," she said.

I interrupted by saying I should be willing to go through it all again if she would only nurse me. "Be quiet now," she replied without heeding my remark, "and I will tell you all about yourself."

Casilda then related in her own inimitable way that she had heard of my serious wound at San Juan, and, fearing that I might not have proper treatment, had left her home disguised to join the Red Cross Society. She had found me with considerable difficulty, almost dead, and had nursed me constantly while my life hung in the balance. Before I could remonstrate she was gone, promising to return the following morning.

The day dragged wearily by, and when she again appeared I immediately called her to me. She came to the side of my cot, and tenderly smoothed the sheet around my neck. "Casilda," I said after a brief pause, "what in the name of common sense is the use of going on in this way? You know there is no creature under heaven I love except you—"

"Don't let us speak of such things now," she interrupted.

"Yes I will speak now," I answered hoarsely, taking her hand.

"You know I have loved you since the first time we met, and I feel now that unless you respond to my affection, I wish I had died on the battlements of San Juan."

"Do not talk that way, Jack," she replied, her eyelids becoming moist, "but if you *will* have it, yes, I

have loved you since the night you rescued me from my treacherous cousin; and if I can repay one mite of the great service you rendered my father and me by trying to make you happy, why take me, unworthy as I am."

"Casilda, I feel strong and happy enough to fight a thirteen-inch gun."

"Well, I must leave you now, as I am going into the city to look after my father and home—and I wish to inform him of our plans, since he has become reconciled to my absence in serving you."

The day following, Casilda returned accompanied by Colonel Roosevelt and two soldiers leading a man blindfolded. The Colonel congratulated me heartily on my rapid convalescence, and handed me a twenty-first birthday present of a Major's commission. He then related all the details of the fight at San Juan, and after promising to see me again retired.

"Casilda then introduced the blindfolded man as her father, and said she had obtained permission from Colonel Roosevelt for him to come and see me. He was an affable, kindly old gentleman, and at once began to thank me for the service I had rendered him on that memorable night. But this was only a calm before the storm. As Casilda began to tell him of our engagement he burst into such peals of anger as I have never heard. "Marry a damned American!" he thundered, "Never while there is a God in heaven, and one drop of Spanish blood in my veins. Young man, is this the way you repay kindness? Then may you be damned!"

As I sprang from my couch, he caught Casilda by the arm and dragged her from the tent. I fell backward, unconscious, and the torture that racked my brain for days after I awoke I can never describe. Must I then

give up after so much suffering, and on account of a haughty Spanish father lose my intended bride! With mental came again physical suffering and I improved but slowly, regretting deeply that my wounds kept me from the front ranks. As time passed many important changes transpired. Admiral Cervera's magnificent fleet was sent into the depths by Admiral Schley; preparations were being made to lay siege to Havana; General Linares had resigned his command to General Toral, who every day was becoming more and more shut in by General Shafter's lines. Soon terms of capitulation were asked for, and, after several days of negotiating, our army marched triumphantly into Santiago.

By this time I was able to assume my command and was put in control of the northern part of the city. I shall not attempt a description of Santiago, nor of the horrors attending its capture, nor of the condition of affairs generally in Cuba, for all this is well known. However, I will say that I have never seen such rejoicing as swept throughout the island after the treaty of Paris and the subsequent removal of the Spanish troops.

* * * * *

Instead of awaiting a terrible campaign, battles, wounds, and suffering, I am now sitting on the deck of the "St. Paul" as she leaves the fair Isle of Cuba, the scene of so much recent turmoil and confusion. An elderly gentleman sadly turns from the docks and walks away. What joy! what happiness! as I place my arm around my bride and whisper, "We're going home."

PHYSICS AND THE 19TH CENTURY.

BY JAS. L. LAKE.

At the end of the 18th century, despite the experiments of Davy and Rumford, heat was a material substance and light consisted of little solid corpuscles which emanated from the luminous body. Franklin, it is true, had succeeded in drawing lightning from the clouds and proving its identity with the electricity produced by rubbing a glass rod, and Volta had given to the world the elementary form of the Voltaic cell. But the application of electricity to the solution of commercial problems was probably unthought of, and the wildest dreamer had never contemplated the existence of the dynamo and motor, the telegraph and telephone, the X-rays and wireless telegraphy.

In each of the branches—Sound, Heat, Light, Electricity—great advances have been made in the 19th century. It has witnessed the growth of the science of Thermodynamics, the establishment of the wave-theory of light, and belief in the existence of a universal ether, and the discovery of practically all that is known which bears on the generation and use of electric currents.

The most important contribution to Physics ever made, and probably the most important ever made to science in general, is the principle of "Conservation of Energy." This doctrine has placed the science on a rational basis, and to-day is its very foundation. Modern Physics is essentially the science of Matter and Energy. This principle with its correlated proposition—"Energy of one kind can be transformed into energy of any other kind provided we can secure the proper mechanism"—

has given an impetus to the invention of machinery and enabled us to harness the forces of nature for useful work.

This principle, or doctrine of the conservation of energy was first given to the world by Mayer in 1842 in a paper "On the Forces of Inorganic Nature." The scientific world was not prepared for it. The editor of *Poggendorff's Annalen* declined to publish it, and though Liebig accepted it for the May number of his *Annalen*, a second paper by Mayer in 1845 could find place in none of the scientific journals, and had to be published at his own expense.

The first full and clear exposition of the principle was given by Joule, April, 1847, in a popular lecture. His reception was little less cordial than Mayer's. In June of the same year he presented the subject before the British Association. The chairman suggested that the author be brief, and no discussion was invited. Joule, however, had the good fortune to make an impression on Lord Kelvin, then young William Thomson. It led to an interview at the close of the meeting, and subsequently to a free interchange of ideas helpful to each.

In the same year that Joule read his paper Helmholtz read a paper before the Physical Society of Berlin on the same subject.

Each of these three formulated his ideas independently, and when they gave their papers neither Joule nor Helmholtz had heard of the work of Mayer, nor had they had any communication with each other.

Mach tells the following story: "During a hurried meeting with Mayer in Heidelberg, Jolly remarked with a rather dubious implication, that if Mayer's theory were true water could be warmed by shaking. Mayer went away without a word of reply. Several days later

he rushed into the latter's presence, exclaiming: 'It is - so, it is so.' "

Joule turned his attention to determining the exact relation between heat and work, and as the result of his experimentation we have the numerical relation in "Joule's Equivalent."

Probably the next greatest advance in heat was the liquefaction of gases and the establishment of the general proposition that whether an elementary substance is in the solid, liquid, or gaseous state, is purely a question of pressure and temperature.

The first important work done in this line was by Faraday. He began his experiments in 1823, and showed that the capability of being liquefied was a property common to most gases. With his bent glass tube, one end immersed in a freezing mixture, the other containing a solid, which when heated would give the desired gas, he succeeded in liquefying Hydrogen Sulphide, Hydrochloric Acid, Sulphur Dioxide, Cyanogen, Ammonia, and Chlorine. But despite the labors of Faraday and subsequent experimenters, there remained some gases which could not be liquefied and hence were termed "permanent gases." In 1869 Andrews expressed the opinion that the failure to liquefy the permanent gases was due to the fact that their critical temperatures were much lower than the lowest temperatures obtained up to that time. Acting on this suggestion, Pictet and Cailletet, working independently, attacked the problem. Making use of unprecedentedly low temperatures and great pressures they were able to announce to the world in 1877 the liquefaction of Oxygen, Nitrogen, Air, and even Hydrogen. Other investigators have taken up the problem, and by improved methods have obtained the liquefied gases in such quantities that to-day liquid air is an article of commerce.

In the field of Light the most important contribution to science was the resurrecting of the wave-theory of light, and elaborating it so as to make it agree with the observed phenomena. Huyghens had advanced the theory that light was transmitted in waves. Newton rejected it, not because it postulated the existence of an ether, as is sometimes stated, but because if light consisted of waves, then, like sound, it ought to bend around corners instead of traveling in straight lines. He gave to the world the modified form of the corpuscular theory, which held complete sway all through the 18th century.

In 1801 Thomas Young, in a paper before the Royal Society, avowed himself an advocate of the wave-theory, and, for the first time, enunciated the doctrine of interference in the following terms: "When two undulations from different sources coincide either perfectly or very nearly in direction, their joint effect is a combination of the motions belonging to each." But so violently was Young attacked that, after a few years' experimenting in Light, and trying to get persons to read his articles, he abandoned the subject for twelve years, when, having heard of Fresnel's experiments, he re-entered the lists. Fresnel began his original investigations in Light in 1815, devoted the greater part of his life to them, and made for himself the greatest name that has ever been made in this branch of Physics. He performed the experiment of placing a wire in a beam of light diverging from a point. He noticed, as Young had done earlier, the disappearance of the bands within the shadow when the light which passed on one side of the wire was cut off before it reached the screen. His explanation was like Young's, although he had no knowledge of Young's previous work, that the fringes were due to the interfer-

ence of light-waves. Many physicists were not inclined to admit that the phenomena were due to interference. The originality of Fresnel consisted more in the explanation of the phenomena than in the performing of the experiment. Diffraction fringes had been known since the 17th century, and were explained by means of the hypothetical laws of attraction and repulsion between the light corpuscles and the edges of the object which caused the diffraction. To overcome this objection of edges, Fresnel devised his mirror and bi-prism experiments. By 1825 the wave theory was firmly established among physicists, though it was not until 1853 that Foucault administered the death stab to the emission theory. If the wave theory of light be true, then the velocity of light in water must be less than in air; if the emission theory be true, the velocity must be greater in water than in air. The issue is clear-cut, and Foucault addressed himself to the performance of the crucial experiment, and proved that the velocity in water is less than in air.

The next most valuable contribution to Light is probably the branch of spectroscopy, or spectrum analysis. This branch has proved a valuable adjunct to our sister science Chemistry, a slight recompense for the many good things she has given Physics. Not only is it useful for the detection of the presence of minute quantities of elements, but by its aid several of the elements were discovered, among which may be mentioned Calcium, Rubidium, Thallium, Indium, and Gallium. And in the hands of our friends the astronomers it has probably done more than any other one thing to advance our knowledge of the heavenly bodies, telling us practically all that is known of their chemical composition, some-

thing of their physical constitution, and a great deal about their motions.

The first recorded person who detected the dark lines in the solar spectrum is Dr. Wollaston. He is said to have observed seven in 1802. But the first person who made a systematic study of them was Fraunhofer. He studied them in 1814-'15, counted about 600 of them, marked the places of 354 on a map of the spectrum, and designated the chief lines with the letters of the alphabet from A to H. Fraunhofer, however, was unable to explain the cause of the solar lines, and it remained for Kirchhoff and Bunsen to give to the world in 1859, the first scientific explanation, and later on to elaborate the application to things terrestrial and celestial.

In Electricity, practically all that is known of the electric current is the work of the 19th century. Galvani and Volta discovered the electric current, but its development and application is wholly the work of the 19th century. The application of the current to produce chemical decomposition was one of the first uses made of it. Nicholson and Carlisle decomposed water with it in 1800, and Davy, early in the century, made use of it in decomposing compounds, and with it discovered the metals Potassium, Sodium, Barium, Strontium, Calcium, and Magnesium.

In 1819, Oersted, by his discovery that a wire carrying a current could deflect a magnet, prepared the way for a great advance in the science. Ampere, learning of Oersted's discovery, began to investigate both theoretically and experimentally, and laid the foundations of Electrodynamics—a word originated by him.

Next in order came the electromagnet, the work of

Arago, Sturgeon, and Henry, paving the way for Morse's telegraph and other inventions.

In 1824, Arago rotated a copper disc beneath a magnetic needle, and saw that the needle was deflected. No one could explain the phenomenon. Faraday conceived the idea that the rotation was due to electricity induced in the revolving disc. This was the first conception of induced currents—the commercial currents of the present day. In the year 1831, after various experiments extending over five or six years, Faraday was at last rewarded with the discovery of them, and showed that they could be produced both by magnets and other currents. As a result of these studies he gave to the world Faraday's Ring and Faraday's Disc—the one the first transformer, the other the first dynamo. Faraday then dropped electromagnetism to study electrolysis and the voltaic cell. As the result of his studies he discovered the laws of electrolysis, and in 1834 introduced the terms anode and kathode.

In 1835, Faraday took up electrostatic induction. Up to this time the prevailing notion was that in the phenomena of attraction and repulsion of electrified bodies the medium played no part, that the action was simply a case of "action at a distance." Faraday doubted this at the start, and by a series of experiments proved that the intervening medium plays an essential part in the transmission of electric forces. He showed that the induction may take place along curved lines, instead of straight lines as "action at a distance" would demand, and that the intensity of the force between charged bodies varied with the intervening media. He invented the word "dielectric" for the medium through which the induction takes place, and as a result of his discovery

that the amount of induction varies with the dielectric, we have what is now termed "specific inductive capacity." Though the expression "lines of force" had been used earlier, in Faraday's hands it acquired new significance. He used the term for the first time in 1831 in connection with the arrangement of iron-filings around a magnet, but later extended it to electricity. Not having had the advantages of a mathematical education, he thus pictured to himself the state of the medium around a magnet, a charged conductor, and a wire carrying a current, and gave to us a symbolism all-prevalent to-day, and striking alike for its clearness and simplicity.

For some time Faraday suspected a relation between Light and Electricity. He tried by numerous experiments to establish it, but failed. Finally, in 1845, by passing a beam of plane polarized light through a special kind of glass, placed in a strong magnetic field, he produced a rotation of the beam. Though Faraday was unable to interpret the significance of his experiment, it was a germ which under the treatment of a master mind was destined to develop into one of the most magnificent and far-reaching theories ever enunciated. Maxwell, in 1867, gave to the world his Electro-Magnetic theory of light, and further elaborated it in his great treatise on Electricity and Magnetism, which appeared in 1873. According to this theory the waves of light are not mere mechanical motions of the ether but electric undulations. Before he began his great work, he tells us he reviewed carefully the experiments of Faraday to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the facts. He thus entered upon his work thoroughly imbued with Faraday's ideas and began to put them into mathematical language. As he proceeded with his

work, he became impressed with the similarity of his equations and those required in the mathematical theory of light. From this he concluded that the electric ether and the luminiferous ether were one and the same thing, and light waves only a special form of electric waves. The accuracy of Maxwell's conclusions has not only been proved by comparing the calculated velocity of electric radiations with the experimentally determined velocity of light, but Hertz succeeded in actually producing electric waves. He measured the lengths of the waves, succeeded in reflecting and refracting them, and proved that they could be polarized. Commercial application has been made of electric waves in the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy, but this is one of the least results that have flowed from the establishment of the theory. It has greatly strengthened our belief in the existence of a universal ether, it has broken down the distinctions between radiant heat, light, and electricity. These are all now indissolubly connected, and are to be regarded simply as different manifestations of one and the same thing. The theory has given a wonderful impetus to the study of radiation, has led to the discovery of kinds formerly not dreamed of, and, we believe, has prepared the way for the still further amplification and unification of the science. It is probably the key which, in connection with vacuum discharges, is destined to unlock doors now closed and to open up to our view great vistas of truth.

Electric discharges in partial vacuums are perhaps the most fascinating contributions of the 19th century. In 1853, Masson sent a discharge through the Torricellian vacuum. A few years later Geissler began to prepare the class of tubes, which are now known as Geissler

tubes. With improved methods for getting better vacuums, Crookes gave some interesting phenomena of the kathode rays. Later Lenard was able to conduct the rays through an aluminium window into the air and produce phosphorescence with them. Then, 1895, followed Roentgen's startling discovery of the X-rays, which have proved such a valuable adjunct to surgery, and so helpful a stimulus to scientific investigation.

It may be asked what are the causes which have led to the great advances made by Physics in the 19th century. Possibly they are many and the result is simply the concurrent effect. It cannot be said, however, that this progress was to be expected simply in the natural order of events, for if we compare the contributions made in the 17th and 18th centuries, we shall find that the latter did not keep the step set by the former, indeed there are those who claim that in the 18th Physics, as a whole, went backward instead of forward. The Newtonians, outdoing their illustrious master, not only swept away the vortices of Descartes but all traces of any medium whatsoever in interplanetary and interstellar space, and at the end of the century action at a distance reigned supreme. As already noted, in the closing years of the 18th century, Rumford and Davy performed experiments which were sufficient to overthrow the idea of the materiality of heat, but as late as the middle of the 19th we find Jolly saying to Mayer: "If your theory be true, water could be warmed by shaking." The contributions to electricity made by Franklin in his leisure moments were of course of decided value, as were also numerous minor experiments made by different persons on various subjects. And the discovery of the electric current by Galvani and Volta was epoch-making, as has been

shown by the work of the 19th century. Yet, taking the work of the century as a whole, we feel warranted in saying that its contributions to Physics fell much below the work of the preceeding century.

Among the causes which have led to the advance, two seem to stand out from the rest as easily chief.

First and foremost, a noble galaxy of men, prompted by the desire to discover some of nature's secrets, devoted their lives to the science, and freely gave their results to the world at large, counting themselves happy if only they could read the laws of nature aright. Men like Joule, Helmholtz, Young, Arago, Fresnel, Ampere, Faraday, Maxwell, Kelvin, Hertz, Henry, would have advanced the science in any age. Worthy to have been contemporaries of Newton, the future, whatever discoveries and advances it may yield, cannot fail to write them high on the roll as master-builders in the science.

Next in importance, and particularly is this true in electricity, is the application of the discoveries of investigators to the solution of commercial problems. The cry for bread is one of long standing, and is pertinent, and probably will always be heard in the land, and it is no mean tribute to Physics that she has hearkened to the cry and contributed no little towards making bread both cheaper and more abundant.

The first application was in telegraphy. As early as 1821, Ampere suggested the sending of signals by electromagnetic apparatus, and Morse, making use of the discoveries of Henry, invented a system which is substantially the system now in use in this country, and in 1844, established a line between Baltimore and Washington. Since then invention has followed invention in quick and ever quickening succession, and the last

quarter of the century was a season of unwonted activity. It may be of interest to note in passing, that the first public exhibition of the principle that one dynamo can be used as a generator and another as a motor was made in 1873. Also the first electric railway was put in operation at the Industrial Exhibition at Berlin in 1879.

The law of action and reaction is illustrated here as well as in the attraction of matter. As the discoveries of investigators have been utilized by inventors, so inventors in turn have frequently become discoverers. The germinal principles have been developed and expanded, and in helping themselves they have greatly amplified the science. Oersted and Ampere gave us the fundamental principles of the motor, and Faraday gave us the embryonic types of the dynamo and transformer, but it required years of investigation and experimentation on the part of inventors to evolve the types of these instruments which are in use to-day. The numerous and important applications of the principles have invested them with a dignity which they could not otherwise have acquired in our eyes, have greatly extended our knowledge of the consequences that flow from them, and have prepared the way for future discoveries, both by pure investigators and inventors. Indeed, of many men, it would be difficult to say whether they should be classed as inventors or investigators. Of many others, it may be said that while the foremost idea with them has been to invent and patent a successful machine, they have been forced, in achieving their end, to become themselves discoverers, and thus to contribute to the science from which they drew.

HOW THE KITTENS WERE SAVED.

BY ANON.

My brother, who lives in a country home near the mountains, had a large, beautiful dog named Towser, and a black and white-spotted cat which was called Bessy. Now Bessy was grown and enjoyed all the privileges that a cat is entitled to when Towser was nothing but a little black ball of fur just able to toddle about after a boy and playfully bite your fingers with his needle-like teeth. When he had grown nearly the size of the cat, he tried in vain to cultivate her friendship by jumping around and barking in her face. After getting a few hard slaps beside his head, which sent him rolling over the floor, he gave it up and changed his tactics. His only desire now was to tease her, taking care, however, to keep out of reach of her dreaded paw.

But a little incident one day happened, which, insignificant in itself, placed an enmity between dog and cat, which became more bitter as the days passed. It happened in this way: Bessy lay comfortably on the grass dreaming in the sunshine. The puppy ran up to her suddenly bit her tail and barked loudly in her ear. She jumped about two feet in the air, as cats will do sometimes when suddenly surprised, turned a summersault and quickly faced her imaginary foe. When she saw the little contemptible thing she gave him a slap that he never forgot, and he ran howling into the house with an unrelenting grudge against the crabby old cat. He ever afterward carried a small scar on his face to remind him of the disastrous result of his little joke.

Towser grew wonderfully and his successful encounter

with a wounded mink, which my brother shot in the act of dragging off a chicken, marked his first achievement. After this he seemed to think himself lord of the farm, and chickens and pigs had a hard life, but he was still afraid of Bessy.

Passing over some minor contests which took place while Towser was growing up, his hardest fight, in which he was victorious, took place with a big old hound from over the way, which was in the habit of coming over occasionally and "lording it over" Towser. The latter decided that the time had come when he was as good a man as the hound in question, or any other dog, and so one night when His Houndness made a call, the two dogs went together. After a furious struggle in which victory was for a time doubtful, the hound concluded that home would be more comfortable for him, and acting upon this conclusion, he took a precipitous and unceremonious departure, accompanied by Towser all the way, who proved a rather rough escort.

This contest was of course followed by several between Towser and Bessy, and it would have gone hard with the latter who, by the way, was an expert dog-fighter, had she not received human aid at critical times. Thus Towser was for a long time prevented from taking his revenge.

The floor of the ell of the house was about a foot from the ground. Bessy learned to run back under this floor for safety when hard pressed, and Towser could not follow.

One morning in a snug little bed in the furthest corner four little kittens were found. They were beautiful little things, spotted like their mother, and would look at you ever so innocently from their little steel-grey eyes,

but they would hiss and spit if you attempted to caress them. The two that survived were never completely tamed, because we seldom handled them. Bessy taught them from their infancy to be wary and distrustful of any stranger, which was a good lesson as the sequel will show. The kittens were soon large enough to get out of the corner and play with each other under the house. But when they ventured out Bessy would slap them in good fashion, and make them get back. They soon learned that there was danger outside, and did not venture any more without permission.

One lovely spring morning when the grass was green and the grape-vine was clothed in leaves and the pink peach blossoms beckoned and smiled in the cooling breeze, the little kittens came to their mother and begged permission to go out into the yard and play, saying, in the kitten language, that they could hide in the grape-vine or run up the peach tree very easily should Towser be mean to them. Bessy, like a lenient mother, gave them permission, and the kittens were soon out chasing each other through the grass, up the tree, and all through the vine. The chickens, with great curiosity, stood craning their necks and commenting on the little strangers.

While they were playing together, unconscious of the watchfulness of the mother cat and of any danger, Bessy was quietly lying on an elevated spot apparently napping, though an observer could see her quick eyes, occasionally dart in different directions, as if expecting some sneaky foe. Towser endeavored more than once to surprise the kittens, but Bessy was too quick and placed herself in the way until they were safe under the ell. Her watchfulness was in greater demand during the night while

we were asleep, for in the day-time we could keep Towser in subjection, and he seldom disturbed the cats. Another circumstance which forced Bessy to be more careful in her nightly vigils, was the nocturnal visits of Chang, the little pug, from Mr. Beazley's. When he came he was sure to chase those kittens, and, afraid of Bessy, he would always get Towser into the sport, and often into trouble.

From my window, on bright moon-light nights, when the silvery haze rested on the landscape, giving to all objects a ghostly appearance, I often watched those little kittens in their merry nightly gambols, while their mother lay on a big brown stump with eyes and ears open for an enemy. I cast my eyes a little further down to the edge of the woods, which encircled the yard like a black wall, and wondered what wild animal of the mountain, or hobgoblin it might be, would suddenly dash out of the blackness of the wood, seize the little innocent kittens before their mother's eyes, and disappear again. But they were not destined to be carried off in such a manner. They would have been caught and killed long ago had it not been for Bessy's careful vigil and pluck, but when Towser or any other formidable enemy approached, the danger signal was given and the kittens would scoot under the house in a hurry.

But one night, after the kittens had grown considerably, thinking that they were now better able to get away from danger, and that she could relax her vigils a little, Bessy permitted them to play further than usual from their retreat. At times she left the stump and joined in the play, as she had done before at the urgent request of her children, and the pretty little things were never so happy as when their mother played with them.

It was a happy little family—this trio of cats—but on this night their happiness was destined to be rudely broken.

Bessy was lying complacently upon the stump, and the kittens had wandered towards the fence at the edge of the woods. I could see them dimly as they frolicked, tumbled over each other and played hide-and-seek and other games of their own. Towser was lying quietly under the chestnut tree near the house. The gambols of the kittens in the weeds and the old cat upon the stump had not escaped his notice though he said nothing. He observed the distance of the kittens from the house; he looked at Bessy and felt the scar on his nose. Remembering vividly old scores, he thought to himself that now there was an opportunity to get even.

Satisfied that we all were asleep he was about to rise and make a rush, when up walked Chang on his usual nocturnal visit, with his long, rabbit-like ears straight out, making an angle less than ninety degrees with his face. He was Towser's near neighbor and best friend and they were once the same size, but Chang never got any larger, so Towser would now make six of him. But their friendship was unchangeable, and whatever one despised the other did also. So when Chang walked up, intuitively divining the other's thoughts and desiring to get a whack at the kittens on his own account, it was the signal to charge. And charge they did down the slope into the weeds and grass, taking the family almost by surprise. It would have been bad for the kittens but Bessy was too quick for the enemy. She was off the stump in front of the kittens in a jiffy. Towser sprang upon his antagonist and a noble fight did the old cat put up, but against odds. There was no help now that

could reach her in time and Towser seizing her in his huge mouth shook her hard and with one blow of his powerful paws crushed the life out of her.

The kittens, chased by Chang easily made their escape to the ell, but it was at a costly sacrifice, for their faithful mother lay dead in the weeds, her life given that her kittens might live.

THE DOGWOOD.

BY G. W. PASCHAL.

When May-day breaks on vale and height,
It finds a glory there,
Against the green a tender white,
The dogwood glad and fair,
Ready with all to help the May
On this expansive, happy day—
To wreath around a maiden's form,
To make the children come
Gladly bearing upon the arm
The May-day trophies home.

O gentle tree, how fresh thy flower!
Around its central green
Four linen leaves spread out a shower
Of white, a royal sheen.
Thou art the Virgin of the Spring
Waiting the bridegroom's wedding ring;
How at thy sight the gallant oak
Puts forth his leaves with might;
How youth remembers that sweet yoke
That beauty still makes light.

I never heard that this fair tree
Smiled on the Huron shore,
By Illinois or Manistee
Or Maumee's frozen roar;
Here, only here, it wills to stand,
A glory of our Southern land,
Where all the opening year's glad time
Are heard the mock bird's love,—
Another boast of this blest clime,—
And coo of turtle dove.

GOETHE'S FAUST.

BY. J. Q. ADAMS, JR.

During the dark ages of European history the superstitious and credulous mind of the ignorant masses pointed to the learned men of their day as wizards who had sold themselves to the Devil. This widespread feeling took definite form in the Faust legend, whispered by every old crone in the ghostly flickering of the mediæval heatherside. The story first found its way into print in 1587, in an old German text, *A History of Dr. Johann Faust, the far renowned Enchanter and Black Artist*. This work, giving rise to many others, was widely circulated throughout the continent and even imported into England. It was from this Anglicised version that Marlowe took the plot and incidents of his strange and wonderful play, *Faustus*.

With this story Goethe had been familiar from his earliest youth, but not until late in life did he realize the deep meaning which lay hid beneath its surface. At Frankfurt the vast possibilities of the subject seem to have dawned upon his mind, and for years it continued to fascinate him. While at work on other poems he thought of it often and profoundly.

In 1774 he first cast the story into dramatic form, but not until years later, after much intermittent labor, was it ultimately published in its final state.

Little more than a vulgar tale of magical wonders the legend became, in passing through his matchless imagination, a conception pregnant with thought and passion—a conception in which were embodied all the most vital elements of the intellectual life of his century.

Goethe represents Faust as "a man of magnificent intellect and embodied with the purest and loftiest aspirations of humanity. His innate feeling of infinity is ever struggling with his conscious human finiteness. He would know all, do all, experience all."

The prologue, drawing its inspiration from the ancient story of Job, foreshadows the whole development of the play. The heavenly hosts are assembled to proclaim that all the works of the Lord are glorious. The three archangels, Raphael, Gabriel and Michael, each advance and sing of the glory of creation, that "all is good, all fair as at the birth of light." But among the hosts thus assembled there is one spirit, Mephistopheles, the evil genius, who admits that all is glorious but man, who, he declares, with all his intellect is a blot upon creation. His bold assertion is denied by God and he is given full permission to tempt Faust and prove his allegation. But the permission is accompanied by a prediction of the ultimate defeat of the tempter.

The drama opens with Faust seated at his desk in a narrow Gothic chamber. It is past the hour of midnight and the busy city is hushed in sleep. The dim, flickering lamp lights up the dusty books, grinning skull and the other paraphernalia of a professor's study. Pale and worn with midnight toil he looks upon these objects with disgust. In a melancholy mood he meditates. He is now an old man; his whole life had been spent in study; he had made himself famous over all the world for his learning; but now he feels that all had been in vain, that true knowledge cannot be gained by human wisdom. His soul thirsts for something infinitely grander than his books tell him of. His eager

mind longs to reach out, to think the very thoughts of nature, to grasp her inmost secrets,

" To see below its dark foundations
Life's embryo seeds before their birth
And Nature's silent operations."

Despairing of finding truth by other means, he turns now to supernatural methods. Opening before him a book of magic, his eager glance falls upon the sign of Macrocosmos. Instantly the scales drop from his eyes; a new rapture thrills his being; he beholds nature and all her hidden ways working together in glorious harmony:

" Each from each, while each is giving,
On to each, and each relieving
Each, the pails of gold, the living
Current through the air is heaving."

But suddenly he remembers that all this is a mere show, a vision, and he a powerless spectator. His old despair returns and he exclaims sadly to nature:

" To thee the spirit, seared and lonely
Childlike, would seek the sweet restorative,
On thy maternal bosom feed and live."

Almost despairingly he turns the pages of the book until his eyes rest upon the sign of the spirit of the earth. Again hope returns and boldly he summons. And yet in its awful presence he trembles with horror. Repulsed, stung by bitter taunts, he is finally left alone in the depth of despair, the last flickering hope extinguished.

At this tragic moment the poet, with fine artistic touch, introduces the character of Wagner. This young student is a mere pedant. To him dry rules, barren logic, and dead formulas are the choicest morsels. We have drawn a masterful picture of the two men, a con-

trast between the insatiable avarice of mere so-called learning, and the intense longing of the soul for true knowledge. We feel deeply, in the comparison, the real nobleness of Faust's nature.

Again left to himself, Faust continues his soliloquy of despair. What now remains for him? Life is vain, a hollow mockery; everything repulses his search for knowledge. He determines to solve or end all in death. And why not? If the mind continues to think death will set it thinking in another sphere free from material hindrances. It is his choice; the poison is his own; he seizes the cup and lifts it to his lips.

Dawn begins to break, and the distant church bells peal forth a glad welcome to the Easter morn. Faust's hands trembles; his hearing, spiritually acute, catches the mysterious song of passing angels. He stops. The chorus of a street procession of women reaches his ears. His mind surges with thought. The memory of his youth and his innocent childhood calls him back to life, and forces the cup from his lips.

It is with a sigh of relief that we escape the gloomy study, and in the early morn of Easter day follow Faust and Wagner through the city gates out into the fresh, free air of the fields. How Faust longs to be a man with men, happy and lighthearted, like the simple peasants passing in their gay holiday attire! And yet, how could his aspiring soul confine itself to the commonplace of life.

Returning at sunset, a black poodle follows Faust into his study, and thus we are introduced to that important character, Mephistopheles. The Satan, of Milton, invested with the interest of a hero, forces us to admiration; but the Mephisto, of Goethe, presents not the least trait of character which appeals to our sympathy.

We find ourselves again at night in the narrow Gothic study by dim lamplight. The dog, refusing to leave, is crouched behind the stove. Faust begins to meditate and his thoughts, under the influence of the day, turn toward Heaven. A sudden impulse seizes him to translate the New Testament into his native tongue.

He opens and begins to write: "In the beginning was the word." But is the *word* to have such value? Again he writes: "In the beginning was the thought." Is it *thought* that works in all, makes all? Rather it should be "In the beginning was the power." Yet still he is unsatisfied. An inspiration seizes him, all is clear, and boldly he writes, "In the beginning was the ACT." A complete revolution of thought sweeps over his mind. *Action* is the panacea that will heal the longing of the soul. He will up and pass from mere speculation to active experience.

The dog, meanwhile, had begun to show many signs of restiveness and fear under these holy meditations. Faust, by a powerful spell of magic, forces the evil genius to drop his disguise, and Mephistopheles stands forth. In the argument which follows between the two, Faust bitterly describes his life as a failure and disappointment, and closes by uttering a curse upon all earthly pleasures and virtues. Mephistopheles, subtle temper, gives an ingenious turn to the recent meditations of Faust. He suggests that the best way to satisfy his mind's longing is to "create another world," to renounce Philosophy and speculation, and pass to action—to a life without restraint.

How pathetic is the agreement which Faust makes! He delivers himself into the hands of Mephistopheles, to a life of passion and sensuality, on the condition that

if this could give happiness such that he could wish to say to a single passing moment, "Abide with me; fly not," then would he yield soul and body to suffer whatever future dooms should be inflicted upon him.

"The tragedy of knowledge becomes a tragedy of life."

This new life begins with the scene in Auerbach's cellar in Leipzig, whither Faust had been transported. The place, reeking with the fumes of bad wine and stale tobacco, and boisterous with drunken laughter and obscene songs, is the easiest solution of human enjoyment. But it is revolting to the refined feelings of the old philosopher and Professor of Metaphysics. The change is too great, and with disgust Faust demands to be conveyed hence. Mephistopheles perceives the cause and divines the remedy—Faust must be made young again. In the witch's kitchen this transformation is brought about, and Faust emerges a handsome, youthful gallant, seeing "a Helen in every street."

We come now to the climax of the play, the tender love-story of Margaret. This pathetic tragedy, told with matchless skill, gives a delightful background to the drama, and throws a peculiar charm over the whole play.

Margaret, we feel, is a mere child. Her pure heart, and simple, confiding faith, render her one of the most pathetic creations of literature. Her guileless innocence is in fine contrast with the worldly designing of Martha, who openly makes love to Mephistopheles; and over all, the cynical sneers of the evil genius throw a pathetic cast.

From the street scene in which Faust first sees and accosts the peasant maid we pass to Margaret's small but neatly kept chamber, where, as she braids her hair,

she muses pensively, somewhat flattered, by the attentions of a gallant of noble family, she imagines. At night she sings that exquisite little song as she undresses, still having in mind the incident of the morning:

"There was a King in Thule
And he loved an humble maid."

Mephistopheles secures a meeting between the two, and next we come to the garden scene so full of the pure happiness of love. How well is the childlike naïveté of Margaret brought out when, plucking the leaves from the daisy one by one, she murmurs with beating heart, "He loves me—loves me not."

The noblest feelings of Faust's young nature are aroused by her pure love, but they are destroyed by the cynical promptings of his companion in the angry scenes in the forest and cave. Meanwhile Margaret, their innocent victim, is sitting at her spinning wheel and with forebodings of evil is singing—

"My peace is gone,
And my heart is sore,
I have loved him—and lost him
For evermore."

"In the second garden scene, one of the most famous in literature, Margaret innocently questions Faust on his religious faith. She receives an answer which is "the poetry of Pantheism." In these few lines Goethe has revealed his own religion. "Grandeur, deeper, holier thoughts are not to be found in poetry." It is wholly beyond the range of Margaret's intellect, but supposing that it is the same that the priests tell her of, she is satisfied.

This makes her willing to administer the sleeping draught to her mother and admit her lover to her apartment.

Nowhere has Goethe placed himself so close by Shakespeare's side as in the scenes that follow. By the blind passion of Faust and the machinations of the demon, Margaret is surrounded with a cloud of guilt and disgrace which ever becomes darker and darker. The death of her mother, the scene at the fountain, the fainting in the cathedral at the terrible thundering of the *Dies Irae*, the open shame of Margaret, the return and murder of her brother, follow in swift and tragic succession.

The tension is relieved by the witch's carnival on Walpurgis night. Here amid the wildest revels upon the rough summits of the Harz mountains, Faust is ever haunted by the form of one whom he had left in the deepest misery. Finally, in a mysterious vision he sees her in great distress. His old passion returns and loudly he cries to Mephistopheles, "Save her, or woe on thee!"

Margaret, her reason a total wreck, had drowned her child, and had for that been condemned to the gallows. As Faust and Mephistopheles are speeding to her aid on dark magic horses, they hear the carpenters at work on the gibbet preparing for the execution of the morrow. Before the break of dawn they arrive at the dungeon in which Margaret lies huddled on the miserable straw, wildly singing snatches of old songs. She mistakes her lover for the jailor and pathetically pleads for life, now demanding her child, now imagining hell beneath her prison. At last she recognizes Faust, and half incoherently recalls the course of their love. He had come to snatch her from death, but it is not life that she demands—it is the innocence and happiness of former years, and since these have passed, never to return, she refuses to leave her dungeon and her fate. As the passion reaches

its climax the grim face of the demon appears. The effect on Margaret is chilling. Madly she raves:

"What shape is that which rises from the earth?

'Tis he, 'tis he! Oh, send him from this place!"

Mephistopheles urges Faust to come away or all will be lost. As they turn to leave, Margaret calls upon her Heavenly Father. Mephistopheles maliciously sneers, "She is judged;" but a voice from above replies, "She is saved."

Meph. to Faust—Here, hither with me!

(They vanish.)

A voice from within, crying—Heinrich! Heinrich!

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The publication of Tolstoy's latest work, Tolstoy. "Resurrection," has created quite a stir in Russian political and religious circles. His excommunication by the State Church and his banishment to Siberia have brought him during the past few weeks prominently before the world.

He was born in 1828, of one of the most ancient families of Russian nobility. Although highly educated in the universities of his country, he chose the profession of arms and served with distinction in the Crimean campaigns, in which his gallantry was rewarded by rapid promotion. At the conclusion of the war, however, he resigned his commission and retired to private life on his ancestral estates. A little later the publication of a number of war sketches from his pen revealed him to the world as a master of Russian prose, and opened for him a brilliant career in the realm of literature. His development in this field is well known. Turgenieff once said: "He is the greatest of contemporary novelists; Europe does not contain his equal." But Tolstoy suddenly gave up this art, turned his back upon the alluring future, and announcing that his former philosophy of life was false, became a reformer, a phil-

anthropist in the highest sense of the word, a teacher of a new truth, that which he terms Christ-Christiansity. And to-day he presents a double personality, first, the artist and man of the world, and second the Christian and ascetic teacher.

The inequality of man is that which he seeks to remedy. With aching heart he sees the poor peasant in direst misery and the noble and wealthy in extravagant luxury; he sees one class grinding its life out in miserable servitude to the other; one half of humanity arrayed against the other half.

In the *North American Review*, in an article entitled "The Root of the Evil," he clearly sets forth his doctrine. What, he asks, is the fundamental cause of the miserable condition of mankind? At first glance, one might say that it is because the land, through violence, had been usurped by a few; that fortunes had been acquired by craft and dishonesty; that capitalists employed undue advantage over their employees to deprive them of their full earnings; that the government extorted heavy taxes by violence from the peasantry to protect and support their masters. Yet these things, though terribly true, do not constitute the fundamental cause, but only a consequence. Why do millions of the lower classes live under such conditions? The reason lies in the standing army, that force in the hands of the minority ready to crush those who refuse to obey the will of the few. He enters a most bitter denunciation of the Russian army. "If the possessors of wealth," he declares, "defended their own property, it would not be so infamous; but it is awful that, to enable them to rob and to defend their plunder, they should make use of the very men they have robbed; and in so doing degrade the souls of their victims." But why standing armies? Even

this evil has its cause, and in this last link Tolstoy finds the fundamental, ultimate root of the whole matter. And, indeed, he finds it where none had thought to seek, in the so-called Christianity of to-day. His attack upon the dogmatic theology, that which he terms Church-Christianity, is most severe. According to this system, "a profession of faith and an acknowledgment of dogmas, facts, sacraments and prayers alone is demanded. Everything else is permitted, even praiseworthy, if one gives a hundredth part of his income to the churches and hospitals and keeps back the rest, won by violence, from the cries of the needy." In ringing terms he declares that "in order to remove the evils from which mankind suffer, neither the emancipation of the land, nor the abolition of taxes, nor the communizing of the instruments of production, nor even the destruction of existing governments is required, the only thing needed is the annihilation of the teachings falsely called Christianity, in which the men of our time are educated." For Church-Christianity he would substitute Christ-Christianity, in which right is right and wrong is wrong *per se* and not *per doctrinam*. In conclusion, he states that the awful system of human life which now prevails will cease to be when men cease to believe "the lie in which they are educated, and believe instead the supreme truth which was revealed to them 1900 years ago."

We can only remark that while conditions of affairs in his own fatherland may warrant such language, it clearly cannot be applied to the institutions of our own country. Tolstoy's beneficial influence, however, on Russian life and thought can not be questioned. His teaching is like the voice of one crying out in the wilderness against the dark history of the people's oppression.

His life-work has been one long struggle against the sway over men's minds of set ideas and principles. His aim has been to arraign before the hearts and consciences of each individual the laws, customs and institutions of the land. His final appeal is to the heart of the individual, and he has done his greatest work in bringing before the Russian mind the vital import of the brotherhood of man.

Our Mails. In regard to its Post-office Wake Forest is fortunate in many respects, particularly in its admirable location and in its amiable and popular Postmaster. But there is, and has been for many years, a sad need of more frequent mails. Although eight passenger trains pass through Wake Forest every twenty-four hours only two mails are received here. Living within sixteen miles of the capital city of our State we do not receive its daily papers until noon, at which time they can be bought in the city of Philadelphia. Many towns between Wake Forest and Weldon receive regularly the mails on the night fast-trains, and why should not Wake Forest, an essentially literary and intellectual place, enjoy the same privilege? Now that we have a night operator at the depot the care of these mails would be an easy matter, and we have no doubt but that the Post-office Department would grant to the college and town this favor if a suitable petition were presented to them. The initiative step is needed. We, therefore, call upon our energetic faculty, to whom we turn in every case of need, to start the movement among themselves, and we feel sure that it could not but be successful. In the future, at least, let this privilege be enjoyed by students and citizens.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Laboratory and Pulpit. The Relation of Biology to the Preacher and his Message. The Gay Lectures, 1900. By William L. Poteat, M.A., Professor of Biology in Wake Forest College. Philadelphia: The Griffith & Rowland Press. 1901.

"It is a clear, strong, wholesome statement of the things that are, to which those who know of it do well that they take heed," is the judgment passed upon Professor Poteat's little volume by Dr. Wm. Newton Clarke, Professor of Christian Theology in Hamilton Theological Seminary, N. Y., and the author of the strongest work on theology yet produced in America, and of a commentary on the Gospel of Mark. For such a distinguished scholar to speak in such terms is no little thing, for praise is of real value, as we are told in the line which Cicero loved, when it is by a man who has been praised himself—*a laudato viro*.

After this introduction, we turn to the book itself and find that it consists of three lectures delivered before the members of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in the Spring of 1900. From beginning to end it is redolent of the laboratory, for the author professes to "speak as a student of science, not as a theologian." However, the reader will find that the book betrays a comprehensive and firm grasp of subjects theological.

In the first lecture, true to its subject, we find traced the biological revolution, which was as well "a revolution in mental attitude and outlook." This revolution, consummated about 1860, was due to the establishment of two main generalizations, "the protoplasm theory, comprehending in one view all animal and plant structures, and the evolution theory, unifying them in the mode of their origin," which "constitute the foundation of modern biology." This science, resting on such foundation, has wrought a revolution in all lines of thought. The biologist dealing with the cell—that "miniature of nature where all her forces meet to do their finest work—stands at the heart of things," and so the problems of human life are primarily biological. Again, the evolution idea has pervaded everything, and

thanks to it, nature once more becomes vitalized with the presence of God's directing presence, and harmony comes out of discord and light strikes through the mystery of sorrow. In view of these things revision and restatement have become necessary in all departments of mental activity, and we now have a new psychology, a new sociology, a new literature, a new ethics.

The second lecture has for its subject, "The New Appeal." In this is treated the relation of the new science of biology to theology—not religion, for "theology is one thing and religion quite another. Religion is the inward experience of God; theology, the intellectual account of it." We are now in a period of theological confusion; the great theologians of the world are expressing contradictory views relative to the most precious things of life. But amid this confusion the Word of God stands secure, and in restatement and controversy we may be certain that no part of the truth will be lost. In the old statement of theology, no account was taken of the great natural truths revealed by the science of biology. "Theology is now trying to make good this defect. The theological ferment and confusion of the end of the century is but the effort to restate the doctrine of God and man in conformity with the new knowledge." This new knowledge helps us to a better conception of God, of man, of the Bible, and of the spiritual world.

The third lecture, "The Unknown Tongue," treats of the preacher's attitude in the changed environment. It must be admitted that a crisis confronts organized Christianity to-day. We observe that outside the church religious matters are discussed, inside there is unrest, and desertion, and, in spite of all, Christian progress is unimpeded. The two causes of these things seem to be the strain of the divergence of the old dogma and the new science, and the pulpit's attitude of resistance to science, an attitude which grows out of ignorance of what science is, and of the failure to recognize that science still leaves room for God and the Bible, and which is wholly irrational, ineffectual and unwise. The way to correct this attitude is by scientific training in the preacher's course, and caution against too much specialism in study. Let the preacher train the imaginative as well as the rational side of his nature. Such, in meager outline, are the lectures—an outline, however, which

seems almost a mutilation, so far does it fall short of portraying many excellencies of the work which ought to be mentioned. In the first place, one is impressed with the scholarly stamp of the book. Every statement seems to be the product of much study and thought. There are numerous references from a wide range of topics: Biology, Theology, Philosophy, Sociology, Church History, etc. Again, together with a refreshing breath and catholicity of review, one finds a consuming zeal for the good and pure and holy as they are represented in the Christian church. The primary purpose of the book was, no doubt, to get some two hundred young preachers interested in biology, but from every page flashes the real purpose to advance the Master's kingdom by showing that Christianity is larger than any human statement of it, and that with it all bodies of truth, when properly understood, will be found not opposed, but allied. So the book is in the interest not of science, but of religion.

The style shows the superiority of the spoken word in which the author has evidently had much experience. Much of the best literature of the world has been produced for oral delivery. This is almost universally true of the master-pieces of Greece and Rome, and in modern times the great masters of English prose, such as Ruskin, Newman, Pater, have written with audiences in view. Owing to this their productions breathe with something like a living presence, and this is just what one finds in the lectures before us, especially in the first two, for in the third I am not exactly certain that the exhortation to read the poets grows legitimately out of the subject. Each is an organic whole in which thought rises out of thought, topic out of topic, and all contribute to one central theme. Every statement is clear, and the reader's consent and sympathy are gained as the thought advances. The whole is lighted up by a wealth of metaphor, anecdote, and literary allusion.

G. W. P.

EXCHANGES.

WINSTON D. ADAMS.

The April number of *The Carolinian* is far superior in many respects to any of its previous issues this year. "He Fell in Love with his Wife," is one of the most enjoyable stories that we have seen in any college magazine. There are also two splendid essays, "George Eliot" and "Glimpses of the 'Opium Eater,'" both of which reflect much credit on the magazine. The few snatches of poetry are good.

The *Aurora*, from the Agnes Scott Institute, presents an imposing table of contents in its April number. The essay on Luther and Savonarola is an exceedingly well written one, showing up the characteristics and points of similarity in a truly striking manner. "Of what Benefit to Students are Examinations" is an essay of merit, and the translation from the *Æneid* of *Æneas* in the Temple of Juno is very beautifully done.

The Oaklandite is one of the best high school magazines that we find on our table. The April number, in its beautiful spring white dress, contains, besides two admirable sketches, a story with the title "A Victim of Circumstantial Evidence," which would do credit to the foremost of our university journals. The literary is well sustained by the various other departments. We commend especially the editorials, which display a maturity of thought hardly ever excelled by any of the larger college magazines.

A very unpretending little magazine is *The Howard Collegian*, from away down in Alabama. In the April number is an admirable sketch of the life and work of Victoria, in fact the best that we have yet seen in any college magazine. The essay entitled 'Harmony and Discord,' is exceedingly well written and contains an abundance of thought. "The Whippoorwill's Call" is

a well developed story which holds the attention of the reader to the last. The Editorial and Exchange editors are to be congratulated on the excellence of their departments.



We are glad to see that the students of *William Jewell College* are taking even more interest in their magazine as the session draws to its close. They have made it one of the best college journals with which we have the pleasure of exchanging. The first article in the April number, "A Contrast," immediately catches our eye. Its conception and development are quite unique. Mr. Atwood in his "Character of the Early Settlements Along the Missouri," has vividly pictured to us scenes of frontier life during the development of the Western part of our country. There is but one piece of fiction in this issue of the magazine, "A Sunday in Glendale." The quality of this story, however, makes up for the lack of quantity. A Muse, and an excellent one too, seems to be at the disposal of the editor. *The William Jewell Student* has always excelled in poetry. This is indeed the case with this number. Mr. Dye is to be especially commended for his poem, "A Cow-Boy's Song."



While the April number of the *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* is well up to its usual high standard in the departments of essay and poetry, it is woefully lacking in good fiction. The stories entitled "Two Doctors and a Patient," and "The Two Crows," are not even worthy of the waste basket. The essays on "Alger non Sidney," and "A Sketch of the Hon. William Wirt," fully make up for the deficiency in fiction. The Oration, "Man a Product of Imagination," shows much study and research. "In the Autumn" is an exceedingly beautiful little poem, but a little out of season.



One of the most tastefully bound magazines that come to our table is *The College of Charleston Magazine*. We were somewhat disappointed, however, at the subject matter of the April number. The editors seem to be having great difficulty in

securing material for their *Magazine*. The only readable articles in this number are an interesting essay on "Andrew Marvell," and an admirable translation from the German of Goethe, both of which are from the pen of the editor-in-chief, Mr. Lewis Lewisoohn. Mr. Lewisoohn is to be congratulated on getting out the *Magazine* without the assistance of his fellow students.



The contents and general make-up of *The Stetson Collegiate* is, as usual, of the best, and we welcome the April number with pleasure to our table. The contributions are all worthy of a careful perusal. In the literary department the essay on "The Character of Shylock" shows a deep insight and thorough knowledge of one of Shakespeare's finest drawn characters. Under the suggestive title, "Kodaks," there are a number of short and spicy articles. "A Good Friday Among the Aztecs," "Snap Shots from Roman Life," and "Sir Thopas's Third Fit," are very interesting. We were disappointed, however, in the absence of an Exchange Department.



Nothing gives the Exchange Editor more pleasure than to note the improvement of the various magazines that come to this table. Foremost of these is *The Chisel*, published by the students of the Woman's College, Richmond, Va. The April number of this magazine is an ideal one, containing an abundance of both essay, fiction and poetry. "Vale—a Story," and "The Story of a Love," are far above the average, and the essays entitled "College Settlements," and "The New Queen—a Sketch," are well worthy of the magazine. We would commend especially the "Book Review Department," which is a rival of that department of the Vassar Miscellany.



The cover design of our *State Normal Magazine* is most beautiful, and one that does credit to the institution which it represents. The April issue contains a number of well written essays, one piece of fiction, and, alas! no poetry at all. The essays on "Nathaniel Macon," "Why I Love James Whitcomb Riley," "Calvin H. Wiley," and "The Evolution of a Senior," are without exception good. The story, "How Aunt Patsy Found

Young Marster," is one of the best that we have seen. It is a graphic and pathetic picture of an old "before-the-war" colored "mammy" patiently waiting her young master's return. The ending of the story is especially touching. We commend the writer highly. The only criticism that we have to make is with regard to the publication of the essays of a debate. It is always a sign that the material of a magazine is running low whenever such matter as this makes its appearance.



As we glance around we are at once attracted by the very classic binding of the May number of *The Mercerean*. As is usually the case with magazines of this kind, the quality of the contributions do not come up to our expectations. Mr. Turner's story, "The Last May Day at Merry Mount," is by far the best article in the *Magazine*. The writer of "The Supernatural in Shakespeare," displays a deep and thorough knowledge with his subject. Such a comprehensive study should not, we think, have been treated in so small a space. The poetry is sadly deficient, both in thought and execution, and there is room for improvement in the editorials. The editors are to be commended for the regularity with which they get out their *Magazine*.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

F. G. FOREST, Editor pro tem.

- '96. A. B. Bryan, of Burnsville, is quite a successful attorney.
- '98. W. H. Houser is practicing medicine at Cherryville, N. C.
- '00. L. W. Alderman has a position with the News and Observer.
- '93-95. O. F. Kitchin is making much success as an attorney at Roxboro.
- '83-84. Dr. J. R. Rogers has been elected physician at the Penitentiary.
- '88. W. J. Ward is pastor of the First Baptist Church of Shetima, Mo.
- '83-85. J. F. Spainhour has recently been appointed Solicitor by Governor Aycock.
- '96. T. H. Briggs is now pursuing work for Ph.D. Degree at University of Chicago.
- '96-98. G. B. Justice, generally known as "Gad," is studying medicine at the University of North Carolina.
- '85. J. J. Henderson, as Principal of Salem High School, has been remarkably successful in his past year's work.
- '00. G. F. Edwards, who has taught in Salem High School during the past year, will teach at Carbonton next year.
- '85. Dr. A. T. Robertson has recently published the Life of Dr. John A. Broadus, which receives high commendation.
- '99. J. O. Wilson, who is at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, will take his medical degree next year.
- '94-96. J. H. Royall has a very handsome position in New York. He has charge of one of the bureaus of the *New York Journal*.
- '88. W. H. Carmichael is now County Commissioner of Transylvania, and has been appointed a member of the Text-book Commission.

'98. J. N. Jarvis has been teaching at Mars Hill for some time, but expects to give up school work altogether and will go into the insurance business soon.

'98-00. J. D. Moore, our last year's crack ball pitcher, has been at Morrell Business College, Richmond, since last fall, and will complete his course soon.

'84. Rev. T. S. Bayler. This excellent man and minister has agreed to spend a month or two in special field work for the *Religious Herald*.—*Religious Herald*, April 18.

'97. Prof. J. L. Kesler, of the Baptist Female University, has in the *Baptist Argus* for April 18 a very strong article on "The Reverence of Science." That paper presents an excellent picture of Professor Kesler.

'87.-80. J. J. Rogers, ex-Register of Deeds of Wake County, moved from Apex to Kinston some time ago to become State agent for an insurance company. Mr. Rogers is making splendid success in his new field.

'93. J. W. Bailey in the April *Forum*, in an able article entitled "The Case of the South," has presented in a masterly manner the social and political conditions existing in the Southern States, and points out, as he believes, the only possible solution for the racial question.

'97. O. F. Sams, who has been preaching at Marshville for a year and a half, moved to Cary at beginning of the year to take Prof. E. S. Middleton's position as Principal of Cary High School. The general opinion is that Professor Sams is filling his position exceptionally well. Instead of a decline in the schools, as had been expected with the loss of Professor Middleton, a session more prosperous than ever will soon close.

'84. "Prof. Charles Lee Smith, of William Jewell College, delivered three lectures last week in Norton Hall on the W. D. Gay foundation. His subject was history, and the three lectures were on the Limits, the Laws, and the Lessons of History, respectively. They showed wide reading, patient study, and discriminating judgment. Professor Smith has kindly promised to give us for publication a synopsis of these lectures. It was a pleasure to meet him socially. He is an accomplished and

a most agreeable gentleman."—*Western Recorder, Louisville, April 11.*

We quote the following from the Greensboro Telegram:

'00. "The character and ability of the men practicing before the bar in a city most always signifies the standing of that city. This being true one becoming acquainted with the members of the Greensboro bar, would be very favorably impressed with Greensboro, and probably no one is laboring harder to uphold its high standing than is Mr. A. W. Cooke. A native of Murfreesboro, Hertford County, N. C., he received his early education at the male academy of that place and Franklin, Va. Academy, after which he entered Wake Forest College in 1895. His place throughout all his collegiate course was a prominent one. Among other things he was president of the junior class, private secretary to the president, was elected anniversary debater and won medal for the best oration.

"In the senior year he was one of the men who spoke in the intercollegiate contest in the Academy of Music in Raleigh, when Wake Forest was successful over Trinity in winning the silver cup. He won the Dixon senior oratorical medal, delivered the anniversary oration before the societies, and was one of the commencement orators. He graduated with degrees of master of arts and bachelor of law, and was licensed by the Supreme Court of North Carolina Bar Association, and located in Greensboro.

"Mr. Cook is active, energetic, charitable, and is destined, we think, to become one of the noted lawyers of this town; noted for its men of great ability before the bar."

'46-50. THE STUDENT, with hundreds of patriotic North Carolinians, deeply regrets the recent death of Col. W. H. Cheek, of Henderson, N. C. Colonel Cheek, after leaving college, practiced law at Warrenton until the outbreak of the Civil War, when he was made Captain of Company E. of First North Carolina Cavalry. In '63 he became Colonel of the regiment, and in '65 was promoted to Brigadier-General for gallantry in action. Soon after the Civil War Colonel Cheek spent about two years as a commission merchant at Norfolk, but came back to his farm in Warren County in '69. Since '82 he has been in

the legal profession at Henderson. An insight into the unimpeachable character of the man may be gathered from the following quotation from Mr. W. B. Shaw in a tribute of respect to Colonel Cheek:

"As a warrior and Christian hero, the world has offered no parallel. * * * Our friend was but a type of the Southern Christian soldier; conscious of the justice of his cause, he became a hero in a hundred and fifty conflicts. At Brandy Station he challenged the admiration of his superiors by his intrepid valor; at Williamsport, Five Forks, and Spottsylvania he exemplified the matchless genius of Marlboro, and eclipsed the valor of Nelson. At Gettysburg, that Thermopylæ of modern times, he proved a Leonidas indeed. At Lee's Station, with one hundred of his faithful followers, he stampeded the mounted hosts of the enemy and saved the capital city of the South. Last but not least, at Chamberlin's Run, when the camp-fires of the South were shedding their last flickering rays, his intrepid bravery challenged the admiration of his immortal leader, the glorious and matchless Lee, who on the tented field in the very midst of carnage promoted him to the office of Brigadier—too late, however, for a commission. * * * Hero of the South, rest from thy labors. Your life and valor has added fresh glory to your mother State."

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

W. LeROY VAUGHAN, Editor pro tem.

WERE YOU in the "strike?"

EXAMINATIONS "be upon us!" Are you prepared?

DR. AND MRS. ROBERT ALLEN have been visiting Mrs. Watson.

MRS. CLAUDE KITCHIN, of Scotland Neck, has been visiting Professor Mills for some time.

MR. HENRY POWELL went to Southern Pines last month to attend the marriage of his brother, Mr. J. N. Powell, to Mrs. Georgie Vroom.

MR. DAVID STERN, one of the N. C. University's representatives in the debate against Georgia, stopped over a day on his way back from the debate.

MR. HUGH M. McILHANY was with us a short time last month. He spoke to the student-body in behalf of the "World's Student Christian Federation."

PRESIDENT J. C. SCARBOROUGH, of Murfreesboro, spent a day with us recently. He was a student here immediately after the Civil War, and is always a welcome visitor.

REV. F. M. ROYALL, missionary to China, spent a few days with his brothers Messrs. Lewis and William Royall. In the absence of Mr. Lynch, he occupied the pulpit Sunday morning, April 5.

WE ARE GLAD to note some recent improvements on the campus. Many of the walks have been raised. And,

best of all, the immense thicket of briars and shrubs opposite Prof. Sledd's has been cleared away, and this corner now looks more like a part of the campus.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY at its April meeting was addressed by Rev. Livingstone Johnson on "Missions." Mr. Johnson is now Secretary of the Baptist State Mission Board, the position formerly held by Mr. White. He is an interesting speaker and his address was greatly enjoyed.

MISSSES MARY TAYLOR and Jessie Brewer, spent Easter on the Hill. They brought with them Miss Lizzie Briggs, of Raleigh, and Misses Baldwin, Tull, Suttle and Josey, of the Baptist Female University. We always welcome the visits of the fair ones, and hope they will come oftener.

AT THE regular meeting of the Scientific Society, papers were read by Messrs. B. A. Allen, Forest Hamrick, and Peeler. Their subjects were, respectively, "Radiation," "Hydrogen," and "Thomas H. Huxley." The papers were very interesting and those who attended enjoyed them.

WONDER OF WONDERS! The Gymnasium is at last complete. Much of the apparatus has been received and placed; and, although some is yet to come, the gymnasium is being opened regularly and attendance is good. However, the baths seem to be the most popular part of the new building.

THE SPIRIT of athletics has been increased by the recent organization of the "Invincible Ironsides." Mr. Alma Forehand has been selected manager, and Mr. Harry Trantham captain. This is the most democratic organization in college. There are absolutely no qualifications. All who wish to join can do so.

PROFESSOR POTEAT attended the Conference for Education in the South, which was held at Winston-Salem on April 18. He reported a very enthusiastic and (it is to be hoped) profitable meeting. In speaking of the meeting to the student body, he reminded us that the "Sophomoric style" is not necessary to hold the attention of an audience. It is to be hoped that some will profit by his remarks.

THE FOLLOWING medals and prizes were won on field-day: 100 yard dash, Freeman, time 11 4-5 seconds; 220 yard dash, Cale, time 25 seconds; 440 yard dash, Creesman, time lost; 880 yard dash, Creasman, time 2 minutes and 15 seconds; standing broad jump, Clyburn, 9 feet, 8 1/2 inches; running broad jump, Creasman, 18 feet, 5 inches; standing high jump, Rogers, 4 feet, 3 inches; running high jump, Peeler, 5 feet, 2 inches; throwing hammer, Cale, 73 feet; putting shot, Cale, 37 feet, 5 inches; pole vault, Fowler, 8 feet, 3 inches. Mr. John Cale won the medal as the best all-round athlete.

SO FAR the success of our Ball Team has been very good. They have played seven games, of which they have won four, tied one, and lost two. Their first game with Trinity College, they lost by a score of 3 to 0. They beat A. and M. College 12 to 6, Trinity 8 to 6; in the two games with Oak Ridge at Wake Forest they won the first by a score of 9 to 3, second lost by a score of 14 to 9; in the two games with Guilford College at Wake Forest they won first 10 to 4. In the last only six innings were played, the score being 3 to 3. The Guilford boys decided to quit the game as their train was then due.

THE COMMENCEMENT PROGRAMME has already been published elsewhere, but perhaps some of our readers have not seen it. Rev. A. A. Marshall, D. D., will preach the Baccalaureate Sermon on Sunday night; Judge Henry Groves Connor will deliver the address before the Law Class on Monday night; President R. T. Vann, D. D., before the Alumni Association on Tuesday night; Rev. Thomas Dixon the Literary Address on Wednesday morning; and we are glad to say the Alumni Banquet has been revived and will be held on Wednesday night. On Thursday morning, Messrs. H. E. Flack, S. G. Flournoy, N. L. Gaskins, R. E. Sentelle, E. W. Timberlake and Jesse A. Williams will represent the graduating class on the rostrum. The usual reception will be given on Thursday night.